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ARCHIBALD CONSTABLE

AND HIS

LITERARY CORRESPONDENTS.

ARCHIBALD CONSTABLE

AND HIS

LITERARY CORRESPONDENTS

A Memorial

BY HIS SON THOMAS CONSTABLE.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

25610

EDINBURGH
EDMONSTON AND DOUGLAS
1873.

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PREFACE.

If it be asked why I venture to come before the public, laden with three great volumes, to revive the memory of a man who died nearly half a century ago, and regarding whom much has already been said and written by those who had ample opportunities of studying his character and weighing his achievements,—my answer is, that he who died so long ago was my father, and that although his abilities as a publisher may not have been underrated, his character and his actions have been painfully misrepresented.

The only reason why my version of the tale has not long ere now been told, is that the materials for telling it—fragmentary as they are—only reached my hands a few years ago, and that their examination and arrangement has been no easy task.

Conscientious scruples on the part of some of those who now represent the late Mr. Robert Cadell, my father's son-in-law and partner, have led them to withhold the books and letters of the firm of Archibald Constable and Company from 1811—the year in which Mr. Cadell joined it—to 1826, the most important period in my father's thirty years' career; but had it been otherwise, the patience of my readers might have been too severely tried.

Were it not for one important element in its composition, the public might ignore my work altogether, and leave me my labour for my pains; but this, where Sir Walter Scott forms a central figure, they cannot afford to do; and it is well for me that my father's reverence for the world's idol was so great, that the materials for that portion of my narrative are abundant, if not quite complete.

Of my father's letters I possess, unfortunately, few; of those in reply to some of his correspondents, none at all; but he was careful in preserving such letters as were addressed to him individually, or as a friend, and many of his correspondents were so eminent, or so popular with their fellow-men,

that even at this late date I shall not apologize for attempting to revive their claim to public favour.

Of the deficiencies in my work I am painfully aware, and of the ineffective handling of my fragmentary materials: it is at best but a piece of ill-adjusted mosaic, a sort of literary cairn, composed of fragments from the lives of still remembered favourites with the public, piled above the grave of one who helped to make them such, and who, in the estimation of competent and impartial judges, did more to encourage and to stimulate the learning and the intelligence of his countrymen, than any publisher of his own or of former generations.

I have to thank the representatives of Mr. Cadell for having handed me two letter-books of 1803 to 1806, for some ledgers and day-books of an early period, and also, specially, for a large number of my father's letters to his partner during their commercial association. To Mr. Cadell's eldest daughter, LADY LISTON FOULIS, my thanks are due and warmly rendered, for the materials she has kindly furnished.

Cordial thanks are also due to my father's re-

spected friend, the venerable and revered Mr. ADAM BLACK, and to Dr. DAVID LAING, the courteous, painstaking, and most effective helper of all who need his literary aid.

THOMAS CONSTABLE.

KIRKLAND, *September 27th*, 1873.

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CHAPTER I.

Introduction, and Fragment of Autobiography.

LORD COCKBURN in the Memorials of his Time thus characterizes the subject of the following Memoir:—

"To Archibald Constable, the publisher of the Edinburgh Review, the literature of Scotland has been more indebted than to any other bookseller. Till he appeared, our publishing trade was at nearly the lowest ebb; partly because there was neither population nor independence to produce or to recognise a vigorous publisher; and partly, because the publishers we had were too spiritless even for their position. Our principal booksellers were Bell and Bradfute, and Manners and Miller, in the Parliament Close; Elphinstone Balfour, Peter Hill, and William Creech, in the High Street; and William Laing in the Canongate. Laing was a good collector of good books, chiefly old ones, but did not publish much. Creech was connected with the publication of the works of Robertson and other respectable authors. All the rest were unimportant.

"Constable began as a lad in Hill's shop, and had hardly set up for himself when he reached the summit of his business. He rushed out, and took possession of the open

field, as if he had been aware from the first of the existence of the latent spirits, which a skilful conjurer might call from the depths of the population to the service of literature. Abandoning the old timid and grudging system, he stood out as the general patron and payer of all promising publications, and confounded not merely his rivals in trade, but his very authors, by his unheard-of prices. Ten, even twenty guineas a sheet for a review, £2000 or £3000 for a single poem, and £1000 each for two philosophical dissertations,[1] drew authors from dens where they would otherwise have starved, and made Edinburgh a literary mart, famous with strangers, and the pride of its own citizens."

Sir Walter Scott in the introductory epistle to the Fortunes of Nigel speaks of Archibald Constable as a "friend, whose vigorous intellect and liberal ideas have not only rendered his native country the mart of her own literature, but established a Court of Letters there which must command respect, even from those most inclined to dissent from many of its canons. The effect of these changes, operated in a great measure by the strong sense and sagacious calculations of an individual who knew how to avail himself, to an unhoped-for extent, of the various kinds of talent which his country produced, will probably appear more clearly to the generation which shall follow the present."

If, in the estimation of judges so competent as Henry Cockburn and Walter Scott, Archibald Constable de-

[1] By Professor Dugald Stewart and John Playfair—prefixed to a Supplement of the Encyclopædia Britannica.

served such eulogy, it will not, I believe, be deemed by the public presumptuous or intrusive that a record be placed within their reach, of his intercourse with many distinguished literary men, and of the chief contributions he has been the means of adding to the literature of his country. Surprise, perhaps, may rather be excited that so many years have been allowed to pass, and with them a generation that would have had a more lively interest in such a record than the present one can be expected to feel.

The numerous and varied documents from which the following narrative will chiefly be compiled had lain unexamined and untouched in the repositories where my father placed them, until they came into my possession three years ago; and it is for me a sad reflection, as well as unfortunate for my readers, that they lay thus neglected, for during all that period they were in the hands of my eldest brother, a man of great literary ability, who by intimate knowledge of the times and circumstances, and even of most of the men of whom they treat, was eminently qualified for the task which I have perhaps rashly undertaken.

In one of my father's letters to Sir Walter Scott, of date July 11, 1822, I find the following passage:—

"Among the many good hints and advices you have given me was one—that I should make memoranda of the schemes, projects, and other literary doings in which it has fallen to my lot to have a share. I have not entirely overlooked this. I made some progress last summer in putting down memoranda of my early career, and I believe they occupy nearly one hundred pages in

quarto, pretty closely written. I would have continued these to the present time, had not my absence from the scenes of former activity, and the total want of documents to refer to, rendered it impossible for me to have given some of the minute details which I should be desirous of leaving to my children, and it is therefore at rest for the present."

The memoranda here referred to were dictated to an amanuensis, and had not the advantage of revision by their author, but they are interesting, and contain graphic portraits of some of his contemporaries and predecessors in what is technically called "the trade." They form a fitting introduction to a career of almost unexampled literary activity, extending over rather more than thirty years, and which, I believe I may add, was, until very near its close, a career of unalloyed success.

In the manuscript that lies before me,—dated Clermiston, May 1821,—the narrative is preceded by a few genealogical details, of some interest for myself and the other members of my father's family; but I shall spare my readers what I have so often found a tedious opening to the story of a life, though I may print them in an Appendix for those who are either curious or inquisitive on such subjects.[1]

[1] An exception may be made in favour of Thomas Constable, the father of Archibald, who "became a farmer, and lived for several years in Berwickshire, with his uncle, Charles Constable of Moorhall, whose spirit for improvement he imbibed and cultivated to a considerable extent. He returned to Fifeshire about 1760, and succeeded his maternal uncle in the management of the then considerable estates of the Earl of Kellie. He was the best farmer in that part of the country, consulted and looked up to in all matters connected with

"I was born at Carnbee, in Fifeshire, on the 24th February 1774, and received the ordinary education then given at the parochial school there, which was for several years taught by Mr. William Forfar, who is now minister of Saline in the Presbytery of Dunfermline, a man of great worth, and who took more than a common interest in the progress of deserving pupils.[1] Mr. Forfar left Carnbee about the year 1785, and was succeeded in the offices of schoolmaster and session-clerk by Mr. David Wilson, the present useful and respectable incumbent.

"It may be curious to notice the circumstance which first led to my following the trade of bookselling. William Cockburn, a bookbinder from Edinburgh, had, about the close of the year 1786, opened a shop, as bookbinder, bookseller, stationer, etc., in Pittenweem, and to this shop it was a great 'ploy' for the boys from the neighbouring country schools on the Saturday afternoons to repair, for the purpose of supplying themselves with the articles of stationery and the school-books required for their limited use, and suitable for their still more limited means. Here in the Pittenweem 'stationer's,' as he was called, we boys for the first time had the opportunity of seeing picture-

improvement, value of estates, rents of farms, etc. There are some intelligent and worthy men still alive, who were greatly indebted to him for his example and advice, and who have thriven in the world accordingly. He was in person rather tall, of fair complexion, of address superior to his rank in life, and of the most kind and benevolent disposition, never refusing any man a favour, if the object were worthy, and it were in his power to grant it. He was born in 1736, and died in 1791."

[1] Affectionate intercourse was maintained through life between Mr. Forfar and my father.

books and halfpenny prints, which adorned the window of the shop; and to some of us this was a source of no small delight. There was one print in particular, a broadside, which used to hold a distinguished place in the shop window, 'The History of Shon ap Morgan, a Shentleman of Wales,' with his portrait, riding on an ass, of which I have never since that day seen another copy.

"It was on returning home after one of these occasions that I expressed to my intelligent and worthy father my great anxiety to be employed by the Pittenweem bookbinder, and to be bred a stationer, as the trade was called. I alleged that from having lately applied with great diligence and success to the occupation of land-measurer and planner, as Mr. Wilson's assistant, my cronies at school assured me that I would make an equally successful bookbinder, and I took an opportunity of saying that the stationer, though a braw-dressed man, had noticed me in Pittenweem market, which I thought looked favourably for my object, which was surely far better than going to sea or driving the plough. My father undertook to endeavour to bring the matter about, and it so happened that at this period the annual cock-fighting, or 'barrows' as it was called, was held at Carnbee, an occasion on which the fathers and friends of the boys used to assemble and make merry; it was in the course of conversation at this meeting, that it occurred to my father to make inquiry as to the nature of this trade, and he accordingly applied by letter without delay to Mrs. Eagle, seed-merchant in Edinburgh, a friend with whom he had occasional correspondence. This worthy woman secured for me a promise from Mr. Peter Hill, an old apprentice of her own, and

who intended within a few months to open shop in Edinburgh as a bookseller, to receive me as an apprentice, if I, on being seen, should be approved of. I was accordingly despatched to Edinburgh in November 1787, and the result was an engagement as an apprentice for six years, which I had the good fortune to fulfil, commencing my career in February 1788. Mr. Hill had been for a good many years principal clerk to Mr. Creech, was highly respected as possessing gentlemanly manners beyond most others of the trade, and proved in this early and important stage of my career a kind and indulgent master. I remember my visit to Edinburgh even at this day with very considerable delight, and I was fortunate enough to witness on St. Andrew's Day the procession of Freemasons by torchlight, which afforded me on my return home subject of no small interest for the information of my school-fellows and others. The grand dresses of the people surprised me not a little.

"There is a circumstance which is here not unworthy of record. It was my good fortune to be guided in seeing Edinburgh by Alexander Henderson, a young man who was then Mrs. Eagle's apprentice, and who has proved to me ever since a companion and friend of the greatest worth and respectability. On my coming to Mr. Hill Mrs. Eagle treated me with great kindness, and thus it was that Henderson and I became intimate friends and associates during a number of years of early and attached intercourse. He, from having resided nearly a year in Edinburgh before my coming to it, had the advantage of me in knowledge of the place and people; and the circumstance to which I particularly allude, as connected

with an important period of my own after-career, is this:—I was taken by Henderson to the shop of Mr. Creech, and there placed in the notice of my future master. Mr. Creech himself, as was his fashion at that time and for many a day afterwards, was standing on the steps that led to his shop along with a number of other gentlemen, who used there daily to associate. Among these was the late Mr. Andrew Bell, proprietor of the Encyclopædia Britannica, who, from the particular shape of his body, and remarkable nose—which I assured my playfellows on going back to Kellie was quite unlike anything of the kind in Fife—particularly attracted my observation. On becoming an apprentice I very soon discovered the importance of this personage, and I remember one of the early duties I had to perform was to carry an offer to him from Mr. Hill for one hundred copies of the Encyclopædia Britannica, the publication of which had just then commenced. This offer I remember—much to Mr. Hill's disappointment—was rejected, on the plea that Charles Elliot and Jamie Hunter, as he was called, had ordered so many copies that there were none to spare. I afterwards carried a letter of remonstrance to Mr. Colin MacFarquhar, the other proprietor of the Encyclopædia, which, to my grief and astonishment, met with the same response as that which I had received in the earlier part of the same day, from the queer bowed man with the big nose. These feelings, though experienced thirty years ago, I well remember. They have often been brought to my recollection by my subsequent important interest in and connexion with the Encyclopædia.

"After this, I returned home and attended school at Carnbee as before, having gained considerably in importance with my school-fellows. The number of scholars did not exceed fifty or sixty, from the age of six to my own age,—which was under fourteen years,—though some were older. I parted from them on the 2d February 1788, with feelings that most persons have experienced, and which need not therefore be described.

"I remember how much I anticipated the satisfaction I should feel in returning to this spot—not the least happy scene of my life. It generally happens that intimacies are formed at school which continue in after years, and occasionally in considerable number; but I have rarely been so fortunate as to shake by the hand any of my early associates. Some few of them, however, I at this day with much satisfaction reckon among my friends, though we are far separated from each other. Colonel James Brodie of the East India Company's Service, who has been in India for I believe upwards of twenty-three years, and his brother, Mr. Joseph Brodie, a distinguished merchant in Hamburgh, both sons of the then worthy clergyman of the parish, are those now living with whom I am and have been most particularly acquainted. To the number I must add my much respected friend their sister, Mrs. Duncan Cowan.

"I began my career as an apprentice in February 1788. My first occupation was assisting Mr. Hill to arrange the stock of books with which he was to commence his trade, in a shop in the Parliament Close, with a conspicuous sign-board, and a head of Thomson the poet over it, which

in the then state of Edinburgh rendered the situation attractive. Mr. Hill immediately commanded an excellent business; I lived in the house with him, and he was a kind and indulgent master; I passed six years very happily as an apprentice, and another as a clerk, receiving in the last year £30 of salary. Mr. Hill's shop was frequented by the most respectable persons in Edinburgh. Burns the poet when in town was a frequent visitor; the distinguished Professors and clergy, and the most remarkable strangers. I remember Captain Grose making frequent visits, and my conducting him for the first time to the Advocates' Library. Mr. Hill did not remain long in the Parliament Close, but removed about the year 1790 to the shop at the Cross where he now is,—his apprentices, clerks, and shopmen increasing with his trade, which was very considerable.

"I can boast of one distinguished man as a companion and friend at this early period, Mr. William Wallace, whose genius and talents have placed him in the Chair of Mathematics in the University of Edinburgh; he came to Mr. Hill's some time in the year 1791, and he was my senior in years. After the hours of business we used to pass much time together, greatly to my advantage, although some of our pursuits did not greatly assimilate. Mr. Wallace had begun the study of Mathematics with great enthusiasm, and was at this time laying the foundation of his present eminence. The works of Robert Simson and Maclaurin were his favourite books. He used also to study French with great assiduity, not unfrequently assisted in leisure half-hours by Mr. James Anderson, who for

many years was the principal writing-master in Edinburgh. Mr. Anderson had been a great friend to American Independence, was a person of liberal principles in all that regards the happiness and progress of man, and felt a deep interest in the French Revolution; but above all, he took much pains and delight in giving instruction, particularly in the French language, to young men whose opportunities of study and means of paying for instruction he knew to be not great. To this worthy person I have often since heard Mr. Wallace acknowledge the debt of which I now speak.

"Mr. Wallace had attended the lectures of Professors Playfair and Robison, and these gentlemen had already discovered his genius for Mathematics; in 1792 he wrote the article on Conic Sections for the third edition of the Encyclopædia Britannica, then in course of publication, and there were several young men to whom in the evenings he used to teach Mathematics. In 1793 he left bookselling and devoted himself entirely to study, occupying many hours daily in private teaching, by which he acquired considerable emolument, and was enabled to gratify himself by attending lectures in the University, particularly those of Mr. Dugald Stewart, Professor of Moral Philosophy. In 1794 he left Edinburgh, and obtained by comparative trial, in which he was victorious over all his competitors, the appointment of Assistant-Master in the Academy of Perth. He married the daughter of William Kerr, who by her mother was my second cousin, an amiable person, and now the mother of a large family of sons and daughters. About this time

Mr. Wallace had communicated a paper on Porisms to the Royal Society of Edinburgh, which was read by Mr. Playfair, and gained for the author great approbation. He remained at Perth till about the year 1803, when he was appointed one of the Professors of Mathematics in the Royal Military College at Great Marlow, by means not less meritorious than those which had gained him the appointment he then quitted. In this situation he continued till 1819, winning the approbation and highest esteem, not only of the military gentlemen who presided over the establishment, but also of the learned officials of the seminary.

"On the death of Mr. Playfair, which occurred in July 1819, Mr. Wallace became candidate for the Chair of Mathematics at Edinburgh, in the event of his friend, Professor Leslie, the most distinguished philosopher of the present day, being promoted to the Chair of Mr. Playfair. There were many candidates, and influence of almost every description was used with the electors for this high academic honour, which had long been the object of his ambition. The printed testimonials and certificates circulated on the occasion by all the candidates show the opposition he had to contend with—those printed in his favour will remain a lasting memorial. He was much indebted, however, to the active, and indeed unremitting, endeavours of his old friend Mr. Alexander Henderson, who was at that time Dean of Guild, and whose manly conduct on the occasion did much to promote the election.

"The period from Mr. Wallace's becoming one of my

associates till his settlement at Perth I shall always remember as among the most fortunate and happy of my life. I received much advice and useful information from him, and it gives me great satisfaction to record that our friendship remains to this hour unbroken. He was born at Dysart; his family, a worthy race, had been feuars at Kilconquhar for fully two centuries, and he is now in possession of remains of the family property.

"The years of my apprenticeship passed without many incidents that I need now record. My father's death in 1791 was my first, and one of my most severe afflictions. He left no property to his family, but this circumstance was fortunately the less felt from the fact that my mother and I were the only individuals who required assistance. He died in his fifty-sixth year, of fever, after a few days' illness, and had been through life a remarkably healthy and active man. My mother, who was three years his senior, long survived him, and died in my house in August 1819, at the age of eighty-six, in full possession of her mental faculties, and in the enjoyment of all that could tend to make the last years of a long and well-spent life blest and happy.

"During my apprenticeship—indeed from 1788 to 1795—I continued to devote my entire attention to acquiring a knowledge of my business. I attended book-auctions, read catalogues, and embraced every opportunity of making myself acquainted with books. There were few sale-catalogues published in Edinburgh at this period, and these were slovenly and ill edited. Mr. Hill did not attend at all to old books, but in the year 1791 or 1792—

I forget which—the Earl of Moray sent him a considerable number from his library in the North, in exchange for modern publications. This collection being too large for the shop, a considerable part of it was sent to a warehouse hired on purpose, and I remember that one of the first and most agreeable occurrences in my business-experience was a commission to examine these old books. I thought it was an unfavourable reflection on our establishment that there should be no catalogue of them, or of the stock generally, and I therefore proposed to Mr. Hill to make one, of all the books in his possession.

"I set to work and made a catalogue, not certainly of the most perfect description, for I knew little or nothing of the value of books; yet the pricing, with a very few exceptions, devolved on me. This catalogue did not attract much notice, as it contained few books of price or rarity;[1] but its success induced Mr. Hill to encourage me

[1] "One manuscript there was which—certainly by mistake—the Earl of Moray sent out of his collection, which since then I have often wished to possess, and which, if I mistake not, was offered to the Curators of the Advocates' Library for the small price of half a guinea, and declined. This manuscript I described as well as I could in the catalogue; to the best of my recollection it is entitled 'Practiques of the Law of Scotland, be David Chalmers of Ormonde, ane of the Senatours of the College of Justice, written at the command of the Richt Hie and Richteous Prince James v. of that name, King of Scots. 1566.' It was a very fair MS. in 4to, not so large as the second edition of Bishop Lesly's History of Scotland, and in very fine condition; on the boards there was stamped the following inscription:—'To James Earle of Murray our Soverane Lorde.' The fortunate purchaser was Adam Lawson de Cardonnel, Esq., of the Customs, who about this time had succeeded to the estate of Chirton, near Newcastle, where I hope it is still preserved."

to collect books at auctions and otherwise. I did so with no small success in my own opinion, though to no great extent in point of number, and I published what I called 'a Supplement,' which, so far as I remember, contained only one book that I should since have desired to possess, an early edition of Spenser's Fairy Queen, with notes in MS. by the late Mr. Callander of Craigforth, which, if I am not mistaken, was sold to Sir James Colquhoun of Luss.

"About this time also the trustees of Miss Scott, now Duchess of Portland, had purchased from the Earl of Lauderdale the estate of Hatton, in Midlothian, and along with it the remains of the old family library, Lord Lauderdale having retained only such books as at the time suited his own fancy. A very considerable collection was left at Hatton, of which Miss Scott wished to have a catalogue, and this I had the good fortune to make. I spent several weeks at Hatton in the work. There were a good many duplicates and other books which Miss Scott exchanged with Mr. Hill, and, to my no small delight, the selection of these, as I well remember, was left to me. This was one of the first opportunities I had of making myself acquainted with books, and a good many of them afterwards came into my own hands, on a re-sale of the estate to Dr. Davidson of Muirhouse, a year or two after I had commenced business on my own account. The library at Hatton had never been very curious or important, the books having been dispersed, as I suppose, at different periods; those of the collection retained by the present Earl were sent to London, where they probably still are. Among the books left by Lord Lauderdale was a large collection of tracts, amount-

ing to above 150 volumes of various sizes and descriptions; I sold these in one lot about the year 1798 to Mr. Turner, an English gentleman then residing at Newbattle, an excellent customer of mine for several years.[1] A year or two later, the Earl of Lauderdale paid a visit to Edinburgh, when I was introduced to him by Professor Dalzel, and his Lordship being then ardent in the pursuit of tracts, particularly on Political Economy, Mr. Turner was, at my request, so obliging as to transfer to him the collection I have just mentioned. Dr. Davidson had retained at Hatton a good many of the family books, among others the Somers' collection, in sixteen volumes; these also I obtained for Lord Lauderdale. Thus commenced my intercourse and correspondence with his Lordship, with whom I have since had many transactions, including the publication of all his works, which will be noticed in their proper places.

"In January 1794, when my apprenticeship came to an end, I accepted an invitation to remain another year with Mr. Hill, in the capacity of his clerk. Several years previously I had fallen desperately in love with a young lady whom I had afterwards the good fortune to call my wife, but with whom I did not enjoy an opportunity of becoming personally acquainted till after some years of a most sincere and passionate attachment. I attribute no small share of my success in life to the feelings, anticipations, and, I may add, honourable contrivances which, during this period, often engaged my mind in the pursuit

[1] "His library, rather a curious collection, was sold by auction by Ross and Blackwood, about 1801."

by which I hoped to become one day the husband of Mary Willison. My only introduction to her father consisted in the occasional intercourse of going on business to his printing-office, but this good man was my first and through life my kindest friend; he used to notice me, even at this early day, with a familiarity which in no small degree cherished in me my hopes and my ambition. With my dear wife I became personally acquainted in the course of the year 1794, and we were married on the 16th January 1795. I previously announced by letter to her father the resolution we had formed, and although he intimated no formal acquiescence, he did not object, and received me as his son-in-law in the kindest manner, ever afterwards aiding and assisting me by every means in his power, in all that could conduce to my establishment in the world and advancement in life. The result of his kind efforts has, I trust, not been without some advantage to the public, and it is my greatest pleasure at this moment to leave on record this testimony of my obligations to a most worthy man.

"Before beginning business on my own account in 1795, I had been kindly noticed by the late Mr. John Fairbairn, whose son, his assistant in business, had died only a short time before. Mr. Fairbairn offered me a share in his trade; but his stock was considerable, and I thought it preferable to commence on my own account. Our intercourse on this occasion, however, was the means of forming an intimacy which I found of great service. He introduced me to many of the country booksellers, who afterwards became my correspondents, and was in other

respects ever afterwards my friend. We used to associate a good deal together, as indeed was the practice of booksellers in Edinburgh at this period. Mr. Fairbairn had been bred with Adrian Watkins, the King's printer, was afterwards for many years clerk to Mr. Donaldson, the eminent bookseller, and did not start on his own account till he had reached rather an advanced period of life. He was a most careful, respectable, and worthy man. He died in the year 1810, and having no near relatives, left me and my friend Mr. Reid of Leith residuary legatees of his effects. His trade was chiefly confined to reprints of ordinary publications, and he had much intercourse with American booksellers. He understood his own line of business extremely well, and it was consequently well conducted.

"With Mr. Hill I remained till the completion of my year as a clerk. On leaving him in January 1795, and a few weeks after my marriage, I went to London, remaining there for about a month, and informing myself, by all the opportunities within my reach, of the state of bookselling in the metropolis. I then became acquainted with many gentlemen with whom it was my hope afterwards to have intercourse and correspondence, and in this I believe I succeeded as well as could be expected for a young man not more than twenty-one years of age. I was introduced by the late Mr. Bell to the Robinsons of Paternoster Row, then the first publishers in the island; to Mr. Cadell of the Strand by Mr. Creech, and to Mr. Longman by Mr. Lawrie, who was then Mr. Longman's only correspondent in Scotland. From all these gentlemen

I received much attention, especially from Mr. Longman, and to our acquaintance I believe he has not hesitated to attribute his extensive correspondence with the trade in Scotland, and much of his connexion with its literature.

"I picked up a good many books in London to assist in furnishing my shop at Edinburgh, which I was enabled to do by the aid afforded by two friends, Messrs. Taylor and Henderson, who, on my setting out for London, had given me £150, to be repaid when I should be able to do so. I hope I have not been ungrateful, and that they do not repent of their patronage of a young unprotected friend. I had got besides, books from my father-in-law to the value of about £300; these last I exchanged, and turned to the best account I could.

"On my return to Scotland I made an excursion to Perth, through Fifeshire, etc., in the hope of collecting books, and succeeded tolerably well. I had a slight acquaintance with the late Mr. Bethune of Kilconquhar, a kind and hospitable man, who received me at his house with much attention, during a stay of three or four days. Mr. Bethune, formerly Henry Lindsay, had then only recently succeeded his brother in the estate. He had been altering his house, and at considerable expense in improving it; but the estate being entailed, his income was not more than sufficient for his expenditure, and I purchased from him a considerable lot of books which had belonged partly to the Bethunes, his maternal ancestors, and partly to the Lindsays of Wormiston.[1]

[1] "The copy of Goodall's Queen Mary in Mr. Thomas Thomson's collection belonged to the Bethune collection,—May 31, 1812. Among

With what I collected in London, had gathered in the country, and this collection, I established myself at the Cross; the books were neither numerous nor of much value, but I printed a catalogue of them, which I now consider as a curiosity, as I dare say some of my family will do at a future day. To distinguish my place of business from the circulating libraries which surrounded me, I had inscribed over the door, 'Scarce Old Books,' which was quizzed by some of my brethren and neighbours as 'Scarce o' Books;' but I had the satisfaction of knowing, what probably they did not, that there *were* some scarce books within, and the inscription of 'Scarce Books' continued over the door till I believe it was acknowledged that the collection had considerably increased under my management.

"My success in business far exceeded my expectations; my shop became a place of daily resort for the book-collectors of Edinburgh, who were then not numerous. The late Mr. George Paton and Mr. David Herd soon found their way to me; they were judicious collectors, but their means did not admit of giving much encouragement in the way of purchase. We used often to meet —not unfrequently in John Dowie's,—and I derived from both a great deal of useful information on the subject

the very first of my friends I must here mention Mr. Thomas Thomson, advocate, who had noticed me as early as the year 1793, on occasion of his visits to the shop of Mr. Hill, from whom he purchased his law-books. Mr. Thomson has remained to this day my steady friend, and I shall always consider the notice with which he has uniformly honoured me as one of the most gratifying occurrences of my life."

of books in general, and the literature of Scotland in particular.[1]

"The publication of my Sale Catalogue in May 1795 procured me the correspondence of a number of distinguished men in various parts of the country. I supplied in consequence a good many books to Mr. George Chalmers, with whom I have had an intimate and important connexion ever since, and I have experienced from him all that could be desired from a liberal and kind friend, as will be found in our extensive correspondence and considerable transactions. The late Mr. Plummer of Middlestead also became my steady and attached customer. He was a great collector of old books, particularly of all relating to Shakespeare, was sheriff of Selkirkshire, a man of very excellent and facetious manners, and of good fortune. Sir Walter Scott, who has since been so distinguished in the literary world,

[1] "Mr. Paton was the son of Mr. John Paton, bookseller, and was by his mother the grandson of George Mosman, an eminent printer in his day. He himself had been intended for a bookseller, and I believe had even entered on his father's business, but he died a clerk in the Custom-house about the year 1807. His library was sold by auction by Mr. Ross in 1809. The Catalogue was ill drawn up, and the sale mismanaged in consequence of the narrow views of Mr. Waters of Leith, a distant relation of Mr. Paton, who succeeded to the greater part of his little property. Mr. Paton was a correspondent of Mr. Tennent, Mr. Gough, and other English antiquaries, and there is deposited in the Advocates' Library a collection of letters from these gentlemen addressed to him. He assisted in many literary undertakings, but with the exception of the index to an edition of Pitscottie's History of Scotland—a very humble task,—he himself had never done anything in literature. This edition was printed for Elliot about 1778.

[*David Herd* was born at St. Cyrus in Kincardineshire, and was for

succeeded him as sheriff of the county. The celebrated John Pinkerton also became a correspondent for books out of my Catalogue about this period, and prevailed with me to take some trouble for him to obtain transcripts from the Advocates' Library and public records. For this purpose I recommended my friend Mr. William Anderson; but Mr. Pinkerton contrived, as was usual with him, to use Mr. Anderson ill, and the particulars of the ill-usage will be found in a pamphlet, which Mr. Anderson felt it necessary to publish in the year 1797. Mr. Gough also became my correspondent; and I must say that my rapid success astonished myself not a little. My great ambition was to pick up curious and valuable works relative to the history and literature of Scotland, with which department of bookselling I considered no other at all to be compared, and I believe I was the first of the trade, at least in modern times, who took a deep interest in securing and preserving all books relating

many years clerk to Mr. Russell, an accountant in Edinburgh. He died in 1810, at the age of seventy-eight, leaving a very curious library. He was an admirable antiquary and an estimable man. Sir Walter Scott tells us that 'his hardy and antique mould of countenance, and his venerable grizzled locks, procured him, amongst his acquaintances, the name of Greysteel.' He published in 1776 a collection of Ancient and Modern Scottish Songs, Heroic Ballads, etc., which Sir Walter says he has happily described as 'the poetry and music of the heart.']

"Mr. Herd never rose above the position of a clerk. He was, however, a man of excellent talents, and of the most unassuming manners. He edited a collection of Scotch Songs—printed for Martin and Witherspoon, in the year 1776,—his own copy of which, presented to me, and a MS. prepared for a second collection, are both still in my possession. He died at an advanced age in the year 1810, and was buried in the Chapel-of-Ease burying-ground, where there is an appropriate inscription to his memory."—A. C.

to Scottish literature. Of this I shall speak at large hereafter.

"In November 1795 I published a supplement to my Catalogue, containing a good many curious articles; and it was on this occasion that I was first introduced to the acquaintance of John Duke of Roxburghe, the eminent collector. His Grace selected several rare and curious articles from my Catalogue, was henceforth a constant visitor of my shop whenever he came to Edinburgh, and I had ever afterwards a great deal of intercourse with him. He was a person of elegant and accomplished manners, of a most noble and engaging appearance, and generally visited Edinburgh twice a year, when he usually honoured me with conversation on the subject of his favourite pursuit. Scottish literature and antiquities engaged his particular attention. I may mention here that the Complaynt of Scotland was the favourite volume of all he possessed, and that he never travelled from home without it. This copy is now in my possession, having purchased it at the sale of his Grace's library, and I need not add that I esteem it as one of my greatest literary treasures. The Duke had received it as a legacy from his friend the late David Erskine, W.S., whose autograph is still in the volume. The copy wanted several leaves, which I had afterwards the satisfaction to supply from a still more imperfect one given to me by the late Mr. John M'Gowan, and which was used in printing the edition edited by the late Dr. Leyden. From the same copy, now in the Advocates' Library, I also gave several leaves to the British Museum. The

Duke's is, however, the only one known containing the full text, and is only incomplete by the want of the title-page, of which, however, a small portion still remains. The full title will be found in the Harleian Catalogue.

"About this period I had also the pleasure to become acquainted with Mr. Leslie, now Professor of Natural Philosophy in the University of Edinburgh—a name too distinguished to make it necessary for me in this place to add anything respecting it. I have the satisfaction of thinking that I have enjoyed Mr. Leslie's confidence and friendship undiminished from that period to the present. I remember well the interest which he took in my success as a bookseller. He knew a great deal about books, in particular of the subjects for which his own studies are so distinguished. He recommended my opening a correspondence with the Continent, and procuring a collection of mathematical books, especially the works of Euler, of which, though many years published, few were supposed to have reached this country. They had been chiefly published at St. Petersburg.[1] This purchase was the occasion

[1] "I was ignorant of the mode of transacting foreign business, and I did not know that any order I might send to Paris would be attended to; besides, at this period, war had broken out between the two countries; but my father-in-law had a cousin of his own name, a merchant in Dunkirk, and to him I gave a copy of a list I had received from Mr. Leslie, consisting principally of the works of Euler. Mr. Willison, who was a very well-informed man, procured me the greater part of the books through his agent at Paris, but the prices were so high, the expenses and exchanges so much against me, that when the books arrived I could not demand what they had originally cost, and the speculation was therefore a bad one. These books will be found enumerated in my Catalogue for 1797, and although the sale of them produced no profit, the possession of such articles had its use in promoting my business in other respects."

of my first acquaintance with the late Professor Playfair, who purchased from me several of the most expensive of my foreign books, and continued to be my customer and distinguished friend, as I shall take an opportunity of mentioning hereafter.[1]

"My first publication was a pamphlet by a Mr. Black, then a student of divinity, entitled Anecdotes of the False Messias, to which I did not affix my name. Richard Brothers was then making a very great noise in the world, which led to this contemptible publication. My second and third were Observations on the Slave Trade, and A Letter to Mr. Pitt, both anonymous, and written by Dr. Robert Innes of Gifford; both were very unsuccessful, but that worthy man paid the expense of them. My next publication, so far as I can remember the works of this year (1795), was an account of the insurrection in Grenada, where Governor Home was massacred. It was written by Mr. Gordon Turnbull, who had escaped from the insurrection and just returned from the island to

[1] "Mr. Rennie, the distinguished engineer, was also a purchaser of several of these books; indeed, he bought from me all that he did not already possess of Euler's works, and from that period I have had frequent intercourse with him. During my visits to London I received much attention at his house in Stamford Street. He possesses probably the most complete collection of scientific books to be met with in any private library. But his collection is not confined to the subjects which might be supposed to occupy the attention of an individual so distinguished in the scientific world. It contains the best series of the chronicles of all countries anywhere to be found. I should apply the same remark to his collection of Voyages and Travels, and his library is otherwise distinguished by a large collection of English books in most of the departments of British literature, with not a few of great rarity and curiosity."

Edinburgh, of which city he was a native. This narrative is very interesting, and sold extremely well. The expense —as best suited my purposes at this period—was paid by the author. Mr. Turnbull was a poet, and rendered M'Neill's Will and Jean into English verse. In the year 1796, at the request of the Rev. Dr. John Erskine, I published for a Mr. Robertson a translation of Lampe on the Duration of Hell-Punishment, which did not sell, but it introduced me to the publication of Dr. Erskine's own works, which proved to be a matter of no small éclat, though not of great emolument.[1] My retail business continued to increase, and became rather considerable. The literary men of Edinburgh began to find their way to me about this time. I cannot boast of the acquaintance of many of the seniors—Dr. Hugh Blair excepted, who used to call on me very often; his chief amusement was in reading novels and romances, with which I had occasionally the pleasure of supplying him. He had a very choice collection of books at his house in Argyle Square, and I had great pleasure in visiting him of an afternoon and turning over his collection. He was very kind in his intercourse and pleasing in his manners.

"I have observed that the preservation of the literature of Scotland was my favourite hobby, and I resolved on printing and preserving some memorials of it from MSS. pointed out to me by Mr. Paton. About this year, 1796, I had perused, with no small delight, the diary of Robert

[1] "About the year 1798 I published several religious works for Dr. Erskine, a very kind and good friend of mine, and through his means I had some correspondence with America, which was probably more generally useful than pecuniarily profitable."

Birrel, which, however, I considered as too small for publication, and therefore thought of adding to it some other Scotch tracts, and making a volume.

"It was at this period that Mr. John Graham Dalyell, who had just returned from the College of St. Andrews, happened to call upon me in quest of some book, and we fell into conversation. Finding him intelligent, and much disposed to be civil, the foundation was laid of a connexion —I may say intimacy—which has continued ever since. Mr. Dalyell became my frequent visitor; he was studying Law, and just about to enter the Faculty of Advocates, to which he was admitted some time in the year 1797. He undertook, with great readiness and zeal, the editing of Birrel's Diary, which was published the following year, in a volume entitled Fragments of Scottish History, of which I printed three hundred copies with tolerable success. Mr. Dalyell took a great interest in my establishment; he very soon became a curator of the Advocates' Library, and purchased all the books from me that he could. Through Mr. Dalyell's interest, I was the means of depositing in that Library many volumes and MSS. of value —some of great importance, which will be found in my Sale Catalogues of various years. Besides these offices I must not forget his attention in particularly recommending me to his friends as a person liberal in my dealings. Mr. Dalyell was the first person to name me in this way to the late Mr. Alexander Gibson Hunter of Blackness, who afterwards became my partner, and with whom, previously to this, I had been but slightly acquainted. Our first transaction was my selling to him a used copy

of Blackstone's Commentaries, in octavo, for, I think, £1, and on this book I believe Mr. Hunter set no small value.

"For editing the Fragments of Scottish History, I gave Mr. Dalyell from £20 to £30, the first sum of that amount I had paid for this sort of literary labour.[1] My first purchase of a copyright was a volume of Discourses by Dr. Erskine, for which I paid £100, and of which I gave Mr. Creech a share, finding it convenient to divide the risk, and as I felt at the time that his name would add respectability to the title-page.

[1] "Mr. Dalyell has devoted a good deal of time to literary pursuits, and I have published for him the following works:—1. Tracts on the Natural History of Animals and Vegetables, translated from Spallanzani. 1st edition 500 copies, 1799. 2. The same work, second edition, extended and enlarged. 2 vols. 8vo, about the year 1803. 750 copies. The first of these sold extremely well, the second indifferently, but the loss was not great, as Mr. Dalyell was very reasonable as to copy-money. 3. An account of the Chartulary of Dunfermline; small impression. 4. An account of an ancient MS. of Martial's Epigrams in the Advocates' Library, which, I believe, had belonged to Schevez, Archbishop of St. Andrews, about the end of the fifteenth century. Of this a still more limited impression. Of the last two books three or four copies were printed on vellum, probably the first on vellum since the two beautiful copies of Bellendene's translation of Hector Boece, printed by Davidson about 1535 at Edinburgh, King James's copy of which is at Hamilton Palace, and the other in the College Library at Edinburgh. I may also mention the portion of the Black Acts, printed by Davidson about 1549, the only copy of which that is known is also on vellum, and in the Advocates' Library. 5. An account of Shipwrecks and Disasters at Sea. 3 vols. 8vo. 6. Marjoribanks's Annals of Scotland, from a MS. in the Advocates' Library. 7. Pitscottie's History of Scotland. 2 vols. 8vo. About this book we had a misunderstanding, the particulars of which will be seen in some correspondence which, I believe, I have preserved. The undertaking was not originally mine, but that of another bookseller. Bellendene's Boece was to have been included in this work, but abandoned. 8. An

"About the year 1796 I was introduced to David Erskine, Earl of Buchan. He became my constant visitor, and bestowed on me many marks of his kind approbation. Indeed, I acknowledge myself considerably indebted for his Lordship's notice. He used to communicate to me during his daily visits such information regarding the authors and literature of Scotland as he thought might be advantageous in promoting a knowledge of my profession; he used to talk much of the Society of Antiquaries, which

account of Planaria. 9. On my undertaking the Supplement to the Encyclopædia Britannica, Mr. Dalyell was employed to go over the twenty volumes of the original book, to furnish me with a report of what he considered the most defective articles, and to supply a list of such as he would recommend to be given in the Supplement. For this I think I paid £100. Mr. Dalyell was afterwards employed to write several articles of the Supplement, but he quarrelled with Mr. Napier, the valuable editor of that work, and thus his connexion with it came to an end. 10. The last work in which Mr. Dalyell has had a share was the General Gazetteer, the departments allotted to him being the British Islands, and I think Asia. These proved unsatisfactory to the editor, and much to my regret—from private feelings of friendship—an arrangement was made with Mr. Dalyell to relinquish his concern in the undertaking, which was accordingly put into other hands. It is particularly unpleasant to me to record so many differences with an early and highly respected friend, but the circumstances were not entirely under my control; for in conducting business, and perhaps more particularly in literary undertakings, you have not only the interests of your concern, and implement of bargains to attend to, but also the opinions of editors and others to consult. 11. In the chronological order of Mr. Dalyell's undertakings I have omitted Scottish Poems of the Sixteenth Century, including the Gude and Godly Ballads, and some curious dissertations by Mr. Dalyell, which were published, I think, in the year 1800. This was in two sizes, and sold very fairly, though I do not reckon it one of the most important of my undertakings or Mr. Dalyell's. 12. Bannatyne's (secretary of John Knox) Account of the Transactions in Scotland, from a MS. in the Advocates' Library. 8vo, published in 1806."

he had a good many years before established, and of which Society, I had, about a year before, been made a member; I used frequently to attend the meetings, and not without advantage, from the opportunity there afforded of making the acquaintance of the learned members of the Society. It was in the year 1796 that I was admitted, having been proposed by the late Sir James Colquhoun and Mr. John Davidson. I was on several occasions an office-bearer, but have long discontinued my attendance. With the Earl of Buchan I have continued on terms of intimacy, and during his Lordship's residence in Edinburgh have often met at his house distinguished strangers, to whom I might not, without such a channel, have had access. He is now far advanced in life, and whatever may be the opinion of others, is certainly in my estimation a nobleman of learning and usefulness. I have met with no one more distinguished for the talent of ready wit, when he chooses to be intelligible. His Lordship's history is well known, and will be related in a more suitable manner than I can pretend to do it. There is certainly a great deal of oddity in his manner, and by many who have not had opportunities of appreciating his real character, he is often treated with a disrespect by no means due to him. He was left in early life with a very small fortune, which he has lived greatly to improve; and it ought not to be forgot, in estimating the Earl of Buchan, that it was under his direction and care that his two younger brothers were educated, in a manner which qualified them for, and led to their filling, the highest offices in the State. The Hon. Henry Erskine

was twice Lord Advocate of Scotland, and it is well known how distinguished a figure his younger brother, Lord Erskine, has made in public life.[1]

"My friend, the late George Constable of Wallace Craigie[2] recommended me particularly to Mr. John Davidson, and the acquaintance of a person of his respectability was to a young man in my position a matter of some moment, had it only been for the information which I got from him during our occasional intercourse.[3]

[1] "Lord Buchan has published at different times some small fugitive pieces; he was a frequent contributor to The Bee, published by Dr. Anderson, and has now for his amusement a small printing-press at Dryburgh Abbey. In the Scots Magazine for 1802 there will be found some singular verses by his Lordship, addressed to the late Duchess of Gordon, and there exists a still more curious parody on the same by a friend of his own. The late Dr. Leyden was then editor of the Magazine."

[2] The original of Jonathan Oldbuck in The Antiquary.

[3] "The late Mr. John Davidson died at an advanced age in the year 1798 or thereabouts. He was the son of Mr. James Davidson, bookseller in the Parliament Close, was a Writer to the Signet of great eminence, an enthusiastic collector of books, and left a very fine library, the classical part of which he bequeathed to Sir William Miller of Glenlee, and the historical part, which I believe was of great value, to his successor in business, the late Mr. Hugh Warrender. The historical part is now, I believe, the property of Sir George Warrender of Lochend. Mr. Davidson printed several tracts on Scottish History, particularly extracts from the early Chamberlains' Accounts in the Exchequer, in 4to, and observations on the Regiam Majestatem, in which, I believe, he opposed Lord Hailes in some of his opinions respecting that work. He possessed a copy of the edition of the Black Acts of Parliament of October 1566, and also published a tract on the various editions of the Black Acts. I sold to Mr. Davidson some curious books and one MS., a volume of the records of the Privy Council in the time of Queen Mary, which is, of course, wanting in the series in the General Register House; it had been in the possession of Lord Covington, the celebrated lawyer, from

"I had the good fortune to be well known also to the Hon. Andrew Erskine, the son of Alexander Earl of Kellie, and grandson, by his mother, of the celebrated Dr. Archibald Pitcairn. He inherited no small share of the wit and genius of his maternal ancestor, and he wrote several very pretty songs, some of them published by Mr. George Thomson. He printed several little tracts and squibs, and was the author of Town Eclogues, published in 4to by Mr. Creech, about the year 1776. Mr. Erskine was one of the most unassuming men I have ever known, had an excellent taste in the fine arts, and possessed a small though choice library, his slender fortune not allowing him to indulge much in this way. He died suddenly at Caroline Park, near Edinburgh, in the year 1793. He was tall, and rather of an awkward appearance; the print of him by Kay, along with Sir John Whiteford, who was his constant walking companion, is extremely like.

"The number of literary men in Edinburgh was at this period highly respectable, and might have afforded the trade an opportunity of publishing a much greater number of new books than are to be met with in the

whom, I now have reason to believe, it was stolen by James Cummyng, the secretary of the Antiquarian Society, from whose widow I obtained it at a price of her own fixing, which was not great. Cummyng was a remarkable person, and his history is well known to the antiquarian world. This MS. was carried by Mr. Davidson to his house in the country, near Jedburgh, at the time he received it from me, and has not since then been seen, although an object of inquiry, and, I believe, of some importance. These particulars have been communicated by me to my friend Mr. Thomas Thomson, and I hope the MS. will yet be forthcoming."

annals of the period. In the Church, Principal Robertson, Dr. Hugh Blair, Dr. Henry, Dr. James Macknight, Dr. John Erskine, and others; in Law and General Literature, Lord Hailes, Lord Monboddo, Dr. Joseph Black, Dr. William Cullen, Robert Burns, Lord Kames, Mr. Dugald Stewart, and many others. There were only two periodical works published in Edinburgh at this time: the Scots Magazine, by Murray and Cochrane, and the Edinburgh Magazine by Mr. Sibbald. The Scots Magazine was commenced in 1739 by Sands, Brymer, Murray and Cochrane, a few years after the Gentleman's Magazine, and such appears to have been the risk of publication that four individuals divided the expense of the work."[1]

[1] In the Appendix to this volume (No. I.) there will be found what may be called a *catalogue raisonné* by my father of the chief booksellers in Edinburgh at the end of the last century.

CHAPTER II.

Early Business Years—Establishment of Edinburgh Review.

It is to be regretted that the biography of my father has not been continued by himself. We learn, however, from the fragment he has left us, that in January 1795, in his twenty-first year, he was already a married man, in business on his own account, and thst although his establishment was at first of very limited extent, he had ere long turned the point of the jest that declared him to be "scarce o' books." He had attracted as his frequent visitors most of the men of letters then in Edinburgh, and numbered among his customers and correspondents the most distinguished and enlightened collectors of the time.

By the Duke of Roxburghe he was usually employed as searcher when his Grace was either in quest of literary treasures, or desired, by pillaging a duplicate, to complete an imperfect copy of some rare work. George Chalmers continued for thirty years his valued friend and correspondent, as did also the eminent and accomplished Thomas Thomson, who did more than any other man has done to rescue our national records from the confusion and oblivion into which they had been sinking. John

Rennie, the celebrated engineer, Lord Napier, Earl Spencer, the Earls of Lauderdale, Kellie, and Buchan, were likewise among my father's early and steady friends; and it has been gratifying to me to find, in a careful examination of those of his papers that have come into my hands, no instance in which he had forfeited the esteem of any one whose good-will was worth retaining. His knowledge of books—especially in the department of Scottish History, and of those works whose rarity constitutes a prime if not chief element of value—was, I believe, unsurpassed, while his obliging disposition led him to render willing service to all who might require it, not only by indicating sources of information, but by collecting and arranging it for ready use.

The calls upon his time and counsel were, however, by no means limited to literary subjects or his own profession. I have before me numerous letters in which he is requested by country clergymen and other rural correspondents to undertake and execute most incongruous commissions. One worthy minister in Ettrick,[1] besides ordering a copy

[1] "The Rev. Charles Paton. Previously to his settlement in Selkirkshire, Mr. Paton had been schoolmaster at Callander, a situation to which he was recommended by Dr. Beattie. Dr. Francis Buchanan Hamilton of Leny, and his sister, Mrs. Fairfoul, had been pupils of Mr. Paton while at Callander, and he had a general invitation for Saturday evening to sup with the family at Leny House. The appetite of the Dominie was usually very sharp-set, and as he ate much faster, and at the same time continued the feast far longer than his hosts the laird and lady found convenient to support by their example, one of the young folks was forbidden to take dinner on Saturday, in order that he or she might be prepared *to eat with the schoolmaster*. No easy task this was. The above anecdote was related to me by Mrs. Fairfoul in presence of her brother, to whom she

of Rawlin on Justification, asks him in one letter to buy lottery-tickets for himself and servants, and to send a supply of tea, sugar, wax, and wafers; while in another he leaves to my father's discretion the selection of a governess, who is to bring her own piano—if she has one, and requests him, at the same time, to look out for him and send "a good model for a sermon on the Celebration of Peace." A clerical correspondent in the far north, along with a commission for books, gives special instructions for the choice of a new wig;[1] while a bookseller in Stirling enjoins him to rise very early the next morning that he may buy on the best terms, and despatch by first conveyance, ten baskets of the finest strawberries the Edinburgh market can afford!

Such extraneous demands and compliances, however, were soon to cease. His time and attention were ere long engrossed by more important matters, and those who had been loudest in his praise during the first two years after his establishment in business, began to complain bitterly of his neglect or want of punctuality in fulfilling their requirements.

In one of my father's most sacred repositories I have found several documents having reference to his marriage,

observed, 'Frank, you know you used often to cheat me, for I generally had *two* turns for your one.' "—A. C.

[1] The wig, when furnished, had not been entirely satisfactory. "I think the wig by far too dear, and it is rather short at the back. I wish I had ordered it to be made without any curl at all, but with the hair hanging down loose, in imitation of my own hair. As I expect the curl will fall lower, and the distance is so great, I shall not return it till I see."

carefully tied together by a faded satin ribbon, and bearing this inscription—"16th January 1795: the happiest day in the life of A. C." In the beginning of the following March he set out on his first journey to London,—in those days a formidable affair, occupying, even by mail, and in favourable weather, seventy hours, instead of ten, as now. My father's cousin, Mr. Constable of Berwick, son of Charles Constable of Moorhall, already mentioned, writes as follows on hearing of the projected journey: "28*th February* 1795.—On inquiry I find that the mail-coach from the south has for some time past proceeded no farther north than this place on account of the badness of the roads, the mail being forwarded from hence on horseback to Edinburgh. Unless, therefore, you can contrive to get to Berwick by some other means than the coach (which in some instances has been accomplished by putting six horses to a chaise), you will not be able to proceed upon your journey. At any rate, travelling in carriage is attended with great danger of oversetting, especially in the night-time, on account of the deepness of the ruts in the snow; but it is to be hoped that this cannot now last long, though last night's frost has been as severe as any since the beginning of the storm."

Whatever the difficulty, the journey was safely achieved, for my father writes thus from London to his young wife: "I can now complain of nothing but low spirits—easily accounted for. . . . This city, though crowded with inhabitants, civil and attentive as they are numerous, appears to me a bleak inhospitable desert." He gives no details of business experience, but it is evident from the

immediate increase of London correspondence that his time while there had not been idly spent. A few days after his return to Edinburgh he started again on a business cruise through Fife and Perthshire. In Perth he "did considerable business in way of exchange," with Messrs. Morrison and Son,[1] and visited his friend William Wallace, who was at that time master in the Perth Academy. He passed thereafter to St. Andrews and to Kilconquhar House, the residence of Mr. Bethune, whence he writes on the 2d April:—"I have been at this place two days, examining a library of old books. It is a fine collection, and I get them at my own valuation. My success in this jaunt has been in every respect very favourable to my future views."

My father's limited capital seems at this period to have been mainly employed in the purchase of private libraries, containing curious volumes, of which few besides himself could estimate the value. By inserting these in the Catalogues which he periodically issued, he brought him-

[1] "The trade of bookselling in Scotland was considerably advanced by the enterprise of Messrs. Morrison of Perth, who published many works of importance. Their chief author was Mr. Robert Heron, a name well known in the literary annals of the period, as the author of a History of Scotland, a Journey through the Highlands, and Translations from the French, some of which were popular, but his books being generally written for some object of temporary interest, have not survived himself—indeed, it would be difficult at this time to give an accurate catalogue of his undertakings. Some account of him will be found in the Calamities of Authors, by Mr. D'Israeli, and there exists a curious volume in his own handwriting, in which are detailed for several months his daily experiences and thoughts. He was a man of considerable talent, but has left no name worthy of his acquirements as a scholar."—A. C.

self within the notice of the book-hunters of the time; and he had many allies among his brethren in "the trade," who, knowing his proclivities, were zealous in assisting him to procure works of historical or antiquarian importance. Of these none appears to have been more useful than William Blackwood, his future rival; and whatever may have been the causes of their subsequent estrangement, it is certain that "they had been friends in youth."

Mr. Blackwood writes as follows from Glasgow College, 10th September 1796 :—

"DEAR SIR,—I received your favour of the 26th ult. I had reckoned so surely, and expected so much pleasure in seeing you here, that even your doubting if you can come disappoints me much. I however hope you will yet find leisure to come west two or three days this season.[1] . . . You need say nothing about giving me

[1] "I have got a book very much in your way, entitled Ane Dialog betwix Experience and ane Courteour, Compylit by Schir David Lyndesay, Imprentet at the Command and Expensis of Dr. Machabeus in Copmahoun. At the end there is a date, 1552. It is a small quarto black-letter. It is certainly a great curiosity, and though I was not sure of its value I paid pretty high for it. You will probably know it. I have also got a copy of Nicol Burne's Disputation, Par. 1581, likewise Holingshed's Chronicles, black-letter, fol., Lond. 1586; it is rather gone in the binding, and wants the last leaf of the Index, but it is otherways clear enough—say what would you give for any of these. I have also two or three other things which I could send you at the following prices :—Sir Thomas More's Works, 2 vol. fol., black-letter, fair, J. Cawood, Lond. 1557, 19s. The Works of W. Tyndal, J. Frith and Dr. Barnes, black-letters, fol., fair, John Daye, Lond. 1573, 9s. (You will see both of these in White or Egerton's last Catalogues.) Home on Bleaching, 8vo, Edin. 1756, 7s. 6d. Pardovan's Collection, 8vo, Edin. 1770, 6s. 6d. Reynolds' Triumphs of God's

trouble, for instead of being so it is a pleasure to me to pick up books, and it makes me very happy if I am of the least service to you in that way. I am much obliged for your kind offers of doing anything for me; I shall certainly take advantage of them, and may probably trouble you afterwards about some small things. I have heard of the Nos. of The Ghost, but have not seen them. They say Robert Duns is terribly cut up in them. I have also heard that he published some answer. If you have any of them by you it would be doing me a great favour if you would send me them, but by no means put yourself to the expense of buying them for me. . . .

"I long much to see your Catalogue, and expect a great deal of entertainment and information from it.—With best compliments to yourself and friends, I remain, dear Sir, yours sincerely, WM. BLACKWOOD."

There are many later letters from Mr. Blackwood of a similar friendly tenor, proving reciprocity in kindness; but conflicting interests became too strong for Friendship, for she gradually retired into the background, and finally disappeared.

With the greater number of his correspondents my father had, at this early period, a *barter-account*, which obviated the inconvenient necessity of money-payments on either side, and enabled all parties to keep up their

Revenge against Murther, fol., Lond. 1640, 5s. 6d. Gildæ, de excidio et conquestu Britanniæ, etc., epistola, 18mo, J. Daius, Lond. 1568. This, I believe, is a scarce little book, but I cannot see it in any catalogue, so I leave the price of it to yourself."—W. B.

stock of books in demand, by parting with a portion of those with which they found themselves overcharged.

Money, in its metallic form, appears in those days to have been entirely in disuse by 'the trade' in their dealings with one another. It floated *ethereally* in bills and promissory-notes from man to man, calling at the banks for transmutation when and so long as that could be effected; but that the system was a vicious and ruinous one is shown by the number of men I find suddenly writing to my father from the Abbey—a sanctuary for debtors in the neighbourhood of Holyrood Palace—and even from the more grim and definite Tolbooth. Their confidence in his kindly nature is evinced by the demands made on his time and attention, inviting him to relieve their solitude by a visit, or to send them entertaining books for the same end. In a letter now before me, dated Abbey Strand, 1796, his correspondent says: "I return you Lady Strathmore's Confession, and if you have a copy of Tristram Shandy I would thank you to send it." Later, when returning Lackington's Memoirs, the same correspondent says that "they are like the Frenchman's wife, viz., goot, goot, goot, for notting," and, indeed, by the whole tone of his letters, makes it very plain that his burden of care sat very lightly on him.

Prison-discipline does not at this period appear to have been very strict. A bookseller, whose affairs were in disorder, writes to my father from the Canongate Jail in March 1801, in the following terms:—"I have to remind you of your engagement of last Sunday to furnish us with a beefsteak-pie to-morrow, of which I have invited two

gentlemen to partake, from whom Mr. Mitchell and I have frequently received a similar compliment;" and a month or two later the same individual writes: "Several friends have proposed to dine with my messmates and myself to-morrow. As the party is very select I have no hesitation in requesting the favour of your presence, and to induce Mr. Fairbairn, if disengaged, to accompany you, I enclose a plan of the dinner, which I hope will be satisfactory. The expense will be exceedingly moderate, and in hopes of your company and of pardon for this freedom, I remain," etc. etc. His invitation was not accepted, for in a letter two days later the writer says: "The plan of the dinner, it appears, has not suited your taste; from its having been retained, however, I do not despair of its being handed down to posterity in the next edition of Mrs. Maciver. Our proceedings of yesterday have frightened away some of the needful; I therefore send a receipt for sixteen shillings . . . and although perfectly ashamed to ask it I am also much in need of ten shillings more." This, and many similar applications, met with better success.

In his chapter on the Old Tolbooth, the scene of these somewhat incongruous festivities, Robert Chambers[1] gives an interesting account of the notorious criminal Deacon Brodie, who carried on, for years and unsuspected, a system of burglary and theft. He was at length detected, and was executed on 1st October 1788, on an improved gibbet of his own devising. I doubt whether in the annals of crime a more conspicuous instance will be found of its hardening influence, and I cannot resist giving here two

[1] Traditions of Edinburgh, p. 95. Edin. 1869.

documents in my possession, which are strikingly illustrative of the callous nature of the man, and of the indifference with which he met his doom. These are a letter addressed by him, while under sentence of death, to Donald Smith, Esq., Edinburgh, on the 17th August 1788, and his Will, dated September 26th, four days before his execution.[1]

It was during his first visit to London, in March 1795, that my father was introduced to Mr. Longman. Their acquaintance soon ripened into friendship, and it is much

"EDIN., 17*th Aug.* 1788.

"DEAR SIR,—The nails of my toes and fingers are not quite so long as Nebbuchadnezar's are said to have been, although long enough for a Manderine, and much longer than I find convenient. I have tried several experiments to remove this evil without effect, which no doubt you 'll think says little for your ward's ingenuity; and I have the mortification to perceive the evil daily increasing. Dr. Sir, as I intend seeing company abroad in a few days, I beg as soon as convenient you 'll take the matter under your consideration, and only, if necessary, consult with my guardian and tutor *sine qua non*, and I doubt not but you 'll devise some safe and easy method of operation, that may give me a temporary relief. Perhaps the Faculty may prescribe a more radical cure. Dr. Sir, if not disagreeable to you, I 'll be happy to see you. You 'll be sure to find me at home, and all hours are equally convenient. And believe me to be, with great esteem, your most affectionate ward and very humble servant,

"WILLIAM BRODIE."

DEACON BRODIE'S LAST WILL.

"I, William Brodie, late Deacon of the Wrights in Edinburgh, and sometime member of the Town Council of said burgh, considering the certainty of my death and the propriety and expediency of recommending my memory by some good offices to my friends when I am no more, do hereby execute my last will and testament in manner following, that is to say—

"Having a Royal Successor to my means and estates, and nothing

to be regretted that misunderstandings, from apparently conflicting interests which afterwards arose, should even occasionally have interrupted a commerce so advantageous to both parties. It had been well for Archibald Constable and Co. had it been otherwise. The unfortunate experiment of the establishment of a London house in 1809 would thereby have been averted, and the catastrophe of 1826 might never have occurred.

I possess no means of ascertaining the various works in which their firms were jointly interested. My earliest record of such a transaction is in the summer of 1802, when the copyright of the Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border was acquired by Mr. Longman, and my father was admitted to a fourth share of the property. In the same year they undertook, along with Messrs. Manners and Miller, an edition of the Travels of James Bruce of Kin-

else to dispose of but my good and bad qualifications, I dispose of these as follows :—

"1*mo.* To the R. Honourable (for a few days to come), J—— G—v—e, Esq., I give and bequeath all my political knowledge in securing magistrates and packing corporations, hoping he will use the same, in effecting a seat for himself at a certain board, to which he has long had an eye, on the first vacancy.

"2. To J. D——n I freely bequeath my sobriety and good-breeding, which may save him from being kicked out of company on occasion of his petulance and ill-manners, as was lately the case at Archers' Hall.

"3. My charity and good deeds I humbly bequeath to the ministers of the Gospel in Scotland, with this injunction, that they do not retail them among their hearers, but put them in practice amongst themselves.

"4. To the Magistrates of Edinburgh, present and to come, I leave and bequeath all my knowledge of the law, which may prevent their being under the necessity in future of borrowing from any of the *Jameo's*—(their cl—ks), who are as ignorant as themselves.

naird, in eight volumes 8vo, published in 1804, and edited by the Rev. Alexander Murray, with a valuable memoir of the author. Mr. Longman visited Scotland in November 1802, and wrote as follows to my father after his return to London :—

"LONDON, *December 13th*, 1802.

"MY DEAR SIR,—Every letter that I write to Edinburgh I have to preface with an apology for my long delay in returning thanks, so justly due, for the very distinguished and flattering reception I universally met with in your city. This has not, however, proceeded from having inadequately estimated those truly friendly attentions which I received during my stay among you, and which are not so soon to be forgotten. You who are so well acquainted with business, and who, I flatter myself, will

"5. To my late landlord Wm. Chas. L—i—le of Libberton, Esq., I leave my whole stock of economy, pride, and self-conceit, knowing he has very little of his own.

"6. To William C——h, bookseller, who has favoured the public with an account of my trial, I give and bequeath my honour and generosity, referring the world to the note prefixed to Mr. Morrison's appendix.

"7. To Hamilton the chimney-sweeper I leave and bequeath my dexterity in cards and dice, which may enable him to refund himself of the five guineas, two half-guineas, and six shillings which he prosecuted me for, when he meets a pigeon, which I advertise him he is not likely to do either at Clark's or Michael Henderson's.

"8. To my good friends and old companions Brown and Ainslie I freely give and bequeath all my bad qualities, not doubting, however, but their own will secure them a rope at last.

"My neck being now about to embrace the halter, I would recommend it to all rogues, sharpers, thieves, and gamblers, whether in high or low station, to take care of theirs, by leaving off their wicked practices, and becoming good members of society in future.

"Written with my own hand, and dated Sept. 26, 1788."

not easily distrust me, will easily conceive how it may have happened, from an extraordinary pressure of business on my arrival in London.

"Amongst all the civilities I received, yours I place in the foremost rank. The important idea of my sale, which turned out so successfully, and which promises in future still greater advantages, originated with you. I indeed congratulate myself on my more intimate acquaintance with you, as a real man of business, of honourable mind, and of universally acknowledged talents in your profession; and I look forward to the pleasure of partaking with you in the fame and profits of many a valuable work from the literary stores of Edinburgh.

"The booksellers here seem to be not a little jealous at my successes, which is natural; but I believe none of them will think it advisable to go amongst you, to contend with my interests in your country. I of course shall not omit to pay my respects to you all next year.

"Everything passed very satisfactorily at Mr. Bruce's. I was much pleased at the honest zeal of our little friend Murray.[1] . . .

"Pray believe that you will find me a punctual correspondent for the future. Mr. Rees[2] desires his best compliments to you; and with mine to Mrs. Constable, I remain, my dear Sir, yours most sincerely,

"THOMAS N. LONGMAN.

[1] Mr. Longman here refers to a visit to Kinnaird, for the purpose of arranging for the publication of the Life and Works of the Abyssinian traveller. See *infra*, p. 226.

[2] Mr. Rees had been assumed by Mr. Longman as a partner on 1st January 1799.

"*P.S.*—We shall look for the pleasure of seeing you and Mr. Creech in London in the spring, according to *promise.* Could Mr. Forbes furnish us an article upon *Atmosphere* for the Cyclopædia immediately?"

On hearing of the conclusion of the arrangements for a partnership between my father and Mr. Alexander Gibson Hunter of Blackness, Mr. Longman wrote as follows:—

"LONDON, *December* 31, 1803.

"MY DEAR SIR,—I sincerely congratulate you on the contents of your favour of the 15th inst., which has afforded me the most inexpressible pleasure. The means and the connexions you now possess, conjoined with your own excellent understanding, will necessarily command all that is valuable in the literature of Scotland. We shall doubtless do the same in England, and by a liberal exchange of copyrights, and thus promoting and combining our interests, we shall infallibly raise our fortunes and our names infinitely higher and to a more important station than has yet been known in the annals of our profession.

"The statements of our various accounts shall be forwarded agreeably to your request. We shall probably hear further particulars of your new purchases in your next letter. We have just purchased Captain Beatson's (of Aberdeen) Naval and Military Memoirs, 3 vols., with three additional volumes; and we are in treaty for an octavo edition of Murphy's Translation of Tacitus. . . . I remain, dear Sir, yours most sincerely,

"THOMAS N. LONGMAN."

Although the story of the first conception and the starting of the Edinburgh Review has been often told, fresh light might have been thrown upon its early history by examination of relative documents among the papers of my father's firm. These, unhappily, have not been within my reach, and it is therefore necessary that I recapitulate, from other sources, a few of the details already given to the public.

The times were certainly ripe for such a publication; Lord Cockburn says:[1]—"There were circumstances that tended so directly towards the production of some such work, that it seems now as if its appearance in Edinburgh, and about this time, might almost have been foreseen. Of these it is sufficient to mention the irrepressible passion for discussion which succeeded the fall of old systems on the French Revolution; the strong feeling of resentment at our own party intolerance; the obviousness that it was only through the press that this intolerance could be abated, or our policy reformed; the dotage of all the existing journals; and the presence in this place of able young men, most of them in close alliance, to whom concealed authorship was an irresistible vent."

"To appreciate the value of the Edinburgh Review," says Sydney Smith, "the state of England at the period when that journal began should be had in remembrance. The Catholics were not emanicipated. The Corporation and Test Acts were unrepealed. The Game Laws were horribly oppressive; steel-traps and spring-guns were set

[1] See Life of Jeffrey, vol. i. pp. 125, 126.

all over the country; prisoners tried for their lives could have no counsel. Lord Eldon and the Court of Chancery pressed heavily on mankind. Libel was punished by the most cruel and vindictive imprisonments. The principles of political economy were little understood. The laws of debt and conspiracy were on the worst footing. The enormous wickedness of the slave-trade was tolerated. A thousand evils were in existence, which the talents of good and able men have since lessened or removed; and these efforts have been not a little assisted by the honest boldness of the Edinburgh Review."

It was on 10th October 1802 that the first Number appeared, and the projectors intrusted its publication to my father, as the person whom they considered most likely to promote its success.[1] He had already become known to many of them as active, enterprising, and enlightened; his political opinions were in sympathy with their own, and he gratefully accepted the commercial conduct of the work, with all its pecuniary responsibilities. The papers in the three earliest Numbers were presented gratuitously to the publisher, but the rate of remuneration to the contributors was soon thereafter fixed at sixteen guineas per sheet, and struck a key-note which has ever since been

[1] The Farmer's Magazine and the Scots Magazine were already under his management, and a year later he became the publisher of the Edinburgh Medical and Surgical Journal, established and ably edited by Dr. Andrew Duncan, junior. At a later period the Edinburgh Philosophical Journal, the publications of the Highland Society, the Royal Society of Edinburgh, the Caledonian Horticultural Society, and the Wernerian Society, also came into my father's hands.

of some advantage to literary men connected with similar undertakings.[1]

Lord Cockburn tells us that "the merit of having first suggested the Edinburgh Review is undoubtedly due to Sydney Smith;"[2] but if we may judge from a letter from Mr. Jeffrey to Francis Horner of 9th April 1802,[3] its future distinguished conductor was, even in the first Number, taking an important share in the editorial labour, and he certainly contributed six of the articles it contains.

Lord Jeffrey gives the following statement of his recollections on the subject: "I cannot say exactly where the project of the Edinburgh Review was first *talked of* among the projectors; but the first serious consultations about it, and which led to our application to a publisher, were held in a small house where I then lived in Buccleuch Place. They were attended by Sydney Smith, F. Horner, Dr. Thomas Brown, Lord Murray, and some of them also by Lord Webb Seymour, Dr. John Thomson, and Thomas Thomson. . . . There was then no individual editor; but as many of us as could be got to attend, used to meet in a dingy room off Willison's printing-office, in Craig's Close, where the proofs of our own articles were read over

[1] "Two-thirds of the articles were paid much higher—averaging, I should think, from twenty to twenty-five guineas a sheet on the whole Number. I had, I might say, an unlimited discretion in this respect, and must do the publishers the justice to say that they never made the slightest objection."—Life of Lord Jeffrey, vol. i. p. 136.

[2] Jeffrey's published Contributions are dedicated to the Rev. Sydney Smith, as the original projector of the Edinburgh Review.

[3] See Memoirs and Correspondence of Francis Horner, M.P., edited by his brother, Leonard Horner, Esq., F.R.S. London: Murray, 1843.

and remarked upon, and attempts made also to sit in judgment on the few manuscripts which were then afforded by strangers. But we had seldom patience to go through with these, and it was found necessary to have a responsible editor, and the office was pressed upon me. Smith was by far the most timid of the confederacy, and believed that unless our *incognito* were strictly maintained we could not go on a day. This was his object for making us hold our dark divans at Willison's office, to which he insisted on our repairing singly and by back approaches, or by different lanes."[1]

The timidity of Mr. Smith had been dispelled at a very early period, for he writes thus to my father soon after the publication had been started, and before the rate of remuneration to contributors had been determined:—"You ask me for my opinion about the continuance of the Edinburgh Review. I have the greatest confidence in giving it you, as I find everybody here (who is capable of forming an opinion upon the subject) unanimous in the idea of its success, and in the hope of its continuation. It is notorious that all other Reviews are the organs either of party or of booksellers. I have no manner of doubt that an *able, intrepid,* and *independent* Review would be as useful to the public as it would be profitable to those who are engaged in it. If you will give £200 per annum to your editor, and ten guineas a sheet, you will soon have the best Review in Europe. This town, I am convinced, is preferable to all others for such an undertaking, from the abundance of literary men it contains, and from the

[1] See Life of Jeffrey, vol. i. pp. 136, 137.

freedom which at this distance they can exercise towards the wits of the South."

The success of the Edinburgh Review was immediate and complete, its circulation rising with each successive Number. By the confessedly Liberal portion of the public the work was hailed with delight, while many others secretly rejoiced in its avowal of principles they were afraid as yet to profess, and in its bold exposure and condemnation of abuses which they were too timid to assail. Its enemies accused it of heartless severity in criticism, and tried in vain to write it down by bitter pamphlets and newspaper articles, in comparison with whose tone that of the Review seems to overflow with the milk of human kindness.

Thomas Chalmers, then only twenty-three years of age, but already in pastoral charge of the parish of Kilmany, and startling the quiescent Senate of St. Andrews from its unintellectual repose, writes to my father as follows on the 1st October 1803 :—"I received the Jesuits' Commentary, with Brown's Sermons. The latter book I herewith send back to you, having had a glance at it before. The price of the Commentaries is most extravagant. I told you so when in Edinburgh, and certainly supposed at the time that it would at least be a new book, with something uncommon about it as to elegance of binding, etc. To my great surprise, however, I find it only a second-hand copy, notwithstanding its enormous expense. My humble circumstances do not admit of such expensive purchases, and if books can only be got at an unreasonable rate, I must bethink myself of a cheaper

method of being supplied with literary information. I have connected myself with the circulating library at Cupar, where I have full access to all the principal Reviews. I of course cease to take any more Numbers of the Edinburgh Review. This proceeds from no disrespect I entertain for the performance. In ability of discussion, in the variety of its ingenious and original speculations, in its enlightened contempt for the insolence of literary authority, I think it far outstrips any production of the kind that the country has to boast of.

"May the young philosophers of Edinburgh succeed in their many and independent efforts at literary distinction; may they learn to rise, though unfavoured by the patronage of the established characters; may they succeed in overthrowing those vile monopolists of literature who arrogate all the praises of philosophy to themselves and to a junto of interested friends, who exclude the pretensions of obscure and indigent genius, who aspire to the unlimited direction of taste and science in the country, and who would presume to erect an uncontrollable despotism in the republic of letters.

"With best wishes for the prosperity of all your undertakings, though your formidable prices put it out of my power to contribute to it, I am, dear Sir, yours sincerely,

"THOMAS CHALMERS."

From Dr. William Magee,[1] afterwards Archbishop of Dublin, my father received the following testimony of approval:—

[1] Author of Discourses and Dissertations on the Scriptural Doctrine of Atonement and Sacrifice, etc. etc.

"TRINITY COLLEGE, DUBLIN, *June 1st*, 1803.

"SIR,—I must beg your acceptance of my best thanks for the favour you have done me in presenting to me the first Number of your Review, which I have no hesitation in pronouncing the ablest of that description of publication which the literary world has yet been possessed of. The expectation—of no common standard—which this first Number had excited, has not been disappointed by the second. The third has not yet reached us, as they travel slowly, having to pass by the way of London. I should be glad to procure them from you directly on publication, if any means can be devised for that purpose. . . .

"If it be not unfair to find a fault where so much of talent, originality, and learning are displayed, and where almost everything is deserving of praise, I could wish that in the criticism on Belsham, who is a shallow fellow, there had been less laxity of principle on the subject of truth; and that in the review of Ivory's Solution of Kepler's Problem the writer had not made a slight trip in supposing the Harmonic Law to have any connexion with the problem.

"In the prosecution of this valuable Review I wish the proprietors the success they are so fully entitled to expect; and for myself, I look forward with much confidence for entertainment and instruction from its spirited and judicious animadversions. . . .—I am, Sir, with many thanks for your kind remembrance of me, your obliged servant, W. MAGEE."

Many letters of congratulation and approval with

reference to the Edinburgh Review were received by its publisher about this time, and the work may be said to have had from the first a career of unbroken prosperity, excepting for the frequent changes of its English nurse during the earlier years of its existence. The publication in London of No. 1 was intrusted to Mr. Joseph Mawman, but some dissatisfaction with his management having ere long arisen, the London sale was transferred to Messrs. Longman, and therewith, as was afterwards legally declared, one half share in the property of the work.

Various subjects of dispute had unhappily arisen within the next few years between Messrs. Longman and Co. and my father's firm; unpleasant correspondence, of which I possess a painful record, widened the breach; and as the editor and projectors of the Review concurred with their Scottish publishers in thinking that the interest of Messrs. Longman in two other works of a similar character—the Annual Review and the Eclectic—tended to weaken their exertions on behalf of the Edinburgh, it was determined that the care of it in London should be removed to Mr. John Murray, then in Fleet Street, between whom and my father's firm a very ardent friendship and a close alliance had meanwhile arisen. It was found, however, that Messrs. Longman, by the contract entered into in 1803, had acquired a legal right, precluding the continuance of the publication without their concurrence, which, however, they granted to Constable and Co., after publishing No. 21, for a pecuniary equivalent.

Mr. Murray continued to publish the Edinburgh Review until, in the year 1809, my father's firm opened

a house in London under the name of Constable, Hunter, Park, and Hunter. This establishment was doomed to have but a short life. Mr. Park, its only efficient London representative, was in consumption when he undertook the charge, and died before the first year of its existence had ended, leaving his partners no reasonable course except to sacrifice the capital they had wasted in making the adventure, and to return to the employment of an agent for the sale of the Review, as well as that of their other literary property. In these circumstances the London sale of "the Edinburgh" was committed to Messrs. White, Cochrane, and Co., with whom it remained until 1814, when the intercourse between my father's firm and Mr. Longman's having been restored to its ancient friendly footing, these gentlemen resumed their proprietary interest, the wandering Journal returned to their care, and on the failure in 1826 of Archibald Constable and Co. became their undivided property.

CHAPTER III.

Alexander Gibson Hunter, Forfarshire Laird and Edinburgh Bookseller.

MR. HUNTER, with whom my father was associated during seven of his most prosperous and happiest years, was the eldest son of a proprietor of good fortune and good family in the county of Forfar. He was a man of great ability and very active mind, and would probably have become a distinguished lawyer had the legal profession proved attractive; but his energetic nature demanded strong excitement, and the commerce of books offered him a field at once for the gratification of a spirit of enterprise and the satisfaction of literary taste. His leisure, which had been more extensive than was either useful or agreeable, had been chiefly spent in Forfarshire, the county at that time, *par excellence*, of high living and hard drinking, where his wit and good-fellowship made him at all times a welcome guest at the tables of the neighbouring lairds; but in spite of his love of sport and conviviality he longed for escape from the temptations to excess that daily beset him; and in a letter to my father, written some years before he became his partner, he says, "I verily believe my senses will leave me if I stay long in this country."

Whether the proposal of association came from Mr. Hunter or my father I do not know, but they both entered on it with the most cordial feelings, which at its close had suffered no abatement. The earliest notice of the partnership occurs in the following letter from my father to Mr. Hunter, and in one addressed a few days later to Mr. Wallace, at that time Professor in the Military College at Great Marlowe :—

"EDINBURGH, 18*th December* 1803.

"DEAR SIR,— . . . Your letter was to me a most welcome one, for although I considered matters in a great measure agreed on between ourselves, and to Mr. Gibson's[1] satisfaction, yet I confess I could not help feeling a good deal of anxiety about the result of your interview on the subject at Eskmount.

"I shall have no objection to the firm being either Archibald Constable and Co., or Constable and Co., as I conceive that of little importance; but, that the connexion may have its full and desired effect, the public must be informed that you are my partner in the business. I enter into the concern for many reasons, with all of which I believe you are pretty well satisfied, and the arrangements will in all respects be the more agreeable to me if they meet the good opinion of your friends. . . .

"I have had the pleasure of a call from our friend Mr. John Clerk[2] twice within these three days. His first call was to tell me what he had previously devolved on Mr. Thomson, and he concluded by saying that he had

[1] Afterwards Sir James Gibson-Craig, Baronet.

[2] Afterwards the Hon. Lord Eldin.

that day prevailed on his father to publish a new edition of the Naval Tactics under my direction, and on any conditions I should consider fair and proper! This you will readily see was too good a thing to be declined, and I most thankfully accepted the offer, which you will say has come at a good time. I have since had a call from the old gentleman, and have put things in train.[1]

"Your friend Baron H— seems highly pleased. He asked me to dine with him yesterday; but you know that is not my mode of recommending myself to great folks. I declined the invitation, and went to breakfast with him this morning. He is full of his pamphlet, and seems determined to upset the financial plans of Mr. Addington at one blow. We shall have the other side of the question from Lord Lauderdale."

MR. CONSTABLE to MR. WALLACE.

"EDINBURGH, 31*st December* 1803.

". . . My business has of late been very much on the increase, and there is a very wide field for literary property before me. I am about to assume a partner. You may be assured it is not every one with whom I would form such a connexion, and it is only with a view to emolument and comfort that I would have thought of it at all. Mr. Hunter, younger of Blackness, is the gentleman with whom I associate. He has not of course been bred a bookseller, but I believe you know that kind of assistance is hardly necessary. He is to take charge of

[1] An Essay on Naval Tactics, Systematical and Historical, with Explanatory Notes. 4to. Edin. 1804.

the ledger and account department. The firm is to be Archibald Constable and Company. Mr. Hunter of course pays a very handsome premium for a share; and I need hardly mention to you that his family connexions are extensive and of the most respectable description."

Mr. Hunter entered keenly into all the interests of the house, and although he was by no means what is called an acceptor of propositions, and sometimes gave offence by his plainness of speech, his good sense and kindly nature led him usually to just and generous conclusions, winning for him the good-will of those with whom he came in contact, while his unshaken confidence in the commercial wisdom and the liberality of his partner rendered their connexion one of perfect cordiality from its commencement to its close. Whatever Mr. Hunter did was energetically done; and it would be difficult to decide whether he relished more consulting the taste of the public in the preparation of some literary dainty in the morning, or in satisfying his own as a gastronome at a later period of the day.

During my father's absence in London he writes to him as follows on 30th August 1804:—

". . . I have just had a very satisfactory conversation with Dr. Duncan about the Medical Journal. He has got by this day's post a very flattering letter from a Dr. Bateman of London, which he says is of the very greatest importance, not only approving highly of the plan and prospectus, but promising every assistance. He adds that our work is a complete *desideratum* in the world of

medicine at present; that Edinburgh is the place from whence it ought to proceed; that Phillips's *rubbish*, as he terms it, is bought merely because there is nothing else to be had; and that the London practitioners were so tired of it, that they had been projecting another publication, with the assistance of Dr. Bateman, Dr. Reeve, etc. etc., as to which Mr. Longman can inform you. Nothing, however, has been done towards bringing this out, and the Doctor adds that 'this publication of ours will completely supersede any necessity for it.'

". . . Our turtle dinner turned out admirably well. Graham was delighted; never saw anything better dressed. Blackwell, the cook, got vast recommendations. I cut a most distinguished figure; ate seven plates of calipash and two of calipee, besides about three of the fins. We had four kinds of Madeira, and Claret till half-past eleven. Graham went away two hours before that. John Clerk, Sir William Fettes, etc., were there in great force. Yesterday, plenty of venison and moorfowl at Haggart's, with red Champagne, Hock, vintage 1727, and excellent Claret till half-past ten, with Sir A. Don, Major Maitland, etc."

The good understanding between Messrs. Longman and A. Constable and Co. appears at this time to have been endangered, if not partially interrupted, and Mr. Hunter writes as follows:—

"EDINBURGH, *5th September* 1804.

". . . My surprise at Longman and Co. was not less than yours. Let them explain all this as they please,

depend upon it there is a 'whaap in the raip' somehow or other; we have never had the least friendly communication with them since Mr. Longman's answer to mine on a certain subject, which you must well remember. I have been calculating on a great deal of information on this subject by a letter which should arrive to-morrow from you; it could not possibly arrive sooner. Rees was at Irvine on Saturday last, and will be here on Thursday, and Longman on Friday; so their agent, Mr. Anderson, told me, and indeed showed me by their letters. I should be sorry to meet them before getting your letter—my regulator, as I may call it."

"*7th September.*

". . . Rees arrived in town yesterday about two o'clock. I had gone down with Graham and his wife to eat a glass of ice at Weddell's, and he caught me as he passed the door before I noticed him. We carried him in of course and treated him. I then got him engaged to dine with me; asked nobody but Robert Miller to help the crack, and to prevent coming on *particular subjects* until we should see more about us; gave them an uncommonly neat dinner and a bottle of the best. At nine o'clock R. Miller was most anxious to hear Janet Enslie sing, and so was O. Rees, so I sent in for them and got them to come, and we had a great deal of music and fun till one o'clock this morning. In short, I paid Rees every attention in my power, and shall continue to do so. I expect him to dine again with me *solus* to-day, and he has a general invitation to do so every day he is not better engaged. He is a good little fellow. . . . I like the idea of

their claiming one half-share of our Medical Journal as a matter of right. Query,—If they had been able to publish it, and had done so, would they have given us such a share for nothing?"

"*8th September.*

". . . I asked Rees in an easy sort of way to-day who write in their Annual Review. He told me, a great many of their principal literary friends. I then asked him if this might not interfere with the Edinburgh Review, as they might thereby prevent some of the ablest of their literary friends from assisting the Edinburgh; and asked him how they would like if we were to publish such a work of *our own.* At this he seemed completely astonished. I could not help adding, that he must be satisfied we had done, and were doing, more for them than they for us. The only answer he had to make to this was, that they would talk over that matter after we all met together."

"*12th September.*

". . . Messrs. Longman and Co.'s sale came on yesterday at the King's Arms, and is to proceed again this day. The company at dinner were about twenty-four, and one or two dropped in afterwards. It did not appear to me that there was a great deal sold.

"Mr. Miller was at one end of the table, and I was at the other; Messrs. L. and R. at the centre, supported by Messrs. Creech, Bell, etc. etc., and Mr. Laing. We did everything in our power to put the people into good humour, and to carry on the sale with spirit. I bought several books not mentioned in your list, but not to a great

amount beyond your order, as several of the vols. you marked were not exposed. It was necessary that our house should do something, and you are allowed to correct the list as you please on your return home, which we all look for most anxiously. At all events we trust to your being with us on Thursday the 20th to dinner. On that day we are to have our haunch of venison, etc. etc., and Mr. Longman and I are to proceed north on Friday the 21st. Mr. Rees cannot spare time to go north at present."

In spite of the apprehended breach between the houses, and perhaps with a view to the re-establishment and strengthening of friendly relations, Mr. Hunter accompanied Mr. Longman in a tour through the north of Scotland, introducing him by the way to the acquaintance and somewhat perilous hospitalities of the lairds of Forfarshire. Mr. Hunter writes from his father's house of Eskmount on September 26th as follows:—

"We arrived here safe to dinner on Saturday as we purposed, and found all well; a considerable detachment were going to dine at Brechin Castle, but we were too late to think of accompanying them. We dined at Eskmount on Sunday. On Monday we went to Brechin; dined at the Castle, and stayed all night. Maule was, as usual, very attentive; we had a strong party to dinner, and a good drink till ten or so, but nobody completely pounded; Longman did very well. Yesterday we went to Balnamoon, and stayed there all night; excellent grubbing there as usual, with which our friend seemed well pleased,

and surprised *a few.* To-day we are just returned per the Bailie's[1] ponies, after having surveyed Cater Thun, etc. If you are at a loss to understand this last, know that it is a most singular piece of antiquity; and for further particulars consult the *Towcrist,* your friend, who can inform you as to that and every other thing in Scotland, the one as well as the other—*vide* also General Roy's Antiquities."

The mode of life, and possibly over-fatigue in a visit made to Aberdeen, upset the orderly system of Mr. Longman, of whom Mr. Hunter writes from Brechin Castle on October 3 :—

"Mrs. Hunter has probably informed you of Mr. Longman's illness, as I mentioned it shortly in a letter to her. He was taken ill on Saturday. Next morning he was much worse, and we were at one time afraid he was in for a fever. He lay in bed all that day, but next day was greatly better, having starved himself for a day. On Monday he was still sick; however, the day being fine we made him rise, and got him safe to Eskmount that night. There he is at present, *careening,* and the ladies take the best care possible of him. These Englishers will never do in our country. They eat a great deal too much and drink too little; the consequence is, their stomachs give way and they are knocked up, of course."

"ESKMOUNT, *5th October.*

". . . To-day we are to drive with the Provost of Brechin, Colonel Mollison, who himself came out to call

[1] Mr. Hunter's familiar mode of designating his father.

for Mr. Longman, and insists on making him a burgess of Brechin. To-morrow we go down to see Kinnaird, Sir D. Carnegie's, and to take a hunt with the greyhounds. On Sunday Mr. Maule carries us down to Panmure in his coach, and there we shall stay all night, when I shall make a note of all his most important MSS., and endeavour to find Rauf Coilzeair in the library.

"On Monday we all return here, to the maiden feast, etc., and to finish off; and on Tuesday we shall set out, if we be in life.

"You will not grudge the postage of this when I inform you that I have got the most complete information about the Chartulary of Inchaffray. My father knows the book as well as he does the Bible, or better; and has seen and read it at Fintry a hundred times at least, and always heard it highly prized, as being the original MS. A gentleman whom I know, Peter Proctor of Glamis, even thought it so curious that he copied it for his own use at Fintry. All this my father has told me. Is this not most famous? How I do rejoice in the thought of annoying that hound of Liff!! In the meantime, say not one word about this until you see me. What if the minister should hear of it and burn the book, rather than allow us to recover it? We must take precautions against this.

"Notwithstanding all the fuss which we have here at present, I am wearying much to be again in Edinburgh, and would have set out this day if I could or durst. Mr. Longman is now greatly better, but still a little soft, and not quite free from complaints."

Upon the whole the tour appears to have been "a success," and Mr. Longman none the worse for it, as he writes from London on October 23, "I arrived here safe and well on Wednesday last, and have to return you my best thanks for all your obliging attention, particularly the friendship of Mr. Hunter during our journey to the north."

In the following December Mr. Hunter finds himself once more in Forfarshire, and writes from Eskmount on the 24th December:—

"... The only letter I have this day is one from our friend James Brown, at St. Andrews, wanting a few books, which I will be very happy if you will order to be sent to him with your first conveniency. He mentions famous breezes going on among the St. Andrews Professors—those hounds. What think you?—they now propose (one party at least) to give up teaching the Natural Philosophy class altogether!! What a pity a Royal Visitation cannot be obtained, by any means.[1]

[1] Those who know the admirable condition of the University of St. Andrews at the present day, will read with some interest the following letter from Mr. David Howie, student of Divinity, who tells my father in 1798 that "by his own merit" he had gained the first bursary. His merit was certainly unconnected with orthography:—

"ST. ANDREWS *November 5th* 1798.

"Mr. Archibald Constable

"Sir, I am the Lad whom Robt Tullis wrote to You concerning, I went to this College that Session and by my my own merit gained the first bursary which was dinner at the table; one Day but 2 eggs and sometimes one rotten, and another day fish which was not eatible &c and for breakfast and supper ½ pint of ale and 1 roll which You may believe was scanty allowance but I have finished the Course and am

"I was very unwilling to leave Edinburgh at this time of the year, and am already very anxious to get back again, which, I believe, you will not be sorry to hear me say. As I am here, I am afraid it will not be in my power to leave this sooner than Monday; at any rate I hope to be with you in Edinburgh on Tuesday, the first day of the New Year, if I am not prevented in some wonderful manner.

"We are all setting out to-day for Brechin Castle, to commence our Christmas operations; to-morrow will be a *very wet day*, I am much afraid. They are all, horse and foot, to be with us here on Friday. On Wednesday I go to Balnamoon, and shall probably be there all Friday. I shall naturally be very anxious to hear from you—particularly what is said in the next letter from Longman and Company."

The first paragraph of the following letter refers to the purchase from Mr. Bell of an edition of 1500 copies of the Encyclopædia Britannica:—

now entred to the Divinity this Secession. I humbly begg from You a verry particular favour (viz) if You could see the Gentleman who has the disposal of the bursary and be so good as ask him if he would give it as you know a Lad in St Andrews who would be highly favoured if he would give it. my friend for whom I ask it is ready to go to college but if you could favour him I would make his Father keep him at the Grammar School another year I think he could gain one but if otherwise I would rather. Mr Robt Tullis is very ill in a brain fever but I hope he will recover Sir Your obliged Servant Dd. Howie if ever it is in my power to favour you; you may command it which I hope may excuse this trouble and please write to me as ssoon as an opportunity will allow Direct

Mr David Howie Student Divinity St Andrews

"Mr Archibald Constible High Street Edinburgh"

"ESKMOUNT, *28th December* 1804.

". . . I thank you for your information about the Encyclopædia Britannica and Andrew Bell's dinner. A transaction of such magnitude to be settled *without the intervention of writing* is certainly something new, and I wish it may end well, to the satisfaction of all parties. However, we cannot make a better of it, and we must trust to taking as good care of ourselves as we possibly can. I trust entirely to your skill and foresight, for it would be too much for my nerves, had I not so good advice. . . .

"I have written a most confused letter, but there is such a noise and confusion and uproar in this house, that I scarcely know what I have written. I am still wearying much to get back to 'Auld Sneddon;' the sort of life they lead here is so very unlike what I lead at home, that I am heartily tired of it, although I have hitherto carried my beer better than any of the party, except Colonel James, who is a steady sober fellow. I find I can drink wine much better than punch, though we had one bowl after supper lately among five of us, which, *inter alia*, contained three bottles of our double-strong peat-reek whisky.

"Maule is the most attentive person to me, and indeed to all of us, that ever I met with. I wish you had heard his remarks on Lord Dalhousie's letter. . . . He is the most long-headed fellow, and of the soundest judgment too (if he did not sometimes let his passion get the better of him) of any person of his years whom I know, and has more brains than his whole family beside."

On the 13th September 1805 we find Mr. Hunter writing again from Eskmount, where fast living and hard

drinking seem to be still the order of the day and night:—

"We set out on Monday morning, as we had arranged, at five o'clock, and got to Forfar with great difficulty by about nine, even with the help of four horses the last long stage. There has been such driving and posting in all the country we came through, that there is scarcely a horse can stand on his legs. The party at Forfar came on famously, and consisted of about eighty, I suppose, of the great people in the county; not so numerous as select, with a few exceptions. A number of Edinburgh people there too, the Mackays of Bighouse, etc. etc. We got home about four o'clock next morning, where we had supper and a crack before we went to bed. Next day went to the Castle, of course, and have had two days there of pretty tight work. Maule most kind and attentive as usual, and all our party clear that he is just the cleverest fellow in the country by 100 miles—so far as relates to natural talents at any rate. His Majesty was d——bly annoyed with Lady Dalhousie and a host of females, who made a most unpleasant formal business. Next day, however, we rallied, by the addition of a few to our forces, and defeated them in our turn.

"Yesterday Maule and Charles Hay[1] came here along with us, and stayed till near three this morning—a terrible drink—three bottles claret per man, besides punch, etc., after supper. I do not think I ever was in so good order as at present. I have seen everybody a stage past me,

[1] Afterwards the Hon. Lord Newton.

and asleep each night, and I am this day better than ever. Maule pounded each night, though none of them totally.[1]

"By the bye, 'the King' went away yesterday with the Gillieses to see their lands in the Mearns, and is to rejoin us on Saturday or Sunday at the Castle.

"To-day we go with Maule and Company to Carriston, and from thence to Balnamoon. To-morrow we return to the Castle; on Sunday dine with the Gillieses; on Monday finish off here; and on Tuesday, if we possibly can, shall set out for home, *via* Montrose and Dundee, etc. This at least is our present scheme; but in this country 'every man does not ride when he puts on his boots.' I shall write you again, and will hope to hear from you and Mrs. H. before then; at present this letter must answer for you both. I shall write to her next—and to-morrow if I can."

[1] The story is known to many, of the Forfar laird, who, in returning on horseback from a convivial party, heard himself fall into the ford that he was crossing, and called out to his servant, "John, what was that played *plash?*" and who, on another similar occasion, when his hat and wig had been blown off, indignantly refused the latter when it was restored to him, exclaiming, "John, this is no *my* wig; this is a *wat* wig!" until John rejoined, "There 's nae wale o' wigs in Pitmossie muir!" and induced him to resume the dripping covering. It is told of the same worthy, that once when so far *gone* that he could go no further, his hosts, in order to satisfy an uncontrollable homeward instinct, placed him, whip in hand, upon a stone wall, with the faithful John behind him, who, after a sufficient time had passed, assisted his master to dismount, and led him off unconscious, to sleep away the effects of his carouse in a strange apartment. Such water-wag tales as these go far to refute the calumnious assertion of Sydney Smith, that Scotsmen are impervious to wit. Something short of a surgical operation may surely suffice to open the jocular vein from which so much fun can be extracted.

In October 1805 Mr. Hunter visited the north of England for purposes of business, and writes from York on the 14th :—

"I wrote you fully all the important matters before dinner. Having half-an-hour to spare, I now give you an additional chapter.

"We have been at Dr. Hunter's, where we had a very kind reception; but York being a place of such moment, you must have a more particular account of our movements. Our company consisted of Dr. Betts, a young Edinburgh-bred doctor, Mr. Wilson, Murray, and a married lady. Next, our DINNER—two courses, of course. Now for it technically: in the centre, a bad thin soup, poisoned with celery; at top, a dish of threaded skate, bedevilled with carrots and turnips—this supposed in York to be both a Phœnix and a *chef-d'œuvre;* at bottom, roast beef, *so-so;* at side, ill-boiled beet-root, stewed with a greasy sauce, without vinegar; potatoes; veal cutlets, cold, and not well dressed; anchovy toast, and tartlets. Second course: two partridges, ill trussed, and worse roasted; at bottom, an old hare, newly killed, and poorly stuffed; at sides, celery, and some other trash; in short, a very poor performance on the whole. What a wretched world we live in! nothing perfect on this side the grave! Next, as to company and conversation: Mr. Betts sat at the bottom of the table—talked a great deal of Edinburgh and the Review, and Medical Journal, and of Dr. Duncan, Thomson, and Allen. He is a genteelish conceited sort of hand, somewhat resembling that amiable youth Dr. Reeve. Mr. Alderman W., a clever, self-conceited, vain

Southron, talked of all the booksellers of Edinburgh as a parcel of fools, who know nothing earthly of any sort of business (Mr. Constable alone excepted, and *he* seemed to be excepted only because *I* was present, and to all this Mr. Murray seemed to assent with most complacent heartiness!)—people who can give dinners, and eat them too; but as for *business* they know nothing about it—money they *can't* and won't pay; in short, excepting with Glasgow, they wish to do no business in Scotland.

"I happened to say that I was disappointed by Todd's books, of which I had heard so much; and I told them there was not one fine book in his shop,—that our William Laing had more *good books* in one shelf than the whole stock in York. W. answered that Todd sold more good books in one year than Laing in three or four. I settled this by offering to bet 100 guineas to 50 that I should show by an extract from the books of both that Laing had sold more good books in the last ten years than all the booksellers of York. This was declined, although W. plays deep—a great whist man, it seems, and has won £500 at whist in one night, as he told us. Can you believe it? In short, W. I detest as much as I do the devil, or even J. A. M., and I gave him a few wipes, not a little to the surprise of some people, I believe; of which more hereafter.

"Nevertheless, we are to dine with him to-morrow, and at night we set off for Liverpool, if there be seats in the coach for *two*—if not, we separate; Murray goes to London, and I go to Edinburgh. I am just setting off for Camidge, the organist of the cathedral, to play Corelli

solos, and possibly we may have a touch at the organ in the Minster, with the remains of the moonlight. I have got quite gracious with Camidge the organist, and introduced myself. He is a handsome, clever, sober, well-behaved young fellow, very like our Lord Cassilis, and not unlike Lord Archibald Hamilton. Murray says he is not well, and is going to write letters. Poor London booksellers! alas, I am sorry for you. Good-night, my good sir."

"LIVERPOOL, 16*th October* 1805.

". . . To-day, finding I was to breakfast at Halifax, I resolved on calling at Edwards's shop. I did so at the expense of my breakfast, which I lost; but in return saw by far the finest, most extensive, and most valuable collection of books out of London—beyond all comparison whatever. I also met with my friend Hughes, a great manufacturer there, who was quite delighted to see me, and sorry I was that I could not stay a day with them, and examine Edwards's stores more particularly. I have bought only one volume from him.

"I wished much to have bought the finest copy ever seen of the Harleian Miscellany, in fine old binding, richly gilded, but he asked £24 for it. I offered £20, and he was to take a set of the third edition of the Encyclopædia Britannica at £26, or guineas, in part payment for it; and perhaps a few Reviews. I think his books must have been the remainder of his brother's stock in London, else he never could have had such an immense quantity of them, with books of prints, etc., filling many different rooms, and in the most splendid bindings I almost ever

saw. It may be almost worth *your* while, some day or other, to take a look at them, if we had any view of customers for such articles.

"*Thursday, 17th.*—I have seen this day Mr. M'Corquodale, who has introduced me to several of the booksellers. M'C. is the most attentive, kind, and excellent fellow in the world, and a man of great consequence here. His house seems to be one of great importance. I dine with him to-day, and, along with him, at our friend Colonel Fraser of Culduthill's to-morrow. Next day I shall set out, if I possibly can, but here much is to be seen and done. To-day I have been able to do nothing with the booksellers. The older Woodward was not in the way; Jones was engaged; but to-morrow I shall be with them early. They seem to know everything about our house, and to consider it as one of the very first in the island! So they said to me at least, for I have had no opportunity of saying anything to them."

Mr. Hunter's father was, like himself, a man of strongly-marked character and much ability. The relations between them were most cordial, though neither one nor other failed to speak his mind on all occasions. The old gentleman had probably suffered occasionally from the artistic tastes of his son, and never neglected an opportunity for recommending their mortification. To my father he writes from Eskmount as follows on the 25th May 1806:—

"DEAR CONSTABLE,—I wrote Sandie a long letter yesterday, since which I have received his of the 23d, mention-

ing that he was next day to set out on a jaunt to Liverpool, where he would be from home eight or ten days at least. A. G. H. may think I have taken the liberty of *a friend* in animadverting on what I call W.S. charges, and smelling somewhat of Moses; I have sent him also a philippic on his picture and map mania, which keeps him always so d—d poor,—as he says, without a copper. I really wish he would give up that nonsense, and convince me and other unbelievers of his exquisite taste and connoisseurship by *realizing* and touching the *moonish*. I know he has too much sense to be angry at anything I write him, although he may think I touch him too often on the sore heel. You or he may draw on me at sight for Captain Thomas's draft of £50 due 21/24 June, and I don't think I ever paid a sum with more satisfaction, from the modest and satisfactory letter our young aid-de-camp writes, and the good reasons he gives for so doing.

"Our fields are looking beautiful from this warm weather. I wish you would come here for a day, and see how well we look. I think I have given A. G. H. *a touch* on politics, too. He is in most things 'young Rapid' to a *T*. I expect, before winter comes, to send you some bottles of good peat-reek to keep out the damps, and could wish you to lay by for my winter reading somewhat like the last you sent me. I can return a box full of stuff, or rather trash, that I do not like, in return. I never tire in summer. It is the d—d long nights, and candlelight that are not to be got the better of but by light and funny reading, or, what suits me best of all, what I call a clever

book and well written, on any subject but law, divinity, or physic.

"I shall be glad you write me *a scrive* before Rapid comes home, being very truly yours,

"DAVID HUNTER."

MR. A. G. HUNTER to MR. CONSTABLE.

"LIVERPOOL, 28*th May* 1806.

". . . On Tuesday I breakfasted with Mr. Gladstone. He is a very clever, pleasant fellow, and one of the first merchants in Liverpool; lives in a palace in great style. He drove me in his curricle to visit Mr. Roscoe, who lives about seven miles from town. Mr. R. showed us his farm (an extensive one), his pictures, and his Parmegiano etchings, the finest by far I ever had seen. He talked much of the reviews of his works, and of the Edinburgh in particular, with the greatest contempt. He says there is neither sense, taste, candour, learning, nor English writing in it—in the review of his work at least. He is to answer by one article, not to the Edinburgh in particular, but to all of them in a body. It is some mistake they make about Martin Luther; he did not say what, particularly. Roscoe is a fine-looking tall man, with an expressive countenance. He is not like what you would expect; he is rather farmer-looking. His general appearance and size put me somewhat in mind of George Chalmers. He is completely idolized here by all ranks. Besides his Bank, which he attends four complete days each week, he has two large farms. He writes his books, collects pictures and etchings, reads a great deal, and makes plans for all

the public buildings. In short, he is a most surprising, worthy, agreeable, and respectable man."

MR. DAVID HUNTER to MR. CONSTABLE.

"ESKMOUNT, 14*th June* 1806.

"DEAR SIR,—I was duly favoured with yours of the 30th ult., and happy to find our youngest son (your protégé) is doing so well with Mr. Murray, and that his behaviour and conduct merit your approbation. I trust he will continue to deserve your friendship, and turn out a worthy member of society and a capital bookseller. I am very mindful of the great obligations I owe you on his account, particularly your goodness in settling with Mr. Murray for his prentice fee, for which, although I am not able to repay you at present, the interest shall be paid, and principal so soon as I am able. I have a letter from your partner, written in one of his most irascible moods, to which I decline giving any answer; nor do I think I shall trouble him for some time with more of my correspondence. Another such may cost him dear; he had better not quarrel with his bread and butter. I think you have no sons *yet* that suck the father instead of the mother. I imagine *friend Griffiths* must be from home, else he would have answered my letter about purchasing a horse for me, of which I am in very great want. I shall send over the books you were so good as send me for last winter's reading, and probably you may be able to replace them with some more *trash* for the long winter evenings.—I remain, with great regard, dear Sir, yours most truly, DAVID HUNTER."

The misunderstanding between my father's house and that of Mr. Longman ere long became for the time a decided breach, and intimate relations were established with Mr. Murray, for whom my father entertained sincere regard, and of whose talent as a publisher he had the highest estimation. Charles Hunter, the younger brother of my father's partner, had been taken by Mr. Murray into his house and family to be instructed in the mysteries of bookselling; and in the autumn of 1806, on the occasion of Mr. Murray visiting Scotland, he was, like Mr. Longman, led off to be entered in the art of bottle-cracking by the lairds of Forfarshire. Mr. Hunter writes from Brechin Castle on the 21st August:—

"So far on we have come pleasantly and well enough. Got to Perth on Monday, and called for Sidie, Deil Hill, etc. Sidie was both most attentive and useful to us. From Perth we went to Dunkeld, with which we were all highly delighted.

"There is a most superb and stupendous bridge building across the Tay, and who do you think the architect is but the principal tenant of Blackness? Is not this curious? I ought rather to have said *builder*, for Telford the great engineer is the architect. It is to cost upwards of £30,000.

"From Perth we proceeded yesterday to Eskmount, where we arrived only at seven o'clock at night, being one day later than we had formerly intimated, and perhaps it was as well; for on Tuesday they had a devil of a *go* at Eskmount, expecting to have entertained us, with Maule, Skene, the Major, and Harry, with a famous haunch of

venison, etc. Yesterday they gave a grand dinner at Brechin to the magistrates and the whole neighbourhood on the occasion of the burgh declaring for John at the ensuing general election. This we must have gone to, which would have finished poor Murray.

"The Bailie arrived in good time at home, very decent, and we all went to bed. Between *one and two* in the morning, however, the house was alarmed with tallyhoing, hunting-songs, etc., occasioned by Maule's arrival *for me*, so there was nothing for it but rising and putting on our clothes. I got Murray excused, however, so that he has hitherto escaped. I came here with them, when we had a *go* at the red Champagne. How long it lasted I do not know; only I was afraid they would have finished me, although I started fresh, and they had been at it since dinner of course.

"I never saw anything equal to Maule's kindness and attention to all of us. He was going down to Panmure to-day to meet Sandie Duncan; but all that is given up, and we are just going out to Eskmount to bring in the Bailie and Murray in the coach, and to have a proper day of eating and drinking, with moorfowl soup and venison, etc., and a touch at the rose Champagne. I mistake it if Murray do not get a bellyful.

"Now to conclude, as bookseller. You must immediately send some copies of the last edition of Dr. Hunter's Culina here to Mr. Maule, and a copy to Eskmount, and another to Balnamoon. You must also write to London for some copies (Maule wants *three*) of A Grand New System of Cookery, by John Simpson, cook to the Marquis

of Buckingham: London, 1806, published by Stewart, Piccadilly. But here comes *the enemy.* I shall write soon again, and I hope to hear all the news from you."

"BRECHIN, *26th Augt.* 1806.

"We are all amazement at not having had a single word from you ever since we left home, except a small letter to Murray under cover to me. I hope *you* are well, and that nothing material has gone wrong. Do write on receipt of this, as we intend to endeavour to proceed homewards by the middle of next week, though that may be somewhat uncertain, as it is more difficult for some of us to get *out* of this country than into it.

"We had a most dreadful day at Brechin Castle that day I wrote you; one of the most awful ever known, even in that house. What think you of seven of us drinking thirty-one bottles of red Champagne, besides Burgundy, three bottles of Madeira, etc. etc.? Nine bottles were drunk by us after Maule was pounded (he had been living a terrible life for three weeks preceding), and of all this Murray contrived to take his share. How he got it over, God knows; but he has since paid for it very dearly. He has himself principally to blame, having been so rash as to throw out a challenge to the Scots from the Englishmen, in which he was encountered, as you may suppose. He has since been close at home at Eskmount, very unwell; but yesterday I got him physicked, and to-day we dine with Major Ramsay at Kelly—from which God send us a happy deliverance. To-morrow we go to the Beefsteak

Club and ball at Forfar, and so forth, and to Balnamoon on Saturday.

"After the Thursday at Brechin Castle, the party dined at Eskmount. Murray could not come to table, but sat with us a little while after it, and then went to the drawing-room, and so escaped.

"Next day we dined alone at Eskmount; Maule and Harry came to us in the evening, but some company being expected at the Castle we went home after supper. Next day I dined with Skene at Carriston. Murray kept at home. Yesterday the Bailie and I dined again at the Castle with a great party—Lord Primrose, a number of Englishmen, who had been on the hill shooting, etc. At night we all went to a Brechin play, and Murray and our Misses came to it. He afterwards went home with the Bailie and my wife, and the Misses and I supped at the Castle, and got home by two o'clock—a pretty joyous life for some of us; however, I never was better in my life. Murray is quite well to-day.

"It is curious how ill the Angus air agrees with these Cockneys; I do not know how to account for it. Perhaps you had better not say too much about it lest M. should think we laugh at their weaknesses. I already wish we were well home again, not merely on my own account, as you may easily suppose."

"ESKMOUNT, *29th Aug.* 1806.

". . . On Tuesday we went to Kelly, as I informed you we intended, and had a most kind and gracious reception. The Major, who is a clever and sensible young

fellow (the best of the whole *coup*, excepting Maule perhaps), has done an immensity to the place since you were there. We had a famous party: Skene and his cousin the Captain, R.N., General Houstoun, Mrs. Maule, and two Provosts and the Town-Clerk of Arbroath—all very sensible good fellows. We had an excellent dinner and plenty of wine—Burgundy, white Champagne, Madeira, Claret, etc., and the evening was concluded 'with the usual demonstrations of joy.' Murray, who drank about one-third of what the others did, was nevertheless almost pounded, and I had some difficulty to get him afloat next day. From Kelly we went to Forfar to the Beefsteak Club. We had an excellent meeting; about sixty ladies and gentlemen, a famous dinner, dance, and supper, etc., till between three and four next morning. We got home to Eskmount a little past five, where Maule arrived before us, and had supper on the table by the time we got there. We had another cool bowl of punch for our morning drink, of which the Londoner could partake but little. At six we got to bed, and Maule and his party went to canvass the burgh of Montrose. He pressed me much to go along with him, but this I declined. Yesterday I stayed at home and fished all day, but killed only one grilse, owing to the storm of rain, which has come on this day. To-day we are to dine with Colin Gillies in Brechin. To-morrow we go to Balnamoon, where we remain till Monday. I observe the poems against Jeffrey and Moore in the newspapers, and I have seen one in the Morning Post against myself by name, on the occasion, which has diverted some folks here not a little. Fortu-

nately it was neither at Eskmount nor at Brechin Castle!"

"ESKMOUNT, *7th Sept.* 1806.

". . . I am very happy to observe from yours to Murray, that you have some intention of meeting us at Cupar, which I shall be very sorry if you cannot accomplish. We adhere strictly to our plan formerly laid down, at least to the time specified, as I am the muster-master general. That is to say, to-day we go to Noranside; to-morrow we leave this for good and all; call on Lady Carnegie at Kinnaird, and dine and stay all night at Rossie Castle. Next day go to Arbroath, and hear and see all the *telegraphs* there, and stay all night with them. Next day to Panmure, and stay there that night, as Maule wishes it particularly. On Thursday to Dundee, and so home through Fife. What would you think of bringing good Robert Miller along with you? You could take him to Melville House properly enough, as a brother of the trade; and the same chaise which will be required for us will contain him too, easily. Do think of this; it will please him, poor fellow. Supposing you to have fixed your day of sale, I wish much you would immediately write to Ford at Manchester, and Robinson at Liverpool, and invite them to come down to it in the best way you can. If you choose you may use my name, as I promised to inform them both. I would like much if they—Ford particularly—should come."

In acceptance of an invitation from Mr. Maule, Mr. Hunter senior accompanied his son to London. The

account by the latter of the journey thither, and of various incidents during their stay in town, is so graphic, that although given at some length, it will not, I believe, be found tedious reading. Of business I shall tell but little, though I must here record that no man knew better than the narrator how to mix the *dulce* and *utile* with less detriment to the materially profitable element. From York he writes on February 24th, 1807 :—

"Here we are at Dr. Hunter's, all well; and whilst the rest of the forces are busy at cards, I cannot be better employed than in telling you how we have come on hitherto.

"Murray will have told you we met and spoke between Haddington and Dunbar; he was so kind as desire me to put up at his house, and of consequence I shall do so since I saw that he really wished it, and that it would not be inconvenient for him.[1]

"It would have diverted you to have heard the Bailie's remarks on the state of farming in England. . . . We met in the coach an uncommon shrewd sensible man, a Mr. Richardson, a notary-public in Shields, who was on his way up to London on Parliamentary business; he is the principal man of a great subscription library they have there, and seems to know of every Scots author and Scots book better than I do—pretty well for an Englishman. I doubt much there must have been a drop of Scots blood in the family at some period or other!!! I

[1] The marriage of Mr. Murray to Miss Elliot was celebrated in Edinburgh on the 6th March 1807.

am to see him in London, and to institute a correspondence with him for their library.

"To-day we set out before 10 A.M., and began with Divine service. Camidge's son played a most charming service purposely for us, and when that was over he quite delighted us all with five of Handel's best choruses. The Bailie was as pleased as Punch; in short, Camidge is a most well-bred, graceful, genteel, good fellow, and we are quite full of him.

"We next took a chaise and went to Holdgate, where we had a most gracious reception from old Lindley Murray. He made the Bailie a present of his last book, the Power of Religion, with which the old boy professed to be vastly delighted, though I believe he would have preferred the power of a pint of claret or of a bottle or two of the *rosé*.

"We leave this to-morrow morning at six, and intend getting to London on Friday to dinner, where I hope to find a letter from you. Tell the lady I am well, when you see her. I hope and trust Murray will perform in the course of this week, and be in London positively in the end of the next, else he will do wrong. Wish him the beggar's benison in my name."

"LONDON, 2*d March* 1807.

"I have received yours of the 25th, with its accompaniments, all of which shall be duly attended to. You would get a letter from me from York, and Mrs. H. another from Stevenage; and I may mention here, that I keep a regular journal for you and her, of everything which

happens to me daily, so that I may omit many things in my letters to you both, which will be fully explained hereafter.

"On Saturday I called on Mr. Davies, who received us graciously. Talked of many matters; but not of the main affair, which we reserved for a full hearing on Wednesday. He is the only bookseller I have yet seen, excepting M'Kinlay for a few minutes. From Davies's I went to Maule's; and dined there with a nice small party, and yesterday again. He is a most famous kind fellow, and will make a figure yet if he lives.

"There was a very pleasant small party: George Gordon, Nathaniel Hay, Captain Skene, R.N., John and M. Capital dinner—admirable wines (white Hermitage and *rosé* Champagne), of which took about two bottles, and had a famous *crack*, and came home decently about eleven, quite sober. Much amused with the wonderful anecdotes about so many great people we have heard of with fear and trembling, with whom they seem to be quite intimate.

"Mr. M. had been that day at Carleton House for the first time, I believe, and vastly pleased with his friendly and easy reception. The Prince came up to him and shook him by the hand, saying he had very frequently heard of him and wished much to have an early opportunity of drinking a bottle of Claret with him, and to be better acquainted. The Chancellor there too; famous fun and quizzing *on the side of the Prince.* At night Major R. went to the Chancellor's levee, and from that to the Speaker's about ten o'clock.

"M. would not go, as he was to dine with the Speaker

in a day or two, and liked the drinking better. He laughed vastly at the idea of being made a Peer.

"Yesterday, Sunday, called for Lord Lauderdale, Sir John Sinclair, the Lord Advocate, etc., and delivered my different parcels, but found none of them at home, save George Chalmers, with whom Charles and I sat two hours at the least. He was as kind as possible, and calls me always 'My dear Friend' every time he speaks to me. I intend to take the Bailie to call for him at Whitehall to-day or to-morrow. He wished very much to *consult* me, he said, whether he ought to go on with the third vol. of Caledonia immediately, to which I advised him most decidedly, whether the first volume had rapid sale or not. Curious, was it not, that he should have any doubt of this? He is making rapid progress, also, with a grand history of Scottish Poetry, which he will make an excellent and useful book, I doubt not. I knew he was collecting and writing notices about Scots poets, but had no idea he was so far advanced, or that the work was to be of such extent. I persuaded him of the propriety of giving us notices of these, from time to time, for our Scots Magazine, and to cobble all the articles of Gray Steele's and Walter Scott's which we may send him. He was not very willing to do this at first; but I satisfied him that by so doing he will get a deal of curious information, and he is to do it. He is a famous, kind old fellow. This is the most of what I have done as yet; but everything in good season; and depend upon it I will neglect as little as I can. I trust that Murray is now fairly noosed. You will write me all the particulars of course.

"Rather a meagre day about shows, but no time lost, however; the greatest treat I saw was Sir John Lade, the famous whip, in his barouche and four—a wonderfully handsome, fashionable, stupid, gay man. Tommy Onslow, now Lord Crauley, is on the whole reckoned the best whip of the two. The following lines on his Lordship are good:—

> 'What can Tommy Onslow do?
> Why? he can drive a phaeton and two;
> Can Tommy Onslow do no more?
> Yes, he can drive a phaeton *and four*.'

"Saw old Q. peeping out at his window, in a state of mere existence apparently—a good picture of a debauched old man, who has enjoyed everything this world can produce—so far as money can purchase.

"Called by appointment at Mr. Maule's to go down to the House of Commons. Found Mr. M. at home alone, busy in his study; had a very curious and most friendly conversation with him about family matters. The Bailie at length arrived from his rambles, and we went down to the House. The Speaker arrived, and entered about four o'clock; much struck with the solemnity and dignity of his appearance at the prayers; and, indeed, throughout the whole performance he displayed the greatest good sense, good breeding, and despatch of business, with most strict discipline, which he administered without reserve. The business very tedious and uninteresting. The Bailie and I at length went up-stairs to the coffee-house in the garret, where we got the best and hottest beefsteak I ever ate. One fat cook dressed the whole, to not fewer

than nearly seventy or eighty people in different parties. The only food there was beefsteaks and mutton-chops, and one bottle Port. We paid *only seventeen shillings!!!*

"We dined in the kitchen, close to the fire; a most curious and novel scene of M.P.'s, peers, and lookers-on, all huddled *through other*, and no distinction paid to one more than another. London the only place in the world where this is the case. I should think Maule, Skene, and Major Ramsay joined us in the kitchen, towards the end of our steak; and we left them eating theirs, and drinking a bottle of Claret—kept for the *Scots members.*

"We then returned to our seats, and though the crowd was immense, and such immensity of people waiting to try for admission at almost any price, yet no one offered to take our seats, it being a rule that where you once are seated, you retain your place for the evening, and go out as often as you please, only leaving your hat to mark your place. Close behind us sat Sir F. Burdett, with Mr. Clifford his attorney, and several other friends, very gallows-looking gentlemen, excepting Fras. himself, who is one of the handsomest men in England. He is something between Bob Dalrymple and Robertson the advocate (son of G. Robertson, W.S.), but greatly handsomer.

"At length Mr. Paule's petition against Mr. Sheridan's election came on, and a very keen debate ensued, in which all the principal people in the House almost took part. Lord H. Petty, Lord Howick, Mr. Sheridan, Lord Folkstone, Mr. Thos. Grenville, Mr. Bragge Bathurst, Mr. Percival, Lord Castlereagh, etc. etc.; of these I thought Mr. Percival's on the whole the best. Lord H. Petty speaks in a very

candid and handsome sort of way, and was very graciously listened to by both sides, I thought, but no great display of eloquence; he put me somewhat in mind of O. Rees!!! Lord Howick a very gentlemanly sort of speaker, and fine-looking man; like R. Ferguson, younger of Raith, but taller. Sheridan a most animated, impressive, and clever fellow; but treated his opponents with rather too much contempt; I did not think that the House attended to him very patiently, or with very much respect. Lord Folkstone had uphill work of it; and Mr. B. Bathurst was decent enough, and no more. But Mr. Thos. Grenville I thought the most tiresome *drunt* of the whole; spoke at least an hour, and went round about it, and about, and about it, till I fairly fell asleep; and when I awoke he was making an apology for not having spoken longer, which he said it was his duty to have done. At length I grew so weary that I came off at ten o'clock. The Bailie, I understand, remained till past *one*, and the House did not adjourn till past five.

"I was *ashamed* to have been so little interested by all I had seen. I do not know what ailed me, but I cannot think of going back again; though Mr. M. is anxious we should return to-morrow, to hear the conclusion and finishing of the Slave Trade. I would not be an M.P. for £1000 a year; 'tis a most fagging, cursed business, and a most d——ble bore, I think, and you are compelled to attend, under immense fines.

"The debate was about whether the witnesses adduced ought to be examined at the bar, or by counsel. I was often surprised to think I really saw and heard the men

whom I had so often heard and read of with awe and astonishment.

"It is impossible that any of those I heard could have equalled Pitt or Fox; indeed, I cannot *convince myself* that I have not heard Adam Gillies or James Gibson speak better than any of them. But in this I must be grossly mistaken; so little are we poor stupid devils capable of estimating properly anything we either see or hear; and yet how positive the most stupid among us are, that we do so with unerring accuracy; on every occasion the Latin proverb is a most true one, '*Qui pauca considerat, de omnibus facile pronunciat.*' I came home very thoughtful and melancholy at all I had seen, and my own want of comprehension—read my wife's letter, which at once put me into excellent good spirits, and went to bed quite happy that I had no desire to be an M.P.; but believe I must go back one other night, either to confirm my unfortunate opinion, or to form a proper one.

"Horner is to dine at Maule's on Thursday along with a grand ministerial party, Lord Lauderdale, Lord Archibald Hamilton, etc. etc. I am not to be there that day, but the Bailie will. I dine on that day at an immense shine at the London Tavern with the Marine Society, where the Prince of Wales, Lords Spencer, Howick, and the Lords of the Admiralty are to be. . . .

"Mr. Maule tells me a most extraordinary book is to appear to-day—a pamphlet by the Princess of Wales, in defence of her conduct, supposed to be written by Percival. I have given orders to obtain them the moment of publication, and to send you a parcel per mail. Remember our

good friend James Gibson when they arrive. If you see him tell him I will write to him to-morrow about a number of curious matters; and I will desire him to send the letter to you.

"What do you think?—The story we have heard about General Reid's legacy to the College of Edinburgh is a true one. He leaves about £45,000 to the University, on the condition of their instituting a Professor of Music, with a salary of not less than £300 per annum, 'provided a certain lady,' whose name I forget, who has been married sixteen years without having children, and who is forty-six years of age, 'dies without leaving issue.' Kinloch of Cair in Mearnsshire was the General's heir-at-law, I believe, and one of the executors—he gets only £100!

"Further, about the College: I was much pleased to learn that a serious proposal has lately been made in Council to have it finished by a lottery, at an expense of £80,000, and one of the great Lords—Spencer, I believe (or Grenville)—has declared himself friendly to it. Mr. Maule says that if Lord Henry Petty be favourable the thing will do. I wish you would send for Stark, and get him to write something for the Scots Magazine on the subject of the lottery. Puff the College to the skies, and its 1600 students; praise the attention of the Ministry to Scotland; and conclude by recommending a Royal Visitation to the College of St. Andrews; getting David Ramsay and T. Allan to re-echo it in the Courant and Mercury. This may do much good."

"LONDON, *5th March* 1807.

"Since my last long one to you I have received no more

of yours,—that is, I have got one only since I left you; and only one from you and one from my wife in so long a time. This makes me weary most amazingly. I could scarcely live without both of you, I now am almost satisfied. There 's puff, and yet it is truth.

"On Monday I went into the City, and did a deal of work. I invited Ostell strongly to come to Scotland next summer, which he promises to think seriously of. If so, we must form some connexion with him. He has much in his power to serve us, as he has begun to serve all the country booksellers as a principal part of his trade.

"Called next at Johnson's, St. Paul's Churchyard, who was very happy to see me, and insisted on my dining with him, it being his public day, which I agreed to do, and broke an engagement with the Miss Murrays for that purpose. The company consisted of Fuseli the painter, Bonnycastle of Woolwich the mathematician, a Mr. Clark and another foreigner, a knowing sort of a man, Charles and I, and two shopmen. The two shopmen, poor devils, would not take wine, although I asked them. They even sat a considerable time after dinner and drank nothing but *table-beer*—a brutal specimen of the London practice.

"Our food: a piece of boiled cod, a fillet of veal roasted, with vegetables, for a remove, and then a rice-pudding—a true citizen dinner for eight hungry men; but if we had been *eighteen* in place of *eight*, it would have been all the same thing. Our conversation still more: Fuseli the most conceited, self-sufficient quiz I ever saw, but clever and well read—defied and despised all opinions; abused Walter Scott, as *no poet*, and the Edinburgh Review, etc. etc. At

length I annoyed him by attacking a vulnerable part, and contradicted everything he said all the evening after almost, and threatened to review his Dictionary of Painters. If I had had another support there, believe we might have finished him; as it was, he grew much more polite and agreeable; and at length we parted decent good friends.

"He praised Wilkie highly however, but said he would never paint better than his first picture.

"On the whole, this dinner put me very much in mind of Smollett's Dinner of Authors, etc., in Peregrine Pickle; and was equally uncommon, and unpleasant, and uncomfortable in the extreme. Johnson himself very like an old broken dominie, I think; and a true conceited good old Cockney fellow, who likes a joke and fun amazingly.

"Called next at Pickering's, who was most happy to see me. He is, I still think, one of the decent few amongst the whole *of them 'ere fellows.* Must dine with him whether convenient or not.

"Called at Vernor and Hood's, who were very happy to see me. Was introduced to Sharp, a decentish thin student-of-divinity-looking lad, who wears a white handkerchief over his boot, for a splint or spavine, I suppose,—a very bad sign. Talked with them generally about business, but am to dine with them quietly, and go over everything one day next week.

". . . Yesterday I went to the west end of the town, and was very busy all day. Dined with Lord Albemarle,[1] and pleased him too. He insists on my dining with him

[1] The sobriquet of W. Miller, predecessor of the late John Murray, Albemarle Street.

on Monday next, to meet Harding, Evans, etc. He is quite pleased with everything we do, and glad that Marmion is to appear before winter. Agrees to take a share of Sir Ralph Sadler, but recommends strongly Cadell and Davies having a share also, which by the bye I should think not improper. Mention about this when you next write. There is nothing about it in the MS. directory. He is very anxious that his name should appear on the title of Marmion before Murray's, which I think proper, because they are equally concerned, and he the senior. But I peremptorily refused to allow him to subscribe the book to the trade west of Temple Bar, because I said Murray was our agent, and must not be interfered with."

"LONDON, *6th March* 1807.

". . . I saw Mr. D. at the Marine Society dinner, and as he knew no one person in the room amongst at least 300, I made Charles ask him to sit beside us. He is the very d—dest puppy I ever met with; and a greater fool than even —— himself, if possible. Could eat nothing at table; the wine infamous, he said. Indeed, he had eaten a pork steak that forenoon, and drunk a glass of Madeira with ——, which had *confused his intellect.* At length I told him that I had always observed that they who were accustomed to the best things were generally the most easily satisfied. This seemed to quiet him, and he went off about half-an-hour after dinner.[1]

[1] "A horribly stupid party, and ill conducted, compared with our Edinburgh great feeds, or even with our Constable's. Dinner brought into the dining-room after the company are in it—no drawing-room. Very little food too; no cross dishes of any sort, but only one dish at the end of another. This a most economical plan, no doubt—remember

"Called at a vast number of places, and at length at the British Institution, Pall Mall, where I saw a great assemblage of paintings, by the best modern artists, exhibited for one shilling admission; and for sale at certain fixed prices. This I should consider as a more select sort of exhibition than that at Somerset House, though not so general.

"Mr. Maule bought two pictures here to-day; but I was not present, which was probably not the better for him; for one he paid eight guineas, and for the other *sixty-five*.

"We then went to Molteno's, printseller, Pall Mall, who seems to be a most decent, respectable sort of man, and very obliging. He is great for the best modern masters, and has a complete collection of the works of Raphael Morghen—value between five and six hundred guineas.

"He had a good many fine Woolletts too; and a room furnished most completely, and the walls covered with the drawings of Cipriani and Bartolozzi alone.

"From thence Charles and I went to Buckingham House to see the King's library. This altogether surprised me. The number of books is immense; of the best editions, rarest books, and in most splendid bindings. They were capitally *diversified* too—no two books next each other

this—but a shabby one. Horrible guzzling of the Londoners, and no drinking—a most unwholesome plan.

"One thing not a little remarkable, and that astonished me, was that when the Prince of Wales's health was drunk, it not only was not cheered heartily as the others were, but was very nearly hissed. Terribly bad symptoms were shown. The Ministers were not once drunk the whole evening; and although the memory of Mr. Pitt was received with the most extravagant and reiterated applause, yet Mr. Fox was not mentioned!"

being bound alike. I am clear that in fitting up a library with taste, the more variety is in the bindings the better they will look; a great many books most tastily bound in vellum, which had an excellent effect amongst the others; and besides, they looked uncommonly neat. *Quære:* Would not the mice be apt to attack these? If not so, the binding is excellent, and has a most famous effect.

"It is utterly impossible to describe here the different books I saw. They are all packing up for Windsor, for a curious reason. Saw his famous early printed Psalter, on vellum, which cost him nearly £500; Rundle and Bridges' account for gold-work on it was nearly £100.

"Dined at Mr. Maule's, and then went to the opera and heard Madame Catalani, a most truly divine creature, and sings like an angel; her expression is absolutely enchanting; her figure and person very beautiful, and her voice most clear, melodious, and affecting; and with a great deal of judgment and execution. After all, I doubt whether, *as a singer alone,* she equals Billington, when at her best; but then her appearance and manner are so much more interesting, that she produces a greater effect. She is an amazing favourite, too, with the public. But it is impossible to make a tolerable comparison between them —her and Billington—without being very well acquainted with them, and having heard both very frequently. I am satisfied that for power and execution in a *bravura* Mrs. Billington excels her very considerably.

"From the opera we returned to Mr. Maule's to supper, where we met the Major, Towers, General M'Kenzie, and Blythswood—all M.P.'s, come from dining with the Speaker,

and where Mr. M. had been also. They were all in Court dresses, with swords, and most of them bags at their hair, etc., and looked vastly well, though a wee queerish perhaps.

". . . I saw Scott to-day in Fleet Street; he says he is to write to you to-morrow, and is to come down to Scotland positively in July or August; if so, I have promised to sell him a quantity of our scarce Scots old books."

MR. DAVID HUNTER to MR. CONSTABLE.

"LONDON, *7th March* 1807.

"DEAR SIR,—I have now been here a week, and do not think I ever passed eight days more agreeably in my life. Our landlord, you know, is one of the best fellows breathing, and does everything to make me comfortable. I live as I choose, and am never pressed to eat or drink, but do as I like in everything. We have a most capital establishment; no expense spared, and the very best of everything London affords. Generally half-a-dozen guests are invited, mostly Scotch M.P.'s, and a Lord or two now and then. They beat us all to nothing in fine fish, turbot, soles, skate, whitings, etc., with excellent sauce of every kind. Oysters, shrimps, lobsters, with wine of every description, from Champagne and white Hermitage to humble Port. In short, you see we live *tout à fait en Prince.*

"Your partner A. G. H. I seldom see; he is so much taken up with old books and old pictures. I attended him one day, but his motions were *too rapid* for me; he introduced me to George Chalmers, whom I like vastly. We are to dine with him on Sunday the 15th, and have a long

crack. Nobody uses *expletives* here but A. G. H.; try and send the anonymous letter we talked of; cure him of that *hurried* way of speaking, and I am sure it will be of vast service to him.

"Young Horner dined here last Thursday, with Lord Lauderdale, Lord Archibald Hamilton, etc.; he is a most extraordinary young man; these other great men consult him on nice points, to which he is ever ready with most pointed answers, and seems to me to be as extraordinary a genius as any that ever came from our side of the Tweed. His clearness and correctness of expression astonished me. I now come to your pupil Charles, and have the satisfaction of saying that I think him a very prudent fine lad; he speaks little in company, but what he says is much to the purpose, and I mistake it if he does not turn out one of the first booksellers in London if he gets fair play to show his powers. I have also the pleasure of telling you that I think this jaunt has been very conducive to my health, and think I shall have it in my power to be of use to my other two sons, Tom and William, so that my money and time will be very well bestowed. Sandie goes to-morrow to visit the Duke of Devonshire's Belisarius, and prefers that to dining here with Lords Leven, Kinnaird, Reay, Elphinstone, etc., so we have put Charles in his place.

"I hear your Court of Session is in a strange divided state; shall be glad to hear from you what they are doing, and if you have heard anything of Lady Dalhousie's will—my Lord never writing here. I fear she gives him all, which is not a proper division, having other very

deserving sons that would have been the better of a part."

MR. A. G. HUNTER to MR. CONSTABLE.

"LONDON, *8th March.*

". . . Went to Mr. West's, President of the Royal Academy. This a most interesting and entertaining visit for nearly a whole forenoon. We were first shown into a sort of lobby, or rather very long passage, which communicated with another still longer; these were well lighted, and the walls completely and closely covered with sketches and drawings by Mr. West, some very highly, others very slightly finished; the whole had an admirable effect, and many of them I would greatly prefer to the works of any other artist now alive; or even perhaps to the large finished paintings of Mr. W. himself.

"From thence we passed into his room with his largest —many of these not less, I should suppose, than sixteen, eighteen, and twenty feet; as usual, however, these by no means good in proportion to their size. *A great picture* in general a great evil. One most splendid exception from the above remark is the great picture taken from Scottish history—the saving the life of Alexander III., King of Scots, by the ancestor of the family of Seaforth (from a wounded deer which had turned on the King and had nearly slain him). This picture is the property of Lord Seaforth, and has been painted nearly fifteen years. Bartolozzi wrought about thirteen years on a plate from it (or had it in hand that time rather), and the print is so poor that Mr. West won't allow it to be published until another print be re-engraven. It is, indeed, a most noble painting, and

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the composition equal to Rubens; it very much resembles one of his grand huntings; and if it be not so splendidly coloured, and the figures not so wonderfully foreshortened, etc., it has in its turn much more dignity and beauty, with perhaps no less spirit. In short, it is Mr. West's masterpiece; and this, I believe, is pretty generally admitted. We now sent in our names to Mr. West, and were admitted very soon, after a gentleman who was with him had left the room. In the room in which he was there was an immensity of pictures, all of them painted by himself, save one, a Venus and Adonis, by Titian (a picture which he valued immensely. The subject is very nearly the same as my *copy;* and I never was more vain of anything I possess than of my admirable picture, even after seeing this one of Mr. West's, which is reckoned a very fine and genuine one). Mr. W. told us that he could distinctly trace five paintings of this subject by Titian—all of them varying from each other in some one thing. I have been the more full on this subject, because I am now fully confirmed, on what I always supposed, that my picture is an extremely fine and valuable one; though only a copy, few people would not prefer it to Mr. W.'s. Very profound judges would no doubt see the superiority of Mr. West's, but the number of these is very small.

"Nothing could be so affable, polite, and entertaining as Mr. W.'s behaviour and conversation. He talked without ceasing for four hours, unless to hear us in turn; he is a remarkably well-bred, pleasant man, and of no ceremony whatever; I absolutely could scarcely remember I was in the presence of the *P.R.A.*

"He seemed much pleased to find we knew so much of his works and of him in Scotland; and he in turn equally pleased us (Wilson and Thomson) by telling us so many anecdotes about Scotland and Scotsmen; he told an anecdote of a Highlander, the first he had ever seen, who came to his father's house in America, when he was a mere child. He showed us his Lear, and his Wolfe, and La Hogue, etc. etc.—not the originals of these last, but pictures from them which he had made for his own use.

"He seemed amazingly pleased by the reception his designs for the Highland Society of Scotland had met with, by their electing him a member, etc., and this led me to propose his giving a design for the frontispiece to Walter Scott's new poem of Marmion; which I trust he will accomplish. We then talked of Woollett, whom he praised highly, etc., and he told me the cause of his death,—that he was in the practice of taking a long walk every Sunday to make up for his incessant hard work through the week, and generally went to Dulwich, whether the day was good or bad. One wet Sunday he was taking a cut through a field to shorten his road, and passing over a stile his foot slipped, so that he fell down *et testes gravissimè obtrudit.* The consequence was a mortification, and thus was the world deprived of the ablest engraver who ever lived in it, in the flower of his age and strength, being only about forty-three or forty-four years of age, and a very strong healthy man. By so unlooked-for accidents may we be cut off in our prime!

"I concluded our long visit by recommending to him to paint a grand national painting on the subject of Chevy

Chase, and I flatter myself I gave him some good hints about the national arms and distinctions, the English long bow and Scottish spear, etc., noticing the implements of hunting, etc., with which idea he was so highly pleased that I will be much disappointed if he do not execute it ere long."

"10*th March* 1807.

"I this day breakfasted with Mr. Horner, who was very gracious. We talked over everything about Longman and Co. fully, and about the Review. He did not seem to be properly informed about what had been passing, which I was much surprised at; but he referred me to Mr. Brougham.

"Accordingly I next went to *him*. He behaved most kindly and attentively, and in a most friendly way. He was pleased to say he was highly satisfied with our whole conduct and behaviour on this and on every other occasion, and thanked me very much for the full and cordial account I gave him of everything, which he said he knew of but very imperfectly before. I can scarcely doubt that I have managed this to your satisfaction, and that of all our friends in Edinburgh. I am most happy I delayed so long calling on either Mr. Brougham or Mr. Horner.

"I can add no more, as Messrs. Maule, Mansfield, young Henry Erskine, the Bailie, Charles, and Sir Andrew Cathcart are in the room where I am writing.

"Maule abused me for not coming oftener to his house, and desired me always to examine his dinner-ledger, and to see the different companies, dinners, etc., and always to write in my own name whenever I found it agreeable."

"*12th March.*

"Saw the house in which the Bailie used to live when he was with Benjamin Burton, the Governor of the Bank of England, and saw the identical nail sticking in the wall, to which, when he used to be out late at night, he used to fix a string connecting with the great toe of another of their people. *Nate* lads they had been in those days!"

"*13th March.*

". . . I begin to *like* Davies very much. I am asked to dine at Mr. Cadell's to-morrow with Roscoe and his wife, and Strahan, etc., to help to christen his son; and he says that 'my coming will confer the greatest favour and gratification on him.' So I have written to him that I will break an engagement with Mr. Maule and an appointment to the opera on purpose to wait on him. Is not all this very fine and proper?

"The publication of the Princess of Wales's pamphlet is stopped by *authority;* none of the London booksellers knew anything about this till I told them, nor even of the intended publication."

"*15th March.*

"Went to Mr. Wilkie's (the Scottish Teniers) and found a number of people there wanting to *see anything of his.* His fame in London seems to be completely established, and his merit universally acknowledged, *beyond all others whatever.* This may be all very well, in his own peculiar way; but as a general painter of eminence in the scale of art, no comparison surely ought to be made between him and Benjamin West. But it is the fashion to overrate the one, perhaps, and to underrate the other.

"We saw one unfinished painting of Mr. Wilkie's; however, all the principal parts were nearly finished, though the background was not filled in. The subject, a number of people in a room, ready to pay their rents to a steward attended by his clerk. The management and painting of the different figures is altogether wonderful; their expression capital, and completely natural; and the colouring extremely agreeable, even unfinished as it was. He seems, however, to produce his pictures with great labour to himself; he has been on this about three months' hard work already; the heads are mostly portraits from nature. But as every one of his three (or four) pictures has exceeded the preceding, it is impossible to predict to what a height he may rise. I trust it will be beyond any one of the last hundred years.

"He is seemingly about twenty-three or twenty-four; red-haired—a good-natured, unaffected, modest, unconceited, simple, agreeable young lad.

"His great patron is Lord Mulgrave, and A. Davidson, etc.; he lives months at a time with Lord M.

"Went next to see Mr. Desenfans's famous and numerous collection, which on the whole disappointed me—too many pictures, and too little excellence.

"Was introduced there to Sir Francis Bourgeois, the famous landscape-painter.

"Desenfans's best picture, I think, is a single full-length figure of St. John in the Wilderness, by Guido Rheni. He bought it of A. Wilson for a thousand guineas. There is a fine landscape in the background, with some clever little figures at a great distance. The superhuman ex-

pression of John uttering his prophecies is most admirable, and his body most nobly painted. His mouth is painted with peculiar beauty and elegance—open.

"Saw some capital Vandykes, and a capital Nativity, small (about two and a half feet), by Ann. Caracci—a glorious picture; some good landscapes by Both, Berghem, and one of Ruysdael in particular; a room full of Cuyps, and another of Nic. Poussins; neither of which I admired very much.

"There could not be fewer than about three hundred pictures in all which we saw at Desenfans's, I should think —an enormous quantity; and yet I was satisfied with them in less than one hour and a half.

"*N.B.*—Nonsense and madness as it may appear, I solemnly think that if my Belisarius had been there, he would have dished half the collection at the least. I have not seen anything yet in London so much to my own taste. Let George Thomson and the other *nominal connoisseurs* laugh as they please.

"I went next and called for the Bailie; walked in the Park, and went to dine with honest George Chalmers, with whom we had a capital crack, and spent the day very pleasantly and rationally.

"The Bailie and he agreed finely, and both concurred in praising Queen Mary to the skies, and in damning most heartily David Hume, Dr. Robertson, Queen Elizabeth, Malcolm Laing, and all her other enemies.

"I saw, as usual, a number of most wonderful books in Mr. Chalmers's collection. In particular, an imperfect copy of Shakespeare's Venus and Adonis, printed at Edin-

burgh, in 1609, I think, by John Wreitton. The title-page entire. This very curious—eleven years before Shakespeare's death. The book *unique.*

"Query: Can there be any truth in the assertion that Shakespeare ever was in Scotland? I cannot believe this; and yet there are many curious arguments to be assigned to show that he was. Could he have gone to visit William Alexander, Earl of Stirling, with whom he assuredly was acquainted, and whose works he did not scruple to imitate, and even adopt, in some instances? Witness 'The cloud-capp'd towers,' etc. To ask Mr. Chalmers about all these conjectures.

"Saw also the original edition of Shakespeare's Odes and Sonnets (about 1597, London), which Mr. Chalmers values at fifty guineas at the least. Famous copies of all the editions of Sterling's works, folio and 4to, etc. etc.

"Went and supped with John Murray and the wife very pleasantly, with Mr. and Mrs. Harding, etc., and landed at home rather late."

"16*th March.*

"Went to the House of Peers to hear debate on the Judicature Bill, assuredly one of the most important which a Scotsman could hear. I never was more entertained than with the debate of this night. Before it commenced, I heard a trifling Scots appeal, in which Mr. Adam spoke at considerable length, in a very able and distinct manner. I admired the way in which the Chancellor interrupted him about any assertion or matter of fact which he either doubted or wished confirmed. This way helps to get at the bottom of a cause at once.

"At five (afternoon) the business of the House commenced, on the arrival of Lord Grenville. The first who spoke was the Duke of Montrose, in a very neat, good speech of about one hour. I was told it was the very best he ever made—against the Bill, of course. It was followed on the same side by Lord Redesdale (Mitford), in a heavyish sort of harangue; no ways striking. They were replied to by Lord Selkirk, who, whatever may be his merit as a writer, is a most wretched speaker, and I think never will be a good one. Next came Lord Eldon, the late Chancellor, in one of fully two hours' length, and a most truly admirable one, I thought. The compliments he paid to Scotland, our courts and lawyers, the improvements and increase of our commerce, and of our agriculture in particular, delighted me very much; and the profound and consummate knowledge he displayed of our law, even in the most minute particulars, completely amazed and astonished me.

"He was followed by Lord Grenville, in a very able speech of at least two hours and a quarter; he annoyed the three opposers of the Bill in a most able and severe manner, and as ironically as he was able. He by no means convinced me, however; he speaks with vast animation, fire, and much facility, and even rapidity; but not nearly in so persuasive and pleasing a manner as Eldon, I thought. He seems a terribly bold, outspoken, English bull-dog sort of fellow, and must be a very formidable animal, I should suppose. The force of his voice is not very unlike that of the *amiable and mild* Justice-Clerk of Scotland! but his matter somewhat different.

"On Eldon rising to explain, etc., the Bailie made me come off, which I much regretted afterwards. We had been there upwards of eight hours on our legs, and had got no meat since breakfast, though it was then eleven at night. Lord Melville was there and spoke; I am sorry I did not wait to hear him, etc.

"On the whole, it is impossible not to admire the Peers; so truly noble-looking and finely-dressed; with their stars, garters, etc. etc. They looked so much better than the other classes of mankind—the Commons even appeared to me like *trash* compared with them,—and their manners so refined and polite.

"We saw them to more advantage, however, than the Commons, being on a level with them, in a new well-lighted room—in place of a nasty gallery above them, where everything both sounded and looked ill—to me at least. No person is allowed to sit down in their presence; so all must either stand, or lie down on the basses, which many did; amongst others, parsons Ritchie and Inglis. I am certain there were upwards of sixty Scots people around me behind the bar whom I knew, and it was altogether a most entertaining and extraordinary scene.

"A man would need to be a better speaker than ever I have been accustomed to hear to try to speak here, else he will make a queer appearance.

"And as the Commons have many more able men amongst them, and of more splendid talents, so I am certain it was owing to the uncomfortable place I was in, and hearing them so badly, that had disappointed me with them; this must have been the case.

"Supped at Maule's, with Dundas, M'Queen, and the Bailie, and went home decently about twelve or one."

"*18th March.*

". . . I have just come from Cadell and Davies, both of whom I have seen; and Mr. D. has been proposing to me that we should sound our friends to see whether a new Annual Register might not be started by them and us (or rather *us* and *them*, as he said), under the title of The Edinburgh Annual Register,—Messrs. Brougham, Horner, Allan, etc., to be the writers, *and their friends.* Do write me in course of post what you would think of so extraordinary a scheme as this. I shall mention it to Murray to-day in strict confidence, but to no one else, until I hear from you. It is so strange a plan, and so new to me, that I do not know what to think of it. Such a thing is much wanted, and no doubt would sell admirably; and if Burke wrote Dodsley's, why not they this? It would give us great importance in many ways—cement the union with Cadell and Co., etc. etc. But perhaps it might interfere with 'The Review,' and perhaps it is impracticable. What would Mr. Thomson say of the scheme? I rather think it *won't* do. Could it be printed in Edinburgh by us, or, if not, in London by Murray? . . . I have not seen Maule to-day, but I saw the Bailie. It is said the King has sent for Lord Melville, and that all the Ministers are to resign, excepting Sidmouth. All this can scarcely be true, I should hope, but I am pretty certain mischief is going on. The cause assigned is the King's obstinacy against the Catholic Bill. I trust matters may yet clear up; but the truth is, Ministers do not appear to

me to have many friends here. At the Marine Society their healths were not drunk; the Prince's was nearly hissed; Fox's memory was avoided, if not refused—strong proofs of the opinions of nearly three hundred great London citizens. All this is bad news to you and me, but it will be worse to others. We never were very violent in our political opinions, yet, moderate as I am, I should almost run mad were Melville again to get in, and Charles Hope minister for Scotland, I suppose! . . .

"NEW MINISTERS PROPOSED.

"Duke of Portland, President of the Council; Lords Hawkesbury, Harrowby, and Mr. Canning, Secretaries of State; Lord Westmoreland, Privy Seal; Lord Melville, a seat in the Cabinet; Lord Castlereagh, Chancellor of the Exchequer; Mr. Yorke, First Lord of Admiralty; Mr. Percival, or Lord Eldon, Lord Chancellor.—The old woman who sweeps the crossing at the Admiralty to retain her place!

"Young Faulder and I walked over all the Duke of Bedford's new feuing-grounds, Russell Square, Tavistock Place, Brunswick Square, etc. The extent of these, and the rapidity of the buildings, is beyond all comprehension. Their houses very inferior in appearance to our new town at Bellevue; but their squares (the areas I mean) are all most tastefully laid out with shrubs, walks, etc., which has an admirable effect.

"Called Cuthill and Martin's, Mr. Maule's, etc., and went with the Bailie all over Portland Place and adjoining streets, to look at carriages, etc.; saw nearly two hundred, all of them more or less used, in one immense depot in

Portland Street. Great bargains often got in this way. A London-built carriage, which has been run only a month or two, or even less, may be had for about £120, though it cost originally £250. The Bailie wants a barouche-landau! if he can get *one cheap.* I advised him strongly to take a house in London, since he is so fond of it; and recommended the *Old Jew-ry* as a good situation for him; Maule thought that the *Old Bailie* would answer just as well."

"*20th March.*

". . . As to politics, I have good information to-day, and you may rely on it, I think, that matters look much better than they did two days ago. I yesterday made Charles send you the new proposed list. It was *not* Melville who was sent for by the King, but Hawkesbury and Eldon. The great matter I think is, that every man of the present Ministry has declared his determination to stick by his neighbour,—Sidmouth as well as the others. I know this won't be credited in Edinburgh, but I am certain it is the fact, and they will stand or fall *en masse.* They are resolved, too, not to resign, so that the King must remove them forcibly—for they won't move otherways—and he will be a bold King who will attempt to do so at present! The Prince of Wales continues decidedly firm to them, whatever may be said to the contrary; at least he did so yesterday. He is, however, but little either feared or respected, even by his own party; you may rely on this. He is deep in debt again, and hopes to get his Ministry to procure from the nation other two millions, to help to clear him. This they'll refuse, I

hope, and there will likely be a *kick-up* between him and them."

"*21st March.*

". . . I believe the information I gave you yesterday is correct, with this addition, that a complete change is now resolved on; and of the present most able and powerful Ministry, one of the most so perhaps which England ever saw, not one man will remain; a pretty set their successors will be!! I pity any man now who lives in Edinburgh and does not truckle properly and bow the knee to Lord Melville, Charles Hope, and Mr. Rankine the tailor. I declare I am (almost) ashamed to show my face. Melville, it is said, is to be First Lord of the Admiralty—this not certain. However, the change will be most complete.

"Went to dine with the Highland Society of London at the Freemasons' Hall in Great Queen Street, Lincoln's Inn. Mr. Maule would not go. There was a very respectable party of about eighty, I should suppose; his Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex in the chair, in a most splendid Highland dress,—short kilt, bare legs, etc. He looked amazingly well, and conducted himself remarkably well throughout. His dress, belts, sword, dagger (dirk), etc. etc., must have cost *many hundred pounds*, I am certain. The other grandees present besides him, whose names I knew, were the Duke of Argyll, Earls Breadalbane and Moira, Lord Seaforth, Sirs Alexander Grant, Dalvey, John Sinclair, A. M'Kenzie (the famous traveller), General M'Kenzie, M.P., etc.—most of them in very splendid Highland dresses, and of very uncommon and singular varieties. Glengarry

accompanied his Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex; of course he was as great as possible, and his dress corresponded.

"We had an excellent piper; and John Gow and his band to play Scotch tunes to us. John Gow plays extremely well, which is more than can be said of the rest of his band, which consisted of other four violins, violoncello, harp (French pedal), and French horn,—a curious variety compared with our NATHAN of Edinburgh. They are very very far behind indeed, as may well be supposed.

"We had an extremely good dinner, for a large one, of two complete courses—not nearly equal to Messrs. Blackwell, Fortune, and Co. after all. I now am completely satisfied that the English have no proper genius or turn for that sort of thing, as we have in Scotland; nor even Scotsmen who have long resided in England. They are all much more taken up about the eating than about the drinking and fun, etc. We had a very pleasant day of it, however. Plenty of Scots dishes (by the bye), sheep's heads, barley-broth, whisky out of shells (*à la Ossian*, I suppose), Scotch collops, etc. etc., and abundance of nice oat-cakes, with the dessert. I never heard so much Erse, and so innumerable a quantity of Gaelic toasts. The Prince constantly repeated them, and often gave them out; and he seemed to pronounce them astonishingly well, and very much to the admiration of those who were judges of that delightful language! We had plenty of songs, most of them Gaelic; the best English song was sung by the Duke of Argyll, on the subject of Duncan's victory, to a very uncommon tune.

"I thank God I live in Edinburgh and not in London; and this I do daily—if I am thankful enough for anything.

"We had beds made for us at Mr. Jackson's, Walthamstowe, where we had dined, but as other two English gentlemen were to walk into town, I insisted on accompanying them, as the night was very fine, with moonlight. We got in between twelve and one in the morning, and I was not sorry I had seen the curious manner of watching and lighting, etc., all the way. This is done generally nearly the whole first stage out of London,—watchmen with boxes, muskets, rattles, etc. Were it not for this the country would be uninhabitable; and as it is, there are robberies and murders committed every night, and a fire generally every second night! Such are the pleasures and comforts of London!!!"

MR. CONSTABLE to MR. A. G. HUNTER.

"EDINBURGH, 22*d March* 1807.

"MY DEAR SIR,—I had so many calls on my time yesterday forenoon, that I was prevented from replying to your very good letter of Wednesday, as I much wished to have done, but shall now do it as particularly as I can.

"The change of Ministry is, to be sure, a most serious, as it is a most unlooked-for circumstance; the Melvillites here are of course holding their heads high, and I understand the Town Council are to have a grand dinner tomorrow on the occasion. I trust, however, they will be disappointed, for by the Star of Thursday, which I have just glanced at, it would appear that the new arrange-

ments had not then taken place. You know I am no great politician, but I should certainly be sorry to see C. Hope and Co. again in power here.

"I am very happy to find you continue to get on so well with Cadell and Davies; their particular attention to you is, I think, a convincing proof of their desire to cultivate the connexion, and we must avail ourselves of the present opportunity of doing so as far as may be necessary. The plan of an Edinburgh Annual Register, so far as I have yet considered it, I confess is not unpromising; but we need not think of getting either Horner or Brougham to engage in it. I shall however consult with Mr. Jeffrey and Mr. Thomson, and see what they think of the scheme. The great difficulty would be to get a proper editor, for I am convinced the success of such a work would depend entirely upon its execution. If John A. Murray would undertake to be editor, it would do; he has a great liking to State-papers, etc.

"I have not yet seen Mr. Mackenzie; he has been very unwell, and confined to his room these three or four weeks. I have been considering about his Works, and as Messrs. C. and D. are now so friendly, it will perhaps be proper to consult them before making any arrangements with him. With that view, therefore, I send you a calculation on the subject, and Mr. Mackenzie's letter, to which I formerly referred; his idea of ten volumes is entirely out of the question, as the whole could be contained in six without difficulty, and make, I think, a very saleable book. Mr. Mackenzie never got a shilling by the principal part of his writings, but I think he may get £500 by the present

project, say £250 for a first and £250 for a second edition; this would be an easy and safe way of giving him a very handsome price, and can be afforded, if our plans are followed by him; you had therefore better make such a proposal to Cadell and Davies, and the matter can be arranged with the author on your return here. . . . If Marmion could be delayed till November, I should be well pleased, but in case Walter Scott should want the cash it will be a tender point to propose to him. If I mistake not, the printer will delay it for us sufficiently.

"I had the favour of a few lines from Murray two days ago; he is a most fortunate fellow, and very deserving of it all."

MR. A. G. HUNTER to MR. CONSTABLE.

"LONDON, 23*d March* 1807.

. . . I send you a copy of the Morning Chronicle of this day, containing most authentic matter I am assured, and capitally well written, by a countryman of ours, Spankie, with the help of Perry. Lord Hardwick's serious advice to the King not to listen to those who recommended a change of his present Ministers, is a great victory to our friends. The King asked him if he had no other reason for coming to Windsor than offering that advice; he said 'he had none'—that 'he conceived it was his duty.' The King added then, 'that he might as well have remained in London.' So you see his Majesty is resolved to change the whole; yet it is said that Lord Melville is positively not to be allowed a seat in the Cabinet: would that this were true!

"What if Lord Glenbervie come into power? May not that interfere with his literary matters?"

"LONDON, *25th March* 1807.

. . . I am very happy you think so well of the scheme about the Annual Register. I saw Walter Scott yesterday, and mentioned it to him in strict confidence; and I am happy to say he approves most highly of our plan, and says that if a proper editor and conductor be got it will do most famously, and that it can be so well subdivided among all the proper and right folks. He has a scheme of an antiquarian repository, along with young Rose, Ellis, Canning, etc., and he says that one of these works will assist the other, and go hand in hand.[1] I completely agree with you that it is out of the question to attempt getting Horner to do anything, except to give his advice and countenance to it; but I confess I do not see what should hinder Brougham from being the most active operator of the whole. He has nothing very material otherways to prevent him, and he is, in short, the very man I should look for as editor, if we *can afford to pay him well*—as I take for granted we can—else all is in vain. But I shall say nothing to any other one of them until I hear further from you on this subject, after you have seen Thomson and Jeffrey. . . .

"Mr. George Nichol and I next went to St. James's Square, to see the Duke of Roxburghe's library, and this indeed was a treat to me beyond anything I could

[1] Here no doubt are the embryos of the Edinburgh Annual Register, and *perhaps* of the Quarterly Review.

possibly suppose,—so many truly curious and valuable books, and in so beautiful, perfect, judicious, and *tasteful* conditions.

"The number of curious neat little books of immense rarity, and of the earliest printers, is really wonderful, and they are done up with inconceivable taste and judgment. Perhaps the greatest curiosities of the whole are the immense Catalogues, all in the Duke's own handwriting—*raisonné* many of them, with remarks in red ink, extending to several immense folio volumes; and implying a degree of reading beyond belief.

"He always wrote these on slips of paper, and pasted them on old newspapers, bound up into loose volumes—an excellent way apparently."

"LONDON, *27th March* 1807.

". . . Our Belisarius is worth a score of the Duke of Devonshire's, as you will learn from my letter to the bold Caledonian on the subject. I could not help writing to him about this; he showed so much anxiety about it, and I know he will be so happy with it.[1]

[1] The *Belisarius* here referred to is now in the possession of Sir William Gibson Craig of Riccarton, Baronet. This picture was believed by Jacob More to have been the work of Vandyke, and his testimony on the subject is quoted in a letter from my father to the Duke of Devonshire. The late Andrew Geddes, himself a celebrated artist; writes as follows, in reply to a request that he would give a description of the painting :—"I would have done so at once, did I think it would serve the sale of the picture in the least degree. No description could be of any use after showing the original letter of Jacob More, which must be your great sheet-anchor. The composition and general merit of the picture are so well known, in consequence of the picture in the possession of the Duke of Devonshire, that nothing new can almost be said on that head; but your great aim is to establish, if possible, its supe-

"More good news. I enclose a capital letter relative to the great collection of classics at Kiel, which Niebuhr wrote to you about. . . .

"I am clear to buy the books; but this only as you approve, else I should be very sorry to say so. They are assuredly a most uncommon and valuable collection; Cochrane says, 'beyond all others he ever met with.' We might then make out a catalogue of the whole, and of the whole of our own books, so as to enable us to publish a capital Catalogue without fail in the beginning of next winter. . . . But do in this whatever you please; and I will be pleased, as I always *am*, with everything you do; and, thank God, much occasion and reason I always have to be so."

riority over that of the Duke, and from all I can gather (for I never saw the Devonshire picture), your picture need fear no competition with that in the Devonshire collection in regard to merit. The letter of More, I think, goes as far to prove its originality as any document of the sort can do so. The Duke of Devonshire's picture was bought at Paris by Lord Burlington for £1000—which at that time was at least equal to £2000 at present. You cannot conduct the sale of it in too private a manner, and do not employ a picture-dealer."

My father's letter to the Duke was as follows :—

"EDINBURGH, 18*th March* 1814.

"To His Grace the Duke of Devonshire.

"MY LORD,—I take the liberty of addressing your Grace on the subject of an original picture of Belisarius, by Vandyke, which has for several years been the property of my house, but has never been offered for sale.

"The object of this letter is, in the first instance, to state the history of the picture, and in the second, to offer the preference of the purchase to your Grace.

"The picture is considered in the best state of preservation, and was purchased at Rome in the year 1790, by Mr. Jacob More, the celebrated

MR. DAVID HUNTER to MR. CONSTABLE.

"2 NEW STREET, *28th March* 1807.

"As Sandie tells me that you are amused with my writing, I again sit down to give you another *scrive*, although I hardly know what to write about. As for politics, the newspapers can inform you better than I can. The total change has been very rapid. Some here are surprised with Lord Mulgrave being at the head of the Admiralty, and Sir James Pulteney Secretary-at-War—no great head-pieces; but better they say could not be had. When Parliament meets again on Wednesday, the 8th April, a good deal is looked for on Mr. Brand's motion, and how they will divide. Disagreeable news may be expected from Ireland, as the Catholics will not be over well pleased, and Paddy is rather fond of kicking up a

painter, who thus describes it in a letter to his sister, Mrs. Simpson, the original of which is now before me:—'I have been remarkably fortunate in finding some capital pictures of good masters; at Venice I purchased some very fine, but on my return to Rome I have been still more lucky; as there are some of the old families at Rome now extinct, and their pictures having been so neglected and dirty, that they do not see through their beauties. What I have purchased I have got cleaned and restored, so that they are as fine and in as good preservation as when first painted; everybody is surprised how I have met with such pictures, which are so rare as looked upon as impossible (*sic*). One is the original picture of Belisarius by Vandyke, which he painted at Rome, and is the most celebrated picture of that Master, and must have been painted for the family of Nunez, as it appears in the inventory of that family. 'Tis a wonderful picture for the expression and the painting.

"'ROME, *28th December* 1790.'

"Mr. More having died shortly after the date of the above letter, the picture of Belisarius was sent from Rome with Mr. More's other effects,

dust. I hear our Lord Advocate has this day got his dismission, and daresay no time will be lost with the others. Our Solicitor-General rather looks *blue* upon it. I daresay our friend Gibson will not be over well pleased. But no more of this. Yesterday Sandie, Charlie, and I had a nice dinner-party in the City, at a Mr. Tod's, where a number of the literati were; such as Spankie, M'Culloch, Grant, Donaldson, and George Gordon; a deal of capital conversation; and I thought our friend A. G. H. acquitted himself very well, keeping the table in a roar; he was vastly well pleased with Spankie, next whom he sat, and with whom he fraternized and engrossed a good deal after dinner on learned subjects, books, etc. He seems very happy and very busy amongst books and pictures, from morning till night. He was on Thursday at Chiswick, seeing the Duke of Devonshire's Belisarius, which he

and remained in Mrs. Simpson's possession till 1805, when it was purchased by my partner, the late Alexander Gibson Hunter of Blackness, a gentleman whose name is not unknown as an amateur in the fine arts, and it has continued our property ever since. How far this picture of Belisarius can be esteemed *the original* is not for me to determine, but I presume the evidence of the master may be considered as complete, not only from the picture itself (perhaps the best proof), but from the mention of it at different periods in various works of art; in particular, I may mention Lamotte's Essays on Poetry and Painting, where I think there can be little doubt that the identical picture is thus mentioned:—'There is a fine picture of Belisarius, done by the hand of Vandyke, which was carried some years ago to Rome by an English nobleman, and shown to Carlo Maratti, the greatest painter in Italy at that time.'—Lamotte on Painting, pp. 169, 170. London, 1730.

"Although Mr. More's account of this picture having been painted for the family of Nunez does not agree with the words thus quoted, yet I think there can be little doubt of both being applicable to the same picture. There is, I believe, something on the subject of Belisarius

does not think half so good as his own. He has some hopes of getting the famous Sharpe down in summer to engrave from it. Yesterday I had a *fine hit* at him with one of the fraternity. I was very tired walking, and wished to sit down and rest somewhere. We were at the door of a bookseller in Cornhill, and went in. Sandie asked kindly how he did, to which he got no reply—the sulky scoundrel leaning over a newspaper, from which he never lifted his eye, or took the least notice of him or us. On leaving the shop, I told Sandie I thought he should have given him a kick, to make him more attentive to strangers. Davies has more brains than any of the brotherhood I have yet seen—Charles much more than ——. I have somehow or other made out the third page, which I daresay you are as tired reading as I am writing. So no more at present, but rests your humble servant *until death*,

DAVD. HUNTER.

"*Monday Forenoon.*—I think we shall be able to set off for home about the end of next week, taking probably a day or two on the road. We dined about fourteen Goths at the British Coffee-house yesterday; had an immense dinner and an immense drink. Each paid £2, 17s., a

in Lord Oxford's Anecdotes of Painting, which has long been in the Devonshire collection, and I may therefore be presuming too much in offering another picture of the same subject to your Grace's notice; but my intention being to dispose of the picture, I feel anxious that your Grace should have the first offer of it. I shall be in London next month, and as I bring the picture with me, it can then be seen, if your Grace shall have any wish on the subject.—I have the honour to be, with the utmost respect, my Lord, etc. etc. etc.

"ARCHD. CONSTABLE."

pretty way of throwing away money! but it is necessary *sometimes* to be extravagant. To be sure, my living with Maule costs me nothing; no man in London lives so well and so cheap as I do! It is thought by many this present Ministry cannot hold it. The Bishop of Lincoln has given his proxy to Lord Grenville! They think most of Pitt's friends are with them. Thursday, 9th April, will be a decisive kind of day, when Parliament again meets—a trial of strength in both Houses, and probably the *dernier ressort* a dissolution. *Kittle* times, and our side very violent."

MR. A. G. HUNTER to MR. CONSTABLE.

"LONDON, 28*th March* 1807.

. . . I have agreed to allow our name to go to a pamphlet about India, which is to appear immediately, by Spankie of the Morning Chronicle—that clever fellow I formerly mentioned; but it must be kept a profound secret that he is the author. He is a most gentlemanlike man, and if I mistake not would make an excellent troop for the Review, of which I gave him a hint. I had met him at a party at Mr. Gordon's. He is a friend of all Maule's friends, and is immediately to pass as barrister. . . .

"Dressed and went along with the clan Murray to dine at Mr. Disraeli's, where we had a most sumptuous *banquet* and a very large party in honour of the new-married folks. We really had a most capital grub—new potatoes, asparagus, wet and dry dessert, etc. etc. There was a very beautiful woman there, Mrs. Turner, wife of Sharon Turner, the Anglo-Saxon historian, who,

I am told, was one of the *Godwin school!* If they be all as beautiful, accomplished, and agreeable as this lady, they must be a deuced dangerous set indeed, and I should not choose to trust myself amongst them. The whole company, except ourselves I believe, were Jews and Jewesses! The astonishing fact of the separate and uniform appearance of this wandering people over all the nations of the earth is one of the most extraordinary events recorded, or rather foretold, in Scripture, and is surely one of the most puzzling facts an unbeliever can meet with. *There is no answering it;* and yet it never has been sufficiently urged by the divines.

"Our male part of the company consisted mostly of literary men—Cumberland, Turner, Disraeli, Basevi, Prince Hoare, and Mr. Cervetto, the truly celebrated violoncello player. Cervetto, though not an old man, has not played in public for many years, being in independent circumstances. I regretted I never heard him. He is an agreeable, well-behaved, pleasant man. Within these few years I missed an opportunity of hearing him and Crosdill play duets together in Edinburgh, in private, a treat not to be had above once in any man's lifetime—even in London or Paris. They were on a jaunt through Scotland together, and carried their violoncellos along with them in their chaise. Of course our whole conversation was of a literary cast, in which I was very much surprised and happy to find that I could keep my own with them; and perhaps I rather *shone a few.* If this be not vanity it says the less for the talents of the party, as indeed I mean to do. Those literary men whom I have been able to

see in these two last journeys to London, are of a very inferior caste indeed to ours of Edinburgh; and I am now pretty certain that this remark may be applied generally, and will be found to be correct—at present at least. We have got many of eminence. They have now no Bacons, Lockes, Newtons, or Shakespeares, etc., nor even any Johnsons or Gibbons, etc. Turner was the most able and agreeable of the whole by far; Cumberland the most talkative and eccentric perhaps,—has a good sprinkling of learning and humour in his conversation and anecdote, from having lived so long amongst the eminent men of his day, Johnson, Foote, Garrick, etc. His whole conversation is sadly disgusting, from irony and detraction, conveyed in a cunning sort of way, and directed constantly against the Edinburgh Review, Walter Scott (who is a poor ignorant boy, and *no poet*, and never wrote a five-feet line in his life), and such other d—d stuff."

"NEW STREET, 31*st March* 1807.

"... We had a famous dinner here yesterday, and *very wet weather;* news had come of Mrs. Maule's having got another son, and doing well. We had the ex-Solicitor, Lords Maitland and Newton, Barclay of Urie, General Hay, etc. etc. We had a small *Fox's* head, and other suitable accompaniments.

"As to public news, matters are going on famously, and much better than you in Scotland can have any conception of. The following most important news you may rely on as authentic, and promulgate everywhere in my name, if you like. On Thursday the 9th a motion is to be made

in the House of Commons by Mr. Brand, to thank his Majesty's late Ministers for their conduct and services. This, it is thought, will be carried by a majority of about 115; the Sidmouth party, Northumberland, Hardwick, and all join vigorously in it, with their *whole force.* If that be carried, the next matter is to petition His Majesty to remove his present Ministers; and that will be carried in equal style by the very same people to a man, and then the King must act conformably to their wishes. All this your Edinburgh asses will laugh at; but stay till you see. We are to go to the House that day: there never probably will have been such a breeze in it, nor such a crowd. We go down at ten o'clock, though business does not begin till near six. I assure you the outcry against the present Ministry is inconceivable, from everybody, save the City and such like. The respectable people of their own party have refused to join them in composing their Ministry, and the King has positively refused to consent to a dissolution of Parliament. All the above I do really believe will take place; and if so, we shall then be able to laugh at some of our Town-Council friends.

"The Bailie has bought a very handsome carriage yesterday—a chariot; we wished him to have taken a barouche-landau, but he would not go the price. He 's *a Jew.*"

"*2d April.*

". . . What will please you beyond everything, I am certain, is Lord Glenbervie. I went to him yesterday, agreeably to his own appointment. He was glad to see me; showed me his house and library (it is Mr. North's,

his brother-in-law's), wished me to go down with him to the country, and fixed another meeting with me for Saturday at twelve, to discuss everything. He praised our house to the skies—our sense, intelligence, liberality, and general conduct, and recommends us to all his English friends. We are to be employed to publish a work of vast importance and value, by Lord Chichester (I think), from the Duke of Newcastle's MSS.; he thinks the terms we give are if anything too handsome. I said, and I said with truth, that *besides money* we had other objects in view. In short, I made the best return in my power, in as few words as possible. '*The blood of Douglas will protect its friends.*' He hinted that he was *not* to be employed so as to interrupt his literary labours.

"I am completely satisfied now that there are more Scotsmen in London than in Edinburgh. Everybody says so; and I am satisfied the fact is so. There is scarcely one baker in London who is not Scottish, nor one gardener in the whole neighbourhood. Curious, however,—different trades and professions are occupied by the different nations: the butchers and postilions, etc., all English; chairmen and porters all Irish; milk-women almost all Welsh; sugar-bakers all Germans; dealers in gold and jewels, all Jews; swindlers in bad pictures and prints, looking-glasses, weather-glasses, etc., all Italians; traitors and spies all French; booksellers are almost all idiots."

"*8th April.*

"I am favoured with your very excellent and satisfactory letter of the 5th, for which I own to you I was grow-

ing very anxious, as I had been dreaming one of these nights that you had been sick and unwell, and really had somehow convinced myself that it was the case, and that you were concealing it. That being *right*, all is *well*. . . .

"Breakfasted at Mr. Maule's very early, and went along with him and the *Bailie* to see the great fight betwixt Belcher and Cribb, at Mosely Hurst, near Hampton. The day was very fine, and we had a charming drive out in our coach and four, and beat all the coaches and chaises by the way; we had three hard runs with one post-chaise and four very fine horses before we could pass it; and drove buggies, horsemen, and all off the road into lanes, and doors of houses, etc., this last run, which was a very hard one. On our way out we saw a team of six very strong horses drawing a plough through very light land. They had at least three men (if not four) employed about this arduous task! This is a serious agricultural fact.

"At length got to the scene of action, which is on the Thames, about two or three miles above Richmond. Hampton Court is a little way further down the river. We crossed the Thames to get to the field of battle, on the Surrey side; the Thames here is not six feet deep, and of a very insignificant breadth indeed. Mosely Hurst is the most beautiful meadow I almost ever saw, hard and smooth as velvet, and of a great extent.

"It had been circulated carefully for a week before that the fight was to be at Newmarket. This put many a hundred people on the wrong track. However, we had fully 10,000 I suppose present as it was, and many hundreds of carriages, horses, carts, etc. Among the gentlemen

present were the Duke of Kent, Mr. Wyndham, Lord Archibald Hamilton (a famous hand, I am told), Lord Kinnaird, Mr. T. Sheridan, etc. etc., and all the fighting men in town of course: the Game Chicken, Woods, Tring, Pitloon, etc. Captain Barclay of Urie received us, and put us across the river in a boat, and he followed with Cribb, whom he backed at all hands; indeed, it was he who made the fight.

"We had a good long way to walk across the haugh before we got to the ring. Maule and the other people with him hurried on, which made the Bailie fall behind a little. I tried to bring him up by connecting him with our front line; but on approaching the ring of carriages, carts, etc., it was so close and so broad, and such a crowd and squeeze of people, that I could neither force my way through nor get back, so I crawled through below the carriages, at the immense hazard of death from carriage-wheels, kicks of horses, etc. The Bailie was squeezed almost to death, and got surrounded by a gang of pickpockets, one of whom stopped him in front, one knocked off his hat, making him raise his hands to save it (which is called making a *wild goose*), so that his two hands never got down again till another one completely rifled him. They got about three guineas and a half, and some seals, which had cost him six or seven more, but they did not find his watch! I was scarcely sorry for him, for he would not leave his things behind him, as he had seen Maule and me do. I had just one shilling, and my pocket-handkerchief.

"I met the Bailie again in the inside of the ring, very

sulky; he went into one cart and I into another. I had three famous blackguards in mine, who offered me oranges and gin, and told me the names of all the different people.

"At length the combatants entered the lists; both looked well,—Belcher, the taller, and Cribb, the stouter man. W. Ward was Cribb's second, and Gully Belcher's. The Honourable Barclay Craven was judge. The ring was formed by twelve strong posts, with ropes, and was very narrow—I should suppose not above eighteen or twenty feet. Had it been larger it would have been better for Belcher; they had tossed up for it, and Cribb had won.

"Odds at setting to, five and six to four in favour of Belcher, and that he should draw the first blood, give first knock-down blow, etc.; in short, he was very generally the favourite, though plenty of money went the other way. It is impossible for me to describe the fight accurately. In general, Belcher fought very actively and gracefully, often got the start of Cribb, and for the first half-hour, and thirty rounds perhaps, had a decided advantage. Odds at one time were five to one in his favour. Cribb, however, fought most resolutely, and though dreadfully beaten, cut in the face and eyes, and knocked often down, and with cross-buttocks, etc., yet he was so very game a man that he improved on it in place of falling off, rallying terribly, and often giving Belcher most awful skelps and tumbles, especially when he could get him run up against the ropes, for he evidently was the stronger-bodied man of the two. At one time Cribb fell so dead, that I thought he never could have risen again, from a terrible cut over his eye. However, he was soon as well as ever.

"Some little time after this it appeared that Belcher had sprained his right hand and wrist most dreadfully. It soon grew as round as a cannon-ball, and quite blue and livid; I noticed this, and was surprised it was not paid more attention to. He had got a pretty severe cut under his seeing eye too; and from this time matters visibly declined with him. He carried on the fight, however, for nearly twenty-five minutes afterwards perhaps, but was at length obliged to give in. Poor fellow!

"I suspect he might not have gained though this had not happened, for Cribb was able to have stood such an immensity more of thrashing. They were both very much bruised, both in the face and body; Cribb the worst of the two, I thought. He had some shocking cuts all over his face and eyes, and in his body too; so had Belcher, about his throat particularly. Cribb was very sick after he went to bed, vomited violently, and was bled, etc. etc., by the surgeon. I am clear Belcher could have gained the battle at one period easily; but he lost time, and foolishly closed several times, when he constantly got the worst of it. His second did not advise him ably.

"On the whole, the great science and power displayed by both parties made me consider this a much less cruel and more manly and entertaining amusement than I could have believed possible." (!)

Mr. Hunter and his father, after a stay in London of two months, which in his Journal he declares to have passed with the rapidity of weeks, set out on the 28th

April on their return to Scotland. Three months later we find him writing from Glasgow and Inverary, in the course of a tour on which he accompanied two young Danes who had been introduced to his acquaintance.

"We had a most delightful day at Lanark, and were treated with great civility by Mr. Owen, who showed us all the halls, mills, etc., and entertained us quite *en prince* with peaches, nectarines, grapes, capital Madeira, etc. etc., at Braxfield, where he lives in famous style, keeps his coach-and-four and chaise—no bad work for a Welsh clerk of David Dale's. He is a clever fellow, and a complete man of business. He has been improving the works and enlarging them inconceivably, and he tells me they balance their books down to a farthing-worth of stock, capital, produce, manufacture, etc., once every month, which I confess I think greatly oftener than necessary.

"From Lanark we had a most delicious ride by Hamilton. I met an acquaintance there, Mr. Hamilton of Fairholme, who pressed us to go to his house. We declined, but went with him to Chatelherault, Cadzow Castle and Park, and saw the palace and gardens. I was on the whole not more disappointed with the new pictures than I expected, or rather I was more pleased. Your miniature is, *pos.*, as I at first told you, not the Marquis of Montrose, but his silly friend the first Duke of Hamilton, who was afterwards executed—for which opinion I give myself some credit—as you know I hate miniatures, and never attend to them. We next went to Bothwell Castle, with which we were highly pleased, and no

wonder. I never saw it before. It is kept exactly as I have often said to you Craigmillar ought to be."

"INVERARY, 27*th July* 1807.

". . . I could not even get a sight of an Edinburgh newspaper—the greatest of all earthly enjoyments to an Edinburgh bookseller—nor of a London one, until, passing the prison by accident, one of the prisoners read it to me *through the grating.* Romantic, was it not?

"In my last to Mrs. Hunter, which you mention having seen, I told you and her of our adventures so far. We dined that day at Mr. Oswald's; had a most excellent dinner, kind reception, and pleasant party; and, what was not a little surprising, to me at least, found Mrs. O. to be a near relation of my own, her grandfather having married a Gibson of Durie. She was herself a Dundas of Airthrie—all of which was Greek to me. We fraternized amazingly.

"Next day we proceeded northwards; saw Dumbarton Castle, where I contrived to steal a head, fully ripened, of their famous Scots thistle—the true royal one—with which I mean to supply your garden and mine. We next got to Mr. Stirling's great bleach-field at Levenside, where we presented our credentials. Mr. S. was out riding; but his lady met us, and said she would answer for her husband, although she could not read our letter without spectacles. She contrived, however, to make out the two first lines, which happened to mention 'Hunter of Blackness,' when she almost took me in her arms, and said it did not signify what else was in the letter—that we should not on any

account go from her house that night, nor next day, if she could help it, as she had formerly been in love with my father, and the intimate friend of my two aunts. We stayed accordingly, and examined all their immense works; found Mr. S. a most pleasant, sensible fellow, and very kind; had a famous dinner of two courses, with at least six sorts of wine—Claret, Madeira, Malmsey, Hock, etc. We sat after supper till near two o'clock; sung catches and songs; and the house being full of company, I slept in the neighbourhood. Next day it rained '*haill water.*' We resolved on setting out, however, and had not ridden a quarter of an hour when it cleared up, so that we enjoyed Loch Lomond in full perfection. It surpassed my most exalted expectations by at least a thousand degrees! Were not nine-tenths of the property around entailed most strictly, I verily believe this would soon become one of the most complete paradises on the face of the earth. As it is, it is truly wonderful. We slept at Arrochar, and got here to a late dinner, examining Ardkinglass by the way. No view which has as yet appeared gives any tolerable idea of this wonderful place (Inverary). It ought clearly to be taken from across the bay, where you first come in sight of the town and castle; otherwise the grandeur is wholly lost. What a family the Argylls have been!"

Several of the letters which follow were written from Edinburgh during my father's absence on different occasions in London.

"EDINBURGH, 11*th May* 1808.

. . . I have seen Walter Scott, in great good humour

and spirits; he has just come to town. I told him you would attend particularly to all his orders. He wants you to get for him the 4th vol. of Nichols's Progresses, if published. Also Faulkener's Dublin edition of Swift's Works; this particularly for our new Swift, which he is instantly to proceed with. And also Nichols' edition. These you will not neglect.

"I hope you will take good care not to fag yourself too much in going about at this close and changeable time of the year. Remember there are forty coach-hires in one doctor's fee.

"I had occasion to be yesterday at Sir William Forbes's, *borrowing* a little money for myself, and had a very full and friendly conversation with Jack Hay for half-an-hour. He had heard of the London concern, and gave me much advice about it, as being a far more serious matter than we could yet be aware of, and advised great caution and circumspection, at first particularly. He says, and truly too, that the more successful a business is, the more danger there is, and the more caution necessary. In short, he said a very great deal, in a very friendly way, which I will repeat at full length to you hereafter; and particularly cautioned us, on *no account, at any time,* ever to draw on our London house, but to keep the two distinct."

A breach with Mr. Scott, some particulars of which will be related in a future chapter, had occurred about this time, and was productive of much evil to all concerned. The blame of this rupture has been laid on Mr. Hunter;

but I believe there were, independently of him, causes at work which made the result inevitable.

"EDINBURGH, 31*st May* 1809.

". . . As to the future views and expectations of Messrs. Ballantyne and Co. and the 'House of Hanover,' these are certainly not far removed from what I have predicted from the beginning, and it seems not difficult to guess what will soon happen in that kingdom. James B. and his printing will stand, for the present at least (indeed he has already been telling some of their friends that John has no share in his printing business). John will quarrel with Murray immediately, and stop payment probably about this time next year, and it will appear that he is sole partner. Walter Scott and his friends will then come forward to us, and offer to reinstate matters on the old footing, we employing him as an author, and Messrs B. as printers as formerly.

"Being out of town I did not hear of, and consequently was not present at, a consultation with John Clerk, Mr. Jeffrey, and D. Christie, about our law-plea with Robinson's heirs; and they wish to obtain some particular information regarding the practice and usage of London in similar cases. Such must be of constant occurrence, and I should hope you can have no difficulty in obtaining satisfactory evidence. Could not the case be put in writing in a very few words, and an answer got from any of the leading people in the trade—Longman and Co. or Cadell and Davies? The point to be ascertained is just this: When an article is written by a literary man at a certain

price, for a particular work, does the further and future use of such article remain with the bookseller or the author, supposing no stipulation made about that point, and no reservation by the author, and when he has also granted a receipt for his payment, as in full of all demands? I agree with you in being heartily sick of these cursed law-pleas; but we must endeavour to make a battle before we can expect decent terms in a negotiation. Besides, I am convinced that in such cases as the present, according to the invariable usage of the trade, we are in the right."

"EDINBURGH, *June 2d*, 1809.

". . . As to your ideas concerning booksellers, and of operation amongst them, I need add not one word, but merely my approbation generally, as it is clearly the line of conduct we ought to follow. There can be no doubt that the more friends we can make both in the trade and out of it, the better: this I would by all means endeavour to accomplish. I am happy to observe the advances Mr. George Longman makes to you. The purchase of paper you have made from him is an immense bargain assuredly. . . .

"I received the Quarterly Review yesterday, and immediately went and delivered it to Mr. Jeffrey myself. It really seems a respectable No., but what then? Unless theirs improves and ours falls off it cannot harm us, I think. I observe that Nos. 1 and 2 extend to merely twenty-nine sheets, so that in fact ours is still the cheaper of the two. Murray's waiting on you with it is one of the wisest things I ever knew him do; you will not be behind-

hand with him in civility. I hope to hear from you by and bye of any further conversations you may have with Brougham and Sydney Smith about the future rises which may be attempted against us, alluded to in your Privy Council letter; but no hurry with this; no doubt you will accomplish it before you think of leaving town.

"In the event of your giving shares of some of our projected works to the London trade, I hope you will accommodate them with a slice of Russell's surgery. Poor James is horribly mangled in the late Number of the London Medical Review. I observe he is favourably dealt with in Cumberland's late No. Did you notice how Sydney Smith's Sermons, and himself too, are crucified in Murray's late No. of the Quarterly? Parson Morehead tells me it is tremendous. . . .

"As I wrote before, you ought to be in no hurry; you are doing more good where you are than you can possibly do here at present; in short, I do not expect to shake you by the hand till the last week of June, when I hope to learn that you fix a day to sleep at Dunbar (where perhaps I may come to meet you), breakfast next day with Bruin at Markle, and dine at Loretto: won't this plan do? tell me.

"Mr. Blackwood leaves for London to-day, and has sent twice to ask whether I have any orders; but I have given him no trouble."

"EDINBURGH, *6th June* 1809.

". . . Pray, talking of Murray and the Ballantynes and their large-paper books, have you ever seen the advertisement of a splendid new edition of Marmion, with

engravings by Sharp, after designs by Westall? You will see it at full length in the prefatory matter in the present No. of the Monthly Review. Were it merely ornaments and plates, etc., I would not mind it, but it talks of an *edition of Marmion*, making no mention of our names, and consequently the public must suppose that we have lost the copyright. Do inquire about this. It is highly indecent and improper, and in my opinion ought to be stopped. . . .

"You will write me positively *hereafter* when you are to leave town, and whether I can meet you anywhere by the way. I never saw Kelso, that seat of the Muses, and would not care to meet you at Newcastle if fat Bob and you can give me chaise-room to Loretto afterwards.

"*Expedition extraordinary.*—We are informed that an expedition is at present fitting out against the English (booksellers), from which the greatest hopes are entertained of success. The following officers are, we understand, already appointed, viz.:—*Commander-in-Chief*, Mr. Constable, Field-Marshal; *Second in command*, Genl. Miller, who is to take charge of the commissary department; *Artillery*, Bill Laing, with his famous field-pieces (boots); *Deputy Adjutant-General*, David Laing; *Chief Officer of the light (fingered) Corps, Hussars, Hulans, Cossacks, and other predatory corps*, General ——; *Chaplain*, the Rev. Mr. Black. The other appointments, we understand, are not yet filled up."

"EDINBURGH, 12*th June* 1809.

"*Important information!* Old Andrew Bell died here

on Saturday!! I have a funeral letter from his grandson, asking me to the burial on Thursday, without mentioning either *hour or place!* No matter, I will find it out and go, you may rest assured."

"EDINBURGH, 19*th June* 1809.

"Lady Clifton has been with us this last week; she inquires daily for Mr. Constable, 'that worthy honest man.' She made Clarke and Weber almost split with laughing yesterday, by some of her speeches and encomiums on you and your gentle manner and sweet temper, which '*other folks*,' she said, would do well to imitate—*Hem!*"

"EDINBURGH, 20*th June* 1809.

. . . . I went to inquire about Willie Kerr and old Andrew Bell's settlements, but found he was gone to Pitcaithly. I then went to Robert Forrester, who gave me a hurried report. Each of the Patons gets £1000, Mabon gets a discharge of £500, formerly left him; the Bonars get nothing (I think, but am not just certain). The residue is to be laid out in heritable property, and strictly entailed on all the relatives in succession, who are to take the name of Bell, and carry the arms of Bell, and to render the name of Bell illustrious for ever and ever, amen. And with this view the whole is made over to trustees. I have as yet heard nothing about the completion and future management of the Encyclopædia, but presume this must fall under the other powers of the trustees; and as no separate provision seems to be made for republishing it for *ever and ever*, it must just be made the most of they can. If I can learn any

more particulars about this I shall not fail to advise you. I have just seen Brown the printer, who tells me, in addition to the above, that he understands that each of the Bonars get £1000 on condition they change their names from Bonar to Bell; so the Bells will toll merrily. They talk of Andrew having left equal to £40,000; but, as Robert Forrester says, it will be well if it nett £25,000.

"Jeffrey seems amazingly pleased with your late long letter, and so he might; he said he wished to know how many sets had been sold since September last; not to pry into our secrets, but merely to indulge his own curiosity. I told him we should give him this information soon, and that I was most happy to see him taking such an interest in our welfare; adding, the more he did so the better we should be pleased. I said this somewhat significantly, at which he grinned; and, in short, seemed vastly well pleased, and gave me a firmer shake of the hand than usual at parting."

In the month of August of this year Mr. Hunter visited London, chiefly with a view to ascertain the real position of the branch which had lately been established by A. Constable and Co. at 10 Ludgate Street, in which his younger brother Charles was the junior partner.

"LONDON, 26*th Augt.* 1809.

". . . We have had a call from a strange-looking quiz of a fellow, who turns out to be the Hon. F— E—, brother to the Earl of ——. I first thought him *half drunk*, then *silly*, and then *mad*, and now I am not sure whether he be in any of these situations, but merely

a strange sort of man of quality of the English breed. The object of his errand to town, he said, was to apply to us to know whether we would print for him, at his expense, 1000 copies or two of the whole papers which had appeared in the Edinburgh Review on the subject of Methodism, which, he said, he intended to circulate in the country gratis. I told him that I did not know how far such a thing could be done without consulting our friends in Edinburgh. To this he replied that he did not call to ask our *approbation*, as he was determined to do so whether agreeable to us or not, and that if we chose to try to prevent him, and to prosecute him, we might; he merely applied to us to give us the preference by printing it for him; that he did not mean to sell it, but give it away, and he concluded by leaving his card, and saying that if we did not inform him of our intentions in eight days, he would then call for us again. What was curious, he did not even seem to know the different papers on the subject of Methodism. What say you to this? He really looked *maddish*. In the Peerage I observe he is designed 'only brother and heir-apparent of the Earl of ——,' and 'in holy orders.' The Earl of ——, as you know, is one of the most opulent and powerful peers of the realm. What are we to say to this? One thing is clear, that we will not print it for him, I presume; and if he be permitted to print so large a portion without our leave, our whole work may soon be laid hold of by any person who chooses to use it. Do write in course about this, and say what we ought to do."

"LONDON, *28th Augt.* 1809.

". . . I enclose two copies of Mr. Murray's new Number. Murray at his last visit to me told me that his was a d—d bad one, and that ours was the best we had yet published. I told him I presumed he was quizzing; he said *not*. I have not as yet had an opportunity of examining it."

The death of Mr. Hunter's father on 19th October affected him deeply, and brought into high relief the finer qualities of his nature, which was generous and affectionate. The event is announced in the following short letter:—

"*20th October* 1809.

"MY DEAREST SIR,—I know you will participate in my feelings when I inform you that an express reached me at twelve o'clock last night, informing me of the death of my father that morning, after a very short illness.

"I trust to your reaching town a little before nine, and coming to me here at my lodgings. I propose setting off for the north at ten."

"ESKMOUNT, *23d Octr.* 1809.

"This day I am happy in having a letter from our best of friends, James Gibson. If you and he can leave town in time on Wednesday, you can easily be here in good time on Thursday, as the funeral will not take place before two P.M.

". . . You will naturally think, my dear Sir, that I must have been revolving in my mind what I and this family are to do hereafter. Whatever my father's settlements

may be, I think I have decided on the following measures:—That this family remain here precisely on their present establishment in all respects till Whitsunday. After that they will either remain in Angus or remove to Edinburgh, as they shall decide; and I am resolved to sacrifice everything reasonable to render them all comfortable and happy. I rather think my mother has decided to come to Edinburgh amongst her own friends, and to be near Annie and me, and this plan I like by far the best myself. They can then come out to Loretto when they choose, and I shall have a home in their house in Edinburgh. This surely would be both natural and proper—don't you think so?

"As to myself, I am resolved, for the present at least, to go on at Loretto and the shop *precisely as I have done, without almost a single alteration*, and this for the full period of our contract (nine years). I do not know how it is, but my mind is even more with our business than it was; and our late fracas[1] (which I trust no one save ourselves will ever know a word of) has endeared you, my dear Sir, much more to me than ever. You know I am no hypocrite, and after Gibson and my own family, there is no person in the whole world that I care one farthing about compared with yourself, or would choose to be con-

[1] The misunderstanding here alluded to arose out of Mr. Hunter's affection for his younger brother, who had been assumed as a partner in the firm of Constable, Hunter, Park, and Hunter. For Mr. Charles Hunter my father entertained sincere regard, and he had in future years ample opportunity to testify its sincerity, but on the death of Mr. Park, which occurred about this time, he felt that a more efficient manager must be secured, and wrote as follows to his partner:—"I must now tell you in the plainest terms, that in my opinion your brother does not possess the knowledge of business essentially neces-

nected with in any way. So much good arises from a connexion with a man of sense, honour, and probity. On this subject I shall say no more, only that I trust we have much comfort with each other in store. . . .

"You will have to grant me leave of absence pretty frequently this ensuing summer, and this I know you will not refuse. All this I am saying in the belief that Eskmount is left to me by my father's settlements; but the truth is, I would do nearly the very same thing for my dear brother Thomas in case it were left to him—a measure for which I should not blame my father, although I rather think it is *not*.

"Never were more affection and attention shown than have been by all ranks here, from the highest to the lowest, on this late occasion. I never met anything to equal Mr. and Mrs. Maule's behaviour. Had our family been a part of their own, I do not know any material difference that could have been made. And yet Mrs. Maule has been very unwell last week. I felt it a very *sore thing* yesterday to go to the churchyard with Maule to mark off the new ground for the two graves, and to fix where he and my

sary in the person at the head of such a concern as that of No. 10 Ludgate Street is capable of being made, and in fact *must be*, to answer any good purpose to the parties concerned in establishing it."

The result was a dissolution of the London firm, in the propriety of which Mr. Hunter was led to concur. With reference to this step my father writes:—"I have not opened my mind, nor hinted the matter to anybody as yet, excepting Mr. Gibson, whose conduct on the occasion I cannot sufficiently estimate, and never can forget. He is truly a great man, and it is not one of our least fortunate circumstances that we have the opportunity of such advice as his, proceeding at all times from the most honourable and disinterested motives."

father are to lie side by side. I did not cry, however, though it made my throat d—d sore trying to keep it in."

"ESKMOUNT, *3d Nov.* 1809.

". . . I yesterday had the pleasure of your excellent letter of the 1st, which I received at Brechin Castle, where I had been all night, and I shall be happy to see your promised favour about our future operations after 1st January, which I have no doubt will be most proper and satisfactory. Indeed, anything that pleases you and James Gibson *must please me.* . . .

"I suppose you are getting on merrily with the new Number of the Review. When you next write be so good as mention the articles and number of sheets printed. I delight to think that poor General Moore's memory will be embalmed by the powerful hand of Mr. Jeffrey. May God speed him on that commendable work; and may Moore's enemies and vile traducers and defamers get their just reward—confusion and shame in this world, and damnation in that which is to come, world without end. Amen."

"ESKMOUNT, *6th Nov.* 1809.

". . . I am delighted with what you mention about the posting-up of our books in London; and in general with your sentiments upon the subject of future balances and accuracy, etc. This, my dear Sir, I take as a particular mark of your friendship and goodness to *myself*, and I shall ever view it in that light; I am certain it will prove a source of as much comfort and happiness to you here-

after, and to your family, as to me and mine. In short, where this matter is right, nothing, in my opinion, can be wrong, and without it, everything else is of no avail or satisfaction. I need say no more on this subject.

"I own I am happy to learn your decision about the £6000 of books—Dr. Heath's library; and yet more, your cause of decision. I wrote agreeably about that, principally because I thought *you might wish* to go into it, as I never more wish to dissent from your opinion in almost anything, unless it be of a very extraordinary nature indeed; such as making an apology to ——, or connecting ourselves with ——, and that I am pretty certain you will never recommend to me. Your attention to Mrs. Hunter in my absence I am most sensible of, my dear Sir. She is a fine creature, and the longer I live I think the more of her. In one respect I shall follow the instructions of the Bible without difficulty—'to leave father and mother, and brothers and sisters, and cleave to my wife.' . . .

"I must mention, before I conclude, that Maule dined here on Saturday, and invited himself to stay all night, when we went over everything about settlements, etc., at very full length. I showed him the balance-sheet of our books, with which he was both astonished and delighted, and, if I mistake not, he does not think worse of you nor me either than he did. In short, we had a most happy and satisfactory evening. His conduct to me about the fishings of Balskelly is just what might be expected from *him*, and from no one else (save perhaps you or James Gibson). More about this when we meet. It will be no fault of his, I think, if the fishings are not mine, and he

seems satisfied I have good right to them. This may yet be something."

"ESKMOUNT, 16*th March* 1810.

"The sale of the Review in London is indeed most satisfactory. Let us be thankful for that, at least; and may the Lord long preserve Mr. Jeffrey to us and the country. He is indeed a block of pure marble, and the chief pillar of the temple. . . .

"I have been but one day at Brechin Castle since I came north, but shall probably dine there on Sunday to have a crack with Mrs. Maule, who is the wisest, most judicious, best-tempered, best-dispositioned, sensible, and good woman, in the whole circle of my acquaintance. This from me is saying a good deal, as you know my ideas of female sense and intellect are none of the highest. She has indeed a most difficult part to play, and no one to advise her, and yet acquits herself to admiration—few, few indeed, could do so."

The inheritance which had fallen to Mr. Hunter on his father's death was a considerable one; and as the old gentleman had always managed his affairs without assistance, his son had now much to learn regarding them. He graphically describes in the following letter the process of making acquaintance with some portions of his property hitherto unknown:—

"ESKMOUNT, 29*th May* 1810.

". . . I have perambulated the properties of Balskelly, Cottside, and Cowbyres, which are all separate and distinct; their magnitude, extent, and value have astonished me.

It took two entire days to go round them—Cowbyres alone being more than three miles in a straight line. I was every now and then seeing some place belonging to myself, which I had never before heard of. It is quite astonishing to me that the proprietors have never got their grounds squared, to do which properly will require no small skill and address. In short, I can compare what I saw to nothing but a person getting a legacy of a fine library, of which there is no catalogue, when, of course, every book he comes to surprises and astonishes him. On Saturday, Kinloch went with me and dined at Kellie, where the Major kept some of us up till near five next morning, and on Sunday I got here. I shall think it good work if I can do all that is to be done before Saturday. I think I cannot get off till Monday, when I shall go to Perth per our Strathmore new coach, and so to Pitcaithly, where *I depend on meeting you.* You must come, else I shall be very angry and vexed; what signifies all the business and wealth in the world compared with your invaluable life and good health!!!—so write me your motions to *this place* in course, or as soon thereafter as you can.'

"I am dying with impatience to know whether King James, our best of friends and counsellors, has returned to Edinburgh. From what I have heard of his motions, he surely *must* or *will soon.* Tell me, in one word, what he says—YES or NO. I shall conclude this letter in a curious way. You know I am not very apt to be over-sanguine about anything either of my own or of other people's; but the following, I am of opinion, may be my income in Angus in TEN YEARS, supposing (as I think there is no

doubt) that I must have the lease of Balskelly in my own hands before that time at anyrate, *for reasons I can explain,* and when the leases of the other lands there will expire naturally, many of them sooner—per annum, £7200.

"This, I suppose, you will think downright madness; notwithstanding, it is the real opinion of, my dear Sir, yours most faithfully and sincerely."

"ESKMOUNT, 3*d June* 1810.

"I hope to reach Pitcaithly on Monday. I shall be *most happy* that you join me there in the end of the week, as you propose; but if you should not get off by a certain day, do not therefore abandon the scheme, my good Sir, as I am resolved to *wait till you come.* Of course, you will fetch some friend or friends along with you. I called for Provost Ford in passing through Kirkcaldy, and he promised *pos.* to endeavour to join us. Try to get our *cher ami,* Bill Laing. We will get far more fun with him than with any one else, and that will do both us and him good. I so far settled matters with Dr. Ross (you may hint to L.) that he has given me a promise *never to sell old books to any one without giving me a refusal.* He came down to £800, but I would give no more than 500 guineas."

"PITCAITHLY, 5*th June*.1810.

. . . We expect fresh arrivals to-morrow; and this day I am told I am to have a visit from Mr. M'Dougall, who has retired with a fortune, and from our friend Captain F. of Perth, from whom I shall get value in lies for any quantity of port I may choose to give him.

"What d—d fools those people are who weary living

alone! I am as happy by myself as I shall be with any others I am likely to get here, excepting always your own sweet self, my good Sir, whom I expect to dinner on Thursday or Friday. You ought to bring Bill Laing with you; and if you will do a good and charitable action, bring Bob Miller; it will make a nice short trip for him, and assure him I shall procure some ladies for him to sing to. Do not on any account bring the Drinker-General, he would ruin the Well!"

"LORETTO HOUSE, 10*th Sept.* 1810.

"You will not be less surprised to learn than I am to inform you, that last night I was seized with a d—d pain in my foot, which I at first attributed to a tight boot, but which has since turned out to be neither more nor less than a proper fit of *the gout!* And here I am sitting with my left foot swollen the size of a two-shilling loaf!! Here *end the comforts, and commence the troubles, of A. G. H.!* After all, I had rather have gout than rheumatism.

"I beg you may send me out, without fail, the scroll of my intended settlements; these I am determined to finish without delay. I never can have a better opportunity, so delay it not, my dear Sir.

"Let me know how Mrs. James Gibson is. I am very anxious about her, and dreamed of her all last night.

"My brother Willie has just arrived quite well."

Early in the year 1811 Mr. Hunter decided to retire from business, and give his time and attention to the management of his estates. During a visit to Pitcaithly,

whither he had gone for the benefit of the waters, he sends good wishes for the success of the new firm, and appears to entertain no misgiving that time will ever lie heavy on his hands. In this happy state he continued for some months, but his active mind soon began to long for the excitement which literary enterprise had afforded.

"PITCAITHLY, 15*th May* 1811.

"... There is not even a single person in the house at the Well, and only an East Indian at the Bridge of Earn. In such a situation many a person would tire and weary; but, thank God, that is not my case. I never have been more occupied thinking of all my matters, and plans, and schemes—I hope not entirely in vain. Some good serious solitary reflection does a man much *good*, in more ways than one. As to my *health*, I have been drinking the water most vigorously. I think myself rather better. I shall continue at it here till Saturday, when I shall go on to Perth and have another survey of Scone.

"Any word of King James as yet? I am to give a grand dinner to all the bankers with whom we are acquainted, or have done business with, on my return. I know I can do it in such a way as will have a good effect, please them, and serve the shop materially at the same time. The chapel-door shall be opened *for one day!*

"By letter from my wife, I find that Nell (my sister) has been told of my being out of the shop, which, in the true female style, she regrets, 'because *she* now will get no more stationery for nothing.' This is literally truth, and very good. Is it not?

"If I were only quite well in body again, I think I shall be as happy and comfortable as most people I know of; if I be not, I must be a most ungrateful wretch indeed, and the fault wholly my own. That God may spare you many, many years, and that all your concerns may flourish with you, each more than another; that you individually may enjoy the greatest service I have ever rendered you, in giving you so much better partners than myself; and that that most spotless and most worthy fellow alive, Robert Cathcart, and our young friend Cadell, may derive every advantage they possibly can wish from the Company (as I trust and doubt not they will), is the sincere and fervent prayer of, my dear Sir, yours most sincerely and faithfully."

"DUNDEE, 22*d May* 1811.

". . . The news about our shop has been propagated over all this country like lightning, by a brute of a clerk of Peter Hill's, who preceded me a few days here, and at Perth. The sum I received down in ready money, exactly £24,000. This I do not contradict, of course; it will do us all the more good. My credit here seems excellent. I have been offered various loans unsolicited, and have agreed to take two small ones of £500 and £600—very obliging in the great man, is it not? In short, I really believe I am reckoned the richest man in Angus. I verily believe this is the country of lies and inventions. Everybody believes that I offered to sell Eskmount at first for £26,000, and that, when that was offered me, I asked £30,000 or £36,000. It is *well known*, too, that I am the highest offerer for Brigton, but that I stick at 60,000 guineas!

When some ladies were asking me one day where I was to have my Angus house, I said in joke that I had some thoughts of repairing the Castle of Broughty and living in it—and this has gone over the whole country already! . . .

"Any word of King James coming back, or of what he has been doing besides receiving payment for Belford? He won't have been idle, I 'll warrant him. I hope good King Robert, too, is well, and with you, to comfort you all. He is a pear of the right tree. The more I think of him the more I admire him, and wonder at him, even after a twenty years' acquaintance of him. It puts me sadly out of conceit with my own stupid self, to think of such men as Gibson and Cathcart. But then where are two other such men to be found? Many people come through this world, and live long in it too, without either ever seeing or knowing such men. Let us thank God, my good friend, that we have known both so intimately, as I trust we shall continue to do to the end of the chapter—this shall at least be my anxious study and endeavour."

"ESKMOUNT, 30*th May* 1811.

". . . Mr. Maule and I are trying to buy an estate that marches with Balskelly and Panmure, between us—a grand job if we can accomplish it, as I think we may, if he bestirs himself properly, and as would be done in a week if King James were his man of business instead of that old feudal easy-chair Sandie Duncan.

"I regret much those rumours you allude to. There is always danger where there is smoke, but I can neither see nor learn anything on the subject here, although

I have been two days at ——. There is a dryness evidently, but I trust anything further is unfounded. How thankful I should be for all my mercies, in that respect in particular. . . .

"No public event will be such a calamity, I fear, as the loss of that most dignified and worthy man, President Blair! Harry Erskine won't do any more than the Justice-Clerk for it. What would you say if William Adam should be appointed by *the Regent!*

"This is a confused and hurried letter, but we have had very *wet weather* here—upwards of three bottles overhead to *six*, besides the supper drink. I hope he will be out in time to frank this."

"EDIN., 17*th June* 1811.

"I hope this will find you hale and well in the gay village. I came in to town to-day to see how they are all going on at the old shop. . . .

"I yesterday had the pleasure of a capital letter from John Murray in answer to my late letter to him. I was much gratified with the good sense and kind-heartedness which pervaded it. He throws out a very friendly and judicious hint about Monseigneur Davies as a firm friend of mine, he says, and who always inquires after me particularly. The consequence is, of course, I must write something congratulatory, which otherways I own to you I had not intended, as I thought he scarcely seemed to feel the attention which I was always at great pains to pay him. In this I am glad to find I may have been mistaken; at any rate I am anxious to err on the safe side, and to make and consider every man as our friend

who does not himself convince me of the contrary—a rule you will approve of, I doubt not.

"There is an excellent shop-letter to-day from Lord Albemarle. . . . A good and kind letter from Mr. Longman, and I should praise God and be thankful! In fact, I am very anxious to be well with Mr. L., as I rather think I acted cavalierly to him on the whole, and I know him to be a real good worthy man. This would gratify my feelings, and I doubt not I shall get it soon.

"We had two grand *meetings of creditors* at Loretto last week, when we *went to chapel* with much effect. Mr. Jeffrey and his brother were with us the first and principal day, and both seemed uncommonly gay and happy. I caused Miss Baird sit by Jeffrey and canvass him by all means possible, which she did. Our party consisted of Sir John and Lady Hope, the Bairds, horse and foot, Mrs. Dundas, Col. O'Callaghan, M.P., and his lady, Lord Berriedale, etc. I gave them Port, Sherry, Claret, and Madeira; Burgundy, Champagne, Hock, Frontignac, and Côte Rôtie, etc. In short, everything went on famously. Jeffrey says he is to be out very soon again, with Thomas Thomson. I slept at the Clerk-Register's one night last week, so you see I have not given up the society of our literary friends, or rather they have not given up me. To please you, I am to call at Walter Scott's some day next week, when I shall present him with the old print of Glamis Castle, which I know he wants.

"To-morrow the wife and I go to East-Lothian for three days on a visit to General Durham at Stevenson. In short, my present life is so happy a one, that I am only

alarmed seriously that it cannot last at this rate, else it would be too good for this world. Such, I assure you, is my present feeling.

"I hope you will see King James before he leaves London; and although I am told here he has actually set out, yet I doubt if that be the case, or will be for some little time yet to come. 'The candles are not all lighted as yet,' as the old Duke of Argyll said. Sir John Hope made me laugh at seeing his handwriting on the back of Sir John Dalrymple's circular letters. That cock won't fight at present. A pity Mr. Baird of Newbyth did not stand in time. . . .

"I won the Musselburgh Golf Cup last week, and I find that that exercise has done me more good than all the medicines and Pitcaithly water I have taken. . . .

"A. G. HUNTER."

Towards the end of 1811 Mr. Hunter became depressed in spirits, the depression doubtless caused by the state of his bodily health; and I have a letter now before me, dated March 7, 1812, and addressed to his friend Mr. Cathcart, my father's new partner, in which he entreats him in the following terms to obtain his re-admission as a member of the firm:—

"Will you believe it possible that I now feel my mind so totally unoccupied and heavy on my hands, that without attempting further preface I should be most thankful to be again employed in my old trade of bookselling, provided you are disposed to allow me, on any terms you please."

What might have been the result of this application I know not; for two days later Mr. Hunter died suddenly, leaving a desolate widow and many sincerely mourning friends. I close this chapter with regret; because I have a warm regard for the subject of it. Among my father's numerous correspondents, literary or commercial, he had never, I believe, a truer friend than Alexander Gibson Hunter. Mr. Hunter's impetuosity and plain-speaking may have occasionally precipitated disagreements that might otherwise have been avoided—though of this I am by no means certain; but I am well assured, that, impetuous and "too-rapid" as he was, he was incapable of aught ungenerous or unjust. Had not Fortune lured him from the ranks, the interest he felt in Literature and in the enterprises of his House would have afforded healthy exercise to the powers of his active mind, and the two friends might have prosecuted for years the career of prosperity on which they certainly had entered.

The relations of my father with Mr. Hunter had been those of the warmest friendship, and they were kept up with Mrs. Hunter and her family until his death in 1827. The business connexion, which subsisted for seven years, from 1804 to 1811, was not unproductive in a pecuniary point of view. I find a statement by my father to the following effect:—"Hunter advanced originally in 1804, £2500; in 1811 he had drawn that sum and about £4000 besides—consequently, with the £17,000 paid to him, he gained fully £21,000 by being A. C.'s partner."

CHAPTER IV.

Thomas Campbell.

WITH Thomas Campbell, who, before he had attained majority, had written his greatest poem, my father was for several years in close and familiar relation. Few of Campbell's letters to him appear to have been preserved, but some of these are of interest, and contain records of incidents and projects which have escaped the notice of his biographer. The earliest is dated November 3, 1802, and it runs thus :—

"DEAR SIR,—'The rain it rains in Mirryland town,' as an old songster says,—and having caught a severe cold, I dare not expose myself to-day to bide the pelting of this pitiless storm—like old Lear—but propose to spend the day at home in fasting, meditation, and prayer. I trust that two refusals of a good dinner will not eject me from your dining-table to all eternity, for I live in hopes of another invitation, when I shall be able to venture abroad.—With great sincerity, I am," etc.

"THOMAS CAMPBELL."

A week later Mr. Campbell writes as follows :—

"ALISON'S SQUARE, EDIN., *Nov.* 10, 1802.

"MY DEAR SIR,—The conversation between us this forenoon has led me to offer you the following proposal :—

"I should be willing to give you an account of my travels on the Continent for two or three years, provided my expenses were defrayed by Messrs. Longman and Rees, Manners and Miller, and yourself; these expenses I estimate at the rate of £200 per annum. That I should execute such a work with all the industry which ought to be bestowed, I need hardly promise, as my name being affixed to the performance is a motive sufficient to deter me from negligence, and stimulate my efforts for obtaining applause. The public (were I so unprincipled as to furnish you with a useless book) would punish me with that contempt to which I hope I am hitherto a stranger.

"As to my ability for satisfying public curiosity, or supplying you with a splendid production, I cannot refer you to a certain test. I cannot promise that my *tour* will pass through so many editions as my poem, for nothing is more common than an author writing at one time a popular and at another time an unpopular work; but I will promise sincerely not to let the account of my travels be unworthy of public favour from any deficiency in materials that I can collect, or from carelessness in the style of its execution.

"My correspondents in Edinburgh and elsewhere can inform you how far my letters from Germany in 1800 and 1801 appeared to them the transcripts of a mind capable of observation and description.

"On my return from the Continent, and delivery of MSS., I should wish to stipulate for £200 besides my two years' salary.

"I have said I should propose to be absent two or three years. Now, I only mention the possibility of a three years' tour in the event of extending my travels to Turkey and Persia. You know my idea is to set out from Dantzic, and after traversing Poland, Hungary, Italy, and Spain, to return by way of France, Turkey, and Persia, not very practicable regions; and I must own, that until I get to the frontiers of Hungary, and reconnoitre the adjacent places, I shall not presume to think of treading on Mahometan ground; but I know your spirit of enterprise too well to suppose that you would recall me provided there were a probable chance of crossing the Black Sea and getting to Ispahan. Russia is a country which I detest, and I will not endeavour to get at Persia by trespassing on its boundaries. This proposal of the additional year being spent in such a glorious journey as one to the plains of Troy or to Ispahan, if it seem to you *outré*, need not interfere with our minor and more strictly rational scheme, although I confess that my heart beats high at the prospect, and I know that the strength of imagination excited by novelties so far from the beaten track, would more than compensate the expense and hazard of such a journey.

"Be pleased to communicate with your friends upon the above subjects, and give me your ideas in return.—I am, etc., THOS. CAMPBELL."

Mr. Campbell's plan was favourably entertained by all the parties to whom it was now made known, for on

February 9, 1803, he addressed them in the following terms :—

"EDINBURGH, *February 9th*, 1803.

"To Messrs. Manners and Miller, and Mr. Archibald Constable, booksellers in Edinburgh, for themselves, and for Messrs. Longman and Rees, booksellers, London, jointly and severally :

"GENTLEMEN,—Let it be understood as a bargain finally concluded between us, that I shall give you the perpetual copyright of my travels upon the Continent, upon which I am now to set out. The time which I mean to occupy in accomplishing these travels is two years, unless I extend them beyond the boundaries of Christian Europe, in which case I shall require three years upon the same terms as I shall just now mention to be made regarding the two years. That is, to be furnished with £200 sterling during each year of my absence, and a bonus of an additional £200 on my return home, and delivery of the entire manuscript.

"What countries I shall visit during my two years' absence you very properly have left to my own discretion. My own character as a literary man being staked in this adventure, I think it is needless for me to proffer any promise that the notes I am to take in the course of my peregrinations shall be collected into a book as well written as it is in my power to execute.

"With regard to the conditional third year, I shall be more explicit in my promise, and shall give you my word of honour that the countries I visit beyond the limits of

civilized Europe shall be as faithfully, carefully, and well described as my powers of observation and description extend, and that my most particular exertions shall be used to make up to you the difference of an additional year's supply by the novelty of that tract of country which I explore.

"The size of the book is to be two vols. 4to, or four 8vo

"The procuring of landscapes or the few drawings necessary for the work is to be defrayed by you.—I am, etc., THOMAS CAMPBELL.

"*P.S.*—At the end of two years from my first draft upon you, I promise to furnish you with materials for two vols. 8vo, or one 4to, ready to go to press.

"I shall draw upon you in general pretty early from the commencement of each year of my travels.

"THOS. CAMPBELL."

The only notice of this project in Dr. Beattie's memoir of the poet is as follows:—"Before leaving Edinburgh (February 1803) he appears to have entered into some arrangement with Mr. Constable, and agreed to furnish him with a book of travels. On the faith of this, Campbell received an advance of money, but as no travels were ever forthcoming, it was repaid with interest."

At page 331 of the first volume of Beattie's memoir Campbell tells of an accusation against him in the public papers, that he *falsely* claimed to be the author of the Exile of Erin, one of the most exquisite of his minor poems. It was ascribed in a provincial Irish newspaper to a Mr. Nugent, whose sister declared that she had seen

it in her brother's handwriting at a date earlier than its possible composition by Campbell.

Ridiculous as this accusation must appear to those who appreciate the genius of Campbell, his own sensitive mind, we are told, was for a time deeply hurt by the impeachment. Were additional evidence required, however, I have been interested to find it in my possession. Among my father's relics of the poet is an 8vo scrap of writing-paper, with several stanzas upon it in his handwriting, which, from the corrections they bear, are evidently the embryo of poems. The earliest of these is doubtless the first idea of the Exile of Erin :—

1 2 3 4 5 6
"There came | to the | beach a | poor ex | ile of | Erin,
The dew on his thin robe was heavy and chill,
For his country he sighed
~~As I a wander'd along~~ ∧ when at twilight repairing
To wander alone by the wind-beaten hill."

The second stanza is the following :—

2 3 4
"While wan | d'ring a | lone 'mid | thy ever | green hills
And thy heath-covered mountains, old Scotia, I roam,
Then sad recollection my bosom may thrill,
And awake the sad thought of soon leaving my home."

The careful scansion of the first line in each of these stanzas is characteristic of the writer; and we have in them perhaps the original suggestion of poems which, when elaborated, silenced alike the critic and the grammarian.

The filial loyalty of Campbell receives frequent illustration in his intercourse with my father, to whose ready

help he evidently trusted, when needed, for the payment of his mother's allowance. On the 10th September 1804, exactly a year after the marriage of the poet, correspondence was resumed in relation to Specimens of the British Poets, a project he had laid verbally before his publisher. My father writes as follows :—

"LONDON COFFEE-HOUSE, *Sept.* 10, 1804.

"MY DEAR SIR,—I write you a few lines to say that you shall have £500 for the Collection of Poetry you talked of the other morning; and I will trouble you to put the outline or sketch of the plan in writing before I have the pleasure of seeing you on Wednesday morning.—With best wishes to Mrs. Campbell, I remain, etc.,

"ARCHIBALD CONSTABLE."

On the same day Mr. Campbell wrote to my father :—

"*Sept.* 10, 1804.

"MY DEAR SIR,—I have been recollecting since we parted that at the time you inform my mother respecting the addition to her annuity, you had better not direct her to apply to you in the first instance, but only in case of any demurrage on the part of Mr. Doig, which however I do not expect. Mr. Doig will have his MS. in a few weeks, and then I think there is no chance of the old lady being turned back. You will have the goodness therefore to say to her, that within two months she will receive £25 from Mundell's house. In case of disappointment she knows what to do; but, as you observe, I think it more like justice to make that house pay for what is

written, than you to advance money for what is in the womb.—Wishing you all good luck, I am, etc.,

"THOS. CAMPBELL."

I have pleasure in quoting the above letter, not only as showing Campbell's anxiety for his mother's comfort, but his confidence in my father's liberality, which, indeed, in spite of their subsequent literary separation, appears to have remained unshaken. Whether he had just cause to complain of Mr. Doig I shall not venture to decide, for if publishers are not always liberal, the reasonableness of authors may also occasionally be questioned; certain it is, that while Campbell is always loud in commendation of Mr. Mundell, he never has a good word for his partner.

Two months later he writes to my father from Upper Eaton Street, Pimlico :—

"*Nov.* 10, 1804.

"MY DEAR SIR,—I have again to let you know a little more of my private history, that, by laying the state of things more clearly before you, I may have the better right to your advice and assistance.

"I have been engaged, since we parted, one half of the day canvassing for the Popular Compilation which we agreed upon, and the other at the business for Doig, of which you saw the unfinished MS.[1] You will think it a bad proof of my industry that I have not yet got through it; but I have the testimony of my own conscience and my wearied back to witness that I have not been remiss,

[1] History of England, a Sequel to Smollett. See Beattie's Memoir, vol. ii. p. 18.

and yet this laborious operation is not yet concluded. Several unfortunate interruptions have indeed occurred. I am now within a few months of the Peace of Amiens, at which I think the narrative ought to close. When that unhappy peace is patched up, I must undergo the labour of overhauling the whole, and then I shall be at liberty to pursue a more congenial task.

"In these circumstances I find myself obliged to remove a few months sooner than I expected to a new house, of which I have taken a lease for twenty-one years. The trouble of this migration is very serious. I have spent as much time as might have served to build a house in superintending repairs, measuring fixtures, inspecting furniture, and covenanting with my attorney and landlord. The job is not yet over; it will be three weeks before I can fairly settle myself.

"You will perceive from what I have stated that I am exposed to all the expenses of an unestablished and preparatory state, and still unable to draw upon Doig. Had I but a week or two longer, I should send him his MS. with a demand, but as the case stands I can fasten to no industry till the moving be over and everything settled about me. The season will not admit of delay. I have seven miles to go (to Sydenham), and I should be afraid of travelling with my furniture in frost and snow. I have ventured, on the faith of your support, to purchase the fixtures of a very excellent house, and about £100 worth of furniture, which, being sold along with the fixtures, I get at broker's appraisement, *i.e.* half of prime cost. This furniture I should be obliged, one day or other, to

get, and having an opportunity of getting it so cheap, I thought it would have been folly to have let the occasion pass. Now, finding by this establishment that I should incur an expense of about £200, I applied to Mr. Hood on the one side, and must now rely on your house on the other, for enabling me to bear the cost. It is a great demand to ask of you £100 by the lump, but Mr. Hood has arranged matters so that the mode of raising it will be as convenient as possible, and I trust the time of the year, inconvenient as it is for money-payments, will not be a troublesome obstacle. I cannot describe to you how much comfort I should feel if I were fairly settled. I am at present extremely harassed in my mind, for the business of house-taking and furnishing is rather new to me, and I must confess the necessity of even availing myself of your liberal offers in the way of assistance gives me a good deal of pain. It is not the distrust of your friendship, but the fear of being unseasonable in this request at a time of the year when money is most difficult to be got.

"Of this however I can assure you, that both the necessity I describe is urgent, and the *absolute* necessity of being set down comfortably is such as I feel it more and more every day. As a friend, I think you will be rather pleased than surprised that I take the bold measure of launching to this amount for the purpose of domestic comfort. If you come to London and drink to the health of Auld Reekie over my new mahogany table—if you take a walk round my garden and see my braw house, my court-yard, hens, geese, and turkeys, or view the lovely country in my neighbourhood, you will think this

fixture and furniture money well bestowed. I shall indeed be nobly settled, and the devil is in it if I don't work as nobly for it.

"I think this is but a fair promise to you. As soon as Mr. Doig's MS. arrives, I shall hand over out of what he owes me all that I shall have drawn from you. And thus, when our Collection comes out, I shall have the old sonsy sum-total to comfort me. This is the least thing I can do, and I have no doubt but the punctuality of Mundell's house will not leave the payment long unsettled. At all events, from the date of the MS. arriving, they become to the amount of whatever you please out of the £300, *your debtors, and not mine.*

"I am extremely glad that Hood communicated to you and is to share with you the other business. I have a thousand times wished myself rather in Edinburgh than London, that we might have the benefit of confidentially talking over every project that seems feasible, just as it occurs to either of us. Without such confidential vicinity and speaking face to face, I assure you it is difficult to make any proposal of a literary nature. I felt it so in the case of the above affair. That disadvantage we must endeavour to obviate by correspondence. I shall always endeavour, therefore, to consider you as at my elbow, and without reserve open my mind to you on any project or subject that may promise to combine our mutual interests. I have one favour to ask, which, perhaps, none of your literary correspondents have presumed upon. You must regard me so much in the light of a friend as to be writing (although upon business) exclusively to

yourself. I will take this as a very particular favour. A thousand things which I could say to you in the confidence of no one seeing my letter but yourself, would be checked by the embarrassment of conceiving that the forms of business require transcription even of a letter on business. I have drawn you thus through a long miserable scroll, which comes from a brain oppressed and stupefied with fatigue of travelling, and communing with a pack of brokers, bricklayers, and attorneys. Before I close I must beg the favour of knowing from you (if you know yourself) how soon Mr. Doig is to be in London. I wish particularly to know. And now your most troublesome correspondent must wish you a good night, health, wealth (that of all things), and happiness.—Yours, etc., THOMAS CAMPBELL."

Before the date of Mr. Campbell's next letter, March 10, 1805, he appears to have acquired a right to remuneration on account of his historical labours, but he found it necessary again to have recourse to my father:—

"SYDENHAM, *March* 10, 1805.

"MY DEAR SIR,—Having written to Mr. Doig for an advance of money now due to me, he says he will speak to you about discounting a draft for me. I hope you will do me the justice to believe that this application comes to you, not from my wish to burthen your good-will, but from Mr. D.'s house being unfortunately unable to succour me, now that I have certainly a fair claim to prefer for ready money. I do not wish to say of that house anything that I should be unwilling to tell them openly;

but I think it hard that after toiling eight months I should be now obliged to solicit my friends to discount a bill. Really, when people become publishers they should possess a better capital than this proceeding bespeaks. It is a strange contrast to the offer which was made me when I sealed the last agreement with two gentlemen in the Poultry,[1]—an instance of liberality which, if I had but ten facts in the history of what I have met with in life to tell my biographer, I should leave on record as a proof that the best patrons of literature are the *enlightened part* of your profession.[2]

"I am brought by alluding to that agreement, of which the recollection has always impressed me with a strong confidence in your power to promote the cause of literature by undertakings at once sagacious and bold, to mention an occurrence which it is necessary you should know, and respecting which, if you have a leisure hour, I should like to have your observations.

"It was always an object with me to keep the Musa Britannica a secret, in case our compilation should be anticipated. It was a matter, however, of still more

[1] Messrs. Vernor and Hood.

[2] "*Verbum sapienti*—they are the greatest ravens on earth with whom we have to deal—liberal enough as booksellers go—but still, you know, ravens, croakers, suckers of innocent blood and living men's brains. As to terms, it is of consequence to the general cause of letters, that neither journeymen like myself, nor masters—independent artists like you, should be over-reached in their transactions. C. is a deep draw-well. I was really duped by him. It is not two months since he made me absolutely believe he had not been meant by nature for a bookseller. But, God knows, he is not the worst of the bunch."—Life of Campbell, vol. ii. pp. 52, 54, June 3, 1805.

importance to attempt the raising of the clans of literature in my favour. I spoke to all the best literary men of my acquaintance; told them my plan, and was promised by one and all most cordial support and assistance. Among these was the celebrated Sharpe, who is the tongue of taste wherever he goes. I thought him the most prudent of all my friends; but owing to a wretched misapprehension, viz., that Longman and Rees were the patrons of the collection, he blabbed it to them. It was the most unlike Sharpe of all men on earth to be so unguarded.

"Longman, Hurst, Orme, and Rees, accordingly, as soon as they had an opportunity, asked me, Was so-and-so the case? I was so situated that evasion would have made the matter worse. I was a little vexed at the disclosure, but on recollecting that you had said you meant to give the trade an interest in the work, and conceiving the best way, if I spoke about it at all, was not to speak sneakingly, I burst on them at once with a full description of the great nature of the work and the assistance I had in view to call in. I saw that their idea of the probable success of the work was as sanguine as my own; and when they expressed a feeling of impatience that they had not been consulted, I said that until I had secured certain literary aids and matured the plan of the work, the publishers and myself had not intended to speak to them; but our delay was only owing to the immaturity of the design, and I added that I knew the gentlemen whose enterprise was likely to be the great support of the work had never intended otherwise than to offer them a share in it.

"Have I done wrong in so doing? The moment I found the secret thus unfortunately blabbed by Sharpe, I thought mystery was to be avoided. I think the best way is to take them into the whole affair; to give them a share with Mr. Hood's permission. What alarmed me a little was their hint at some work (I believe a prose work by Southey) which ours might interfere with. I believe, however, that our plan would be more agreeable to them, and would effectually neutralize them from anything of Southey's—a man whose taste they have found by experience and unsaleableness to be unclassical. I see that they evidently desire an union with us, and I must own that little as I think of the literary fags whom they have in employ, yet, as booksellers, I should fear their hostility and court their alliance. It is the more desirable, as they are eager and enthusiastic in their idea of the success of a work of selection on this plan in prose as well as poetry. I shall not see you relinquish to them any share of this work without endeavouring to secure a counterpart relinquishment on theirs of something else.

"If you have a moment's leisure I shall be much obliged to you to give me your sentiments on this occurrence.—I am, etc., THOS. CAMPBELL."

On 1st May Mr. Campbell writes as follows :—

"DEAR SIR,—I shall be particularly obliged to you to advance my mother £15 for a quarter payment of her annuity. I am sorry to trouble you with this request, but I make it at present from unavoidable circumstances.

"My compilation is now so far advanced that I think

you may advertise it when you think proper. I await your directions in concert with Mr. Hood respecting the place of printing it. I have spared neither pains nor consultation in bringing it this length, and I trust it will turn out a permanently valuable speculation.—With compliments to all our common friends, I am, etc.,

"THOS. CAMPBELL."

Mr. Lockhart, in his Life of Scott, quotes a letter from Sir Walter to James Ballantyne, dated April 12, 1805, in which occurs the following passage :—"I have imagined a very superb work. What think you of a complete edition of British Poets, ancient and modern? Johnson's is imperfect and out of print; so is Bell's, which is a Liliputian thing; and Anderson's, the most complete in point of number, is most contemptible in execution both of the editor and printer. There is a scheme for you!"

The biographer adds, "The design ultimately fell to the ground, in consequence of the booksellers refusing to admit certain works which both Scott and Campbell insisted upon. Such, and from analogous causes, has been the fate of various similar schemes both before and since. But the public had no trivial compensation upon the present occasion, since the failure of the original project led Mr. Campbell to prepare for the press those Specimens of English Poetry which he illustrated with sketches of biography and critical essays, alike honourable to his learning and taste."

Mr. Lockhart was mistaken in attributing Mr. Campbell's project of the Specimens of English Poetry to this

cause, seeing that it was proposed by him to my father in September 1804, and intimated to Sir Walter in a letter dated March 27, 1805, a fortnight earlier than that from Scott to Ballantyne above quoted. The work was indeed already in progress, and in a letter of April 10 Campbell writes to Scott:—"On Constable and Co. I am drawing and have drawn liberally for the compilation, on which I subsist at present with comfort. Constable's conduct to me has been very friendly." It would rather appear that the work contemplated by Walter Scott had been suggested by Mr. Campbell's letter.

On the 4th November 1806 Campbell writes to Scott:—"A very excellent and gentlemanlike man—albeit a bookseller—Murray of Fleet Street—is willing to give for our joint Lives of the Poets, on the plan we proposed to the trade a twelvemonth ago, a thousand pounds. . . ." After mature consideration Scott decided to withhold his assistance.

On the 18th November 1806 my father writes to Mr. Murray:—"We have lately had a long conversation with Mr. Walter Scott on a variety of topics, but particularly about an edition of the British Poets, respecting which he has had a letter from Mr. Campbell, with whom he proposes being connected in the undertaking. The terms, £500 to each for writing Lives, etc., is certainly not too much; but is there really room for such a work? Twelve or thirteen volumes royal 8vo is a serious concern. In what size are the London booksellers printing Johnson's Collection? Who are the people with whom you would propose to co-operate to hold shares? We should

like to hear from you very fully on this subject, and we shall turn it over in our own minds in the meantime, and be prepared by and bye to say decisively what we would recommend to be done."

Mr. Murray's reply to the above, unfortunately, I do not find, but that its tenor was discouraging may be gathered from the following extract of a letter from my father :—

"*Dec. 9th*, 1806.—We were particularly obliged by your very full and interesting disclosure of the plan of the Corpus Poetarum, which, though we are not remarkable for want of *spunk*, we confess alarmed us a little; but we consider the plan as now at rest. Mr. Scott communicated to us his letter to Mr. Campbell, which you saw; and since receiving Mr. Campbell's reply, and conversing with us more fully on the subject, he has sent him a letter declining the concern, but mentioning at the same time his intention, at some future period, to write the lives of certain of the English poets—a task for which he is most admirably calculated. Mr. C. will no doubt show you Mr. Scott's letters; and as to Mr. S.'s own plan, it will keep cool, and can be talked over next time you visit Edinburgh. Lives of poets as a separate publication would do well; but we suspect Mr. S. would prefer editing the works of certain favourite authors. In the meantime he has enough on hand—Dryden, Strutt, and the Sadler Papers."

To this Mr. Murray replies on the 19th December :— "We have managed well with the Corpus Poetarum. I saw Campbell two days ago, and he told me that Mr.

Scott had declined, and modestly asked if it would do by *himself* alone; but this *I* declined in a way that did not leave us the less friends."

From one cause or other Mr. Campbell's compilation lay long upon the anvil. On January 13, 1809, he writes to Henry Cockburn:—"I received from Constable the most warm assurances of the strongest personal regard; and now that I only solicit justice, and a plain single answer to my repeated letters, he refuses all answer and all explanation. My single question is, Does he choose the work to proceed? It is desperately hard that I cannot get this question answered." Of my father's silence I can offer no explanation, except that he had perhaps lost temper at the delay; but he seems at once, on the intervention of Mr. Cockburn, to have offered to release the poet from his engagement.

Among the following letters of Mr. Campbell to my father are those which unhappily remained unanswered:—

"SYDENHAM, *July* 27, 1808.

"MY DEAR SIR,—Having now arrived at the Index of our Collection, and feeling pretty well satisfied that we shall furnish the public with the best selection of poetry in the English language, I am anxious that you should settle where it is to be printed, as I think to have it out before winter. We must now be setting to work. I should be greatly obliged to you, therefore, to make that adjustment a part of your earliest correspondence with Mr. Hood.

"I have to solicit, what I hope you will admit from your usual friendship and respect for the purpose for

which I am obliged again to trouble you—my mother's fourth quarter of the annuity, commencing from your first delivery to her. It is £15. This will amount to £60 which *she* has received from you, independent of the other remittance. I shall be extremely obliged to you if you can favour me in this request, and remain, my dear Sir, with sincere esteem, yours, THOS. CAMPBELL."

"SYDENHAM, *August* 20, 1808.

"MY DEAR FRIEND,—Since our meeting in London I have kept in view the new position which I am much happier to think upon reflection our Poetical Collection is to assume. I am convinced that although a simple collection with occasional notes would have answered, that with regular notices of criticism and biography it will answer a great deal better. I have written a good many of those prefaces, and I am well pleased with the way they read. I have read them to several of my friends, and their opinion is also favourable.

"But to complete this new form of the work, I find that the books which would be sufficient for a compilation will not help me through the biographical notices. I have applied for access to several libraries, and as far as public libraries will do, I am at no loss. But I find it impossible, without having some book occasionally beside me, to make any progress, and those libraries (such as the British Museum, etc.) do not permit any book to be given away one day.

"In this emergency I must rely on your goodness to assist me. If you will only recommend me strongly to

any bookseller, your correspondent in London, who will with a good will assist me occasionally to get access to a book, the work will prosper to our most sanguine wishes, and you shall have my thanks as well as, I trust, the remuneration of a respectable book. Depend on my word, that I shall not abuse any liberty you may give me of getting a book borrowed on your authority. I shall be answerable for the prompt return of every one of them in a safe *state*, which may be given me in consequence of this solicitation.

"Hood, you know, is not concerned in this affair: at least I suppose he made that arrangement with you, so that I cannot apply to him. I assure you, my dear Sir, it is no idle curiosity to look at new books, but a real zeal for my own reputation as connected with the work that prompts me to request this favour. An answer when you first find convenient will oblige in no ordinary degree, your sincere and affectionate friend,

"THOS. CAMPBELL.

"Compts. to Ballantyne.

"*P.S.*—I expect to have the whole done next winter, and be among you to set B. at it like the devil."

"SYDENHAM, *Nov.* 27, 1808.

"MY DEAR SIR,—Knowing the variety and importance of your avocations, I forbore to trouble you again on the subject of our compilation, but now so much time has elapsed that I cannot but suppose my letter has escaped your memory.

"I hear reports of your being expected in town, and of your house in London being established, but having no

distinct idea when either of these events is to take place, I think it better to request a few lines from you in the meantime, than to wait the indefinite time of your arrival. My request when I last wrote you was to have an introduction to some house in London who would supply me with a few books requisite for the biographical part of the compilation—it is but a few I shall need, but those few are indispensable. If it be not convenient to grant me that advantage, I must redouble my efforts to obtain such aid from a different quarter, but if that be the case, I should really take it kind to let me know it. I have made use of all the books I had access to in finishing the work according to our new arrangement, but I have still a good deal to do, and from my letter being unanswered, I am at a loss how to proceed.

"If anything new has occurred to you on the subject of the speculation, it would be better to communicate it now than to delay. The points with which I alone wish to trouble you, are merely to let me know whether it will be convenient for you to further my progress in the work in the way I have requested, and if so, when in the course of the winter I may expect the favour of that advantage.

"An answer, my dear Sir, will be a most particular obligation to yours very sincerely and respectfully,

"THOS. CAMPBELL."

The following letter is undated :—

"DEAR SIR,—Apprehensive from your silence towards my two last letters that your time is too much engrossed to take notice of them, I have taken the liberty of troub-

ling Mr. Jeffrey with the delivery of this, and at the same time must beg your excuse for requesting a verbal communication to him on the subject of the Poetical Compilation. I am really very anxious to know your sentiments on that subject. Previous to our meeting in summer, and long previous to it, I had spent a very considerable space of time in the sole employment of reading and selecting from every poet in the English language worth reading or selecting from. From Mr. Hood's wishing to resign the speculation, however, and from the consciousness that the announce of my readiness to set the press agoing was not given within the legal time, I left the affair to your own sound decision and choice, and at our parting interview was happy to find that along with the addition of biographical and critical sketches, the reading I had spent would not be lost, but the book go on. I exhausted all the books within my reach in adding to my biographical notes, and have only waited for your further aid to get as soon as possible ready for press.

"If you wish me to go on it will particularly oblige me if you will attend to my request. If you do not like the speculation, still it will put an end to my suspense to let me know your wishes. In either case I shall be much obliged to you for a communication through our common friend Mr. Jeffrey.—I remain, my dear Sir, yours very sincerely, THOS. CAMPBELL."

Campbell, according to his biographer, now set to work in right earnest; and although often interrupted in his task by other demands on his time and pen, made gradual

progress in the 'Selections' which bear his name. Slowly gradual the progress must have been, for on April 26th 1810 Mr. Murray writes to my father:—"I shall send you in a few days a printed advertisement of Campbell's work, which is nearly ready for press: he has completed the Lives, and all is just finished. When you receive this I will beg the favour of your candid opinion, and whether or not—supposing it to be actually done, and if you please actually *printed*, so that there can be no trouble with the editor—you will take half with me." Again, in November 1811, Mr. Murray writes:—"Miller, with Davies and Baldwin, are to join me in Campbell's Lives of the Poets, which will form three volumes crown 8vo, printed uniformly with Ellis's Specimens. Campbell has exerted all his talent, and a very great share of industry, and it will make an interesting work. The Life of Burns is very beautiful. We go to press in the summer, and intend to publish in January 1813. It is unnecessary to say that if you feel any disposition to join us, you may have a fifth, a tenth, or any share you like." The work did not appear till 1817, by which time the patience of author and publisher must have been alike exhausted.

Mr. Murray and my father were for many years on a footing of cordial, indeed affectionate, friendship, and accustomed to consult each other on all literary occasions. The following proposal, embodied in a letter from Mr. Campbell, of 16th September 1806, was submitted by that gentleman to the judgment of his Edinburgh counsellor:—

"SYDENHAM, 16*th September* 1806.

"DEAR MURRAY,—While the subject is in my mind, I

think proper to trouble you with a few further suggestions on our plan of the Magazine.

"Aiken, sen., Longman, etc., have announced their Athenéum. Well, we can say nothing of this work till we see it, only I trust you are as little discouraged by the beat of our rival's drum at this distance as I am. I do not mean to disclaim a fair opinion of old Aiken—he is both a very fair literary man, and quite up to the business of editing. But let us recollect that he was avowedly the editor of Phillips's Magazine, and what was that? If the Athenéum be no better, need we be alarmed? Aiken is not young, and there is less chance of his being ambitious of out-doing himself—men seldom alter either works or faith at his age.

"But '*suppose and suppose*,' as the song says, that we had an hundred Athenéums to confront, is it not worth our while to make a great effort?

"Assuredly; and the view which I take of our intended work is of a thing hitherto untried in this country. While our Magazine ought to be the deposit of valuable essays and communications *indigenously* English, it must also be, what nothing has been before, a concentrated picture of the foreign literature of Europe. You will perceive, my dear Sir, that to fill up our intended extent of pages with genuine and superlative communications of merit from England alone is out of the question. I scarcely believe any capital city in Europe, at least any private interest in any capital, could rally round it regularly once a month so much original and valuable matter. I shall be satisfied if, with a wide and classical

correspondence in England, we find three out of the six sheets communicated by such men as will do honour to our connexion. Much of my time you know in the way of composing must fall to the poetry. The prose essays must be valuable indeed to attract any notice, *for remember they have not the attraction of 'reviewing' to interest the curiosity or gossiping of the public.* Now, for the other three sheets. Certain I am that of all the thousand volumes which appear in Europe every month, there are many valuable pieces of which all mention or knowledge is lost to Englishmen for want of a watchful eye to select, to translate, and accommodate them to our taste and knowledge. Of the constant periodical works which appear in Italy, France, Germany, even Spain and Sweden, is there not something in the *belles-lettres* of which an extract might be popular in England? In science we receive instantly every new communication—every essay in that department speaks immediately in every tongue; but in the *belles-lettres* merit seems chained by local prejudices, or by some fatality, I know not what, to be a subject of praise alone in its own country, or, if renowned, only by chance and posthumously. I speak, you observe, only in the general, for undoubtedly novels and plays to a certain degree find their level soon over Europe; but still I am convinced that much interesting, much delightful matter is to us a fountain sealed, and a book shut up in other languages, merely because no hand is applied to select what is valuable.

"Our Magazine must therefore rely on this untried source of interest for a new species of merit. I shall

soon, I trust, be disengaged, and stript for getting entire facility in modern languages. I know French, Italian, and German at present. I have yet to encounter, and I will encounter with zeal, the Spanish, and the Swedish and Danish dialects of the Teutonic.

"I come, after much preamble, to the point chiefly in my thoughts. When I present myself fit for the task of choosing from foreign books a great difficulty still remains. We must wrestle over it. *Foreign correspondence* is absolutely necessary to our plan. If our ideas coincide I should recommend your forming such a connexion either with foreign booksellers in Hamburgh, Leipsic, and elsewhere, or with sellers of foreign books *here*, as might lead to our obtaining extracts from the best books in foreign languages, at the cheapest rate. We shall, of course, have several foreign critical journals; but on these, as far as I can judge, no certain reliance is to be placed. To obtain good extracts from foreign works we might, perhaps, with greatest effect, employ some literary man of conscientious fidelity and taste, who might transmit us (say) a sheet per month, or even a letter accompanying the volume of any work he thought of high value, with a mere notice of the page where it was to be found. For the translation there would be no difficulty. Now, this would suppose us to have regular foreign correspondents in pay. True, and I venture to say that, even allowing those foreign correspondents more than they would ask, their communications, when translated and sent to press, would prove cheaper than lucubrations of original English worth half their value. The first charge would be a

monthly stipend to the foreigner for mere advice, for either transcribing a sheet from a work in his own tongue, or for a letter with the recommended volume, describing its best parts. If the volume or vols. were valuable, extracting by transcription would be advisable. If otherwise, the price of the foreign book would be the next charge, which after our use of it might not be a lost purchase. The next charge would be for translating the foreign extract, and for that, although I should by all means recommend a decent allowance, yet the charge would after all come to less than original composition, and, what is of more consequence, I am sure it would be more interesting.

"A wish occurred to me at one time, only a wish, for I durst not half resolve it, to take a trip to the Continent, and settle such foreign correspondences, if our minds agreed on this head. But I must not wish it, for the difficulty of leaving my family is invincible. Seeing this I am the more anxious to lose no time in concerting and maturing our plan of transmarine connexion all over Europe. Through Hamburgh indirectly we have it in our power to correspond (I believe even) with the King's enemies. If I continue to have access to Holland House, I believe I shall be able to facilitate our discrimination of Spanish literature, and through the interest of the Danish Consul I trust for another channel of communication, less valuable indeed, but still worth attending to. On no occasion did I ever feel interested in the future as I do now. I am half feverish with anxiety about it.

"We may fall, but it will be like Phaeton, *magnis ausis*.—Believe me, with great regard, yours,

"T. CAMPBELL."

After 1808 I possess no direct correspondence between Mr. Campbell and my father; but it is certain that he contributed occasionally to the publications of the house,—*inter alia*, the articles 'Drama,' 'Demosthenes,' and 'Dryden' to the Encyclopædia Britannica.

CHAPTER V.

John Leyden.

THE interesting account of Leyden in the Edinburgh Annual Register for 1811 is now accessible to all in the Miscellaneous Prose Works of Sir Walter Scott; and the Memoir by the Rev. James Morton, prefixed to the Poetical Remains, may be known to many readers; but the life and character of such a man may with advantage be reconsidered, and I shall here recapitulate a few of the leading features in his brief and bright career.

He was born on the 8th September 1775, in Teviotdale, whose charms he has made known and endeared as only a true poet can. It was there that his infancy and early youth were passed, in humblest outward circumstances, but with the inestimable advantage of judicious love and care, for his parents were pious and intelligent. In evidence of the unselfish nature of his father it may here be mentioned, that in the year 1817, when informed by Sir John Malcolm that a selection from the writings of his son was about to be published for his benefit, he said, —"The money you speak of would be a great comfort to me in my old age, but, thanks to the Almighty, I have good health, and can still earn my livelihood. I pray you,

therefore, to publish nothing that is not for my son's good fame."

Leyden, the first-born of four sons and two daughters, was nine years of age before he was sent to school, where he began to learn writing, arithmetic, and the rudiments of Latin grammar. But the previous years had not been unemployed or barren. His grandmother, a willing and competent instructress, had taught him to read the Bible, which he held in life-long reverence, and whose historical passages first caught and fixed his attention. On the shelves of neighbouring cottages he found some works of Scottish history, a translation of Homer, Sir David Lindsay's poetry, and Milton's Paradise Lost.

Sir Walter tells us also of a copy of the Arabian Nights which Leyden discovered in the possession of a blacksmith's apprentice, and that, proud-spirited though he was, he pursued its owner from place to place in the severest winter weather, until, like the petitioner of the unjust judge, by continual coming he had so wearied him, that for the sake of peace the treasure was yielded up. The charm that Oriental literature had for Leyden in after life, and his love of the marvellous at home and abroad, may perhaps in a measure be traced to the coveted volume thus acquired; and in his Journal of 1805, when sailing in the Indian seas, he quotes King *Mehrage* of Sindbad the Sailor as a prototype of the *Maha Rajahs* of more modern times.

No sacrifice was too great for Leyden when demanded by the love of knowledge. He would have subjected himself at any period to the utmost privations to purchase

such books as were not otherwise to be procured; and sensitive as he was to ridicule, especially in youth, and unwilling to be seen by his companions riding on a donkey which his father had bought to carry him in severe weather to and from school, so soon as he found that a copy of Calepini Dictionarium Octolingue was to be included in the bargain, he at once dropped all objection, and thankfully accepted the obnoxious quadruped, prepared to surmount the *pons asinorum*, or any other kindred erection with which the learned have sought at once to illustrate and bridge over the rudiments of science.

It was in November 1790 that Leyden left home to enter the Edinburgh University, escorted half-way by his father, but with no other companion during the remainder of his journey than his "obsequious" shadow.[1] His ultimate destination being the Church of Scotland, his College studies during the first term were exclusively devoted to Latin and Greek, but his appetite for knowledge being omnivorous, during the succeeding years of his career there were few subjects taught in either of the Faculties which did not to some extent engage his attention. His talent for languages, and ardour in acquiring them, was only equalled by that of his friend and con-

[1] "Once more, inconstant shadow! by my side
I see thee stalk with vast gigantic stride;
Pause when I stop, and where I careless bend
My steps, obsequiously their course attend:
So faithless friends, that leave the wretch to mourn,
Still with the sunshine of his days return."
Scenes of Infancy, Part iv.

temporary, Alexander Murray; and before his College course was ended, he had made himself master of German, French, Spanish, Italian, Islandic, Hebrew, Arabic, and Persian. When some one objected to the miscellaneous nature of his studies, he said, "Dash it, man! never mind; if you have the scaffolding ready you can run up the masonry when you please."

It was during his University career that Leyden won the friendship of Francis Horner, Brougham, William Erskine,[1] Dr. Thomas Brown, and many other distinguished students of that day. By the recommendation of Professor Dalzel, he became in 1796 tutor to the sons of Mr. Campbell of Fairfield, in whose family, Sir Walter tells us, he was treated with that respect and kindness which every careful father will pay to him whose lessons he expects his children to receive with attention and advantage. Leyden's manners in society were not such as to produce at first a favourable impression; but Scott, who knew him well, says that "the apparent harshness of his address covered a fund of real affection to his friends, and kindness to all with whom he mingled. To gratify the slightest wish of a friend he would engage at once in the most toilsome and difficult researches.[2] Sir John Malcolm tells us his "temper was mild and generous, and he could bear with perfect good humour railing on his foibles."

In 1800 Leyden was ordained, and preached thereafter occasionally in the churches of Edinburgh and the

[1] A distinguished civil servant of the East India Company.

[2] See Letter from Robert Jamieson, June 6th, 1801, *infra*.

neighbourhood. His style of oratory was not pleasing, especially when he became excited, and what he himself called the "saw-tones" prevailed; but it was impossible to listen to him without being convinced of his great learning, his knowledge of ethics, and sincere zeal for the interests of religion.

His acquaintance with Mr. Richard Heber, which began in 1799, soon ripened into friendship, and to it, among other great advantages, Leyden was indebted for his introduction to the best literary society, and above all, for his intimacy with Walter Scott, and through Scott, with George Ellis. He laboured zealously in assisting Scott to procure materials for the Minstrelsy, his earliest publication, in which Leyden was equally interested by friendship for the editor and patriotic zeal for the honour of the Scottish Border.[1]

Many of the friends of Leyden were anxious to see him settled in a ministerial charge; and there is no doubt that ere long a suitable opening would have occurred; but though he still preferred the clerical profession to

[1] The manners of Leyden, if not graceful, were certainly as easy as his heart was frank and free. Mr. Ellis thus announces Leyden's first appearance at his villa, near Windsor: "His whole air and countenance told us, 'I am come to be one of your friends,' and we immediately took him at his word." To Scott, just before sailing for India, Leyden writes: "Assure your excellent Charlotte, whom I shall ever recollect with affection and esteem, how much I regret that I did not see her before my departure, and say a thousand pretty things for which my mind is too much agitated. . . . And now, my dear Scott, adieu. Think of me with indulgence, and be certain that wherever and in whatever situation John Leyden is, his heart is unchanged by place, his soul by time." The warmth and freedom of these utterances speak volumes for all parties.

any other, he had no certain prospect of a living; his expectations had been twice disappointed, and as he saw his contemporaries one after another either provided for in the Church, or successfully pursuing some other profession, he grew weary of the routine of private tuition, and impatient of the drudgery of literary employment. In these circumstances his thoughts turned to Africa and the patronage of the Sierra Leone Company. Alarmed for his safety in that dangerous climate, his friends bestirred themselves to find a more desirable opening, and by the influence of Mr. Dundas, then a member of the Board of Control, an appointment as assistant-surgeon was offered. His energy and success in at once qualifying himself for examination before the Medical Board at the India House is graphically set forth in the following letter to my father from the late James Wardrop, M.D., on hearing of Leyden's death:—

"My dear Sir,—When I heard of Dr. Leyden's death, and more particularly when I read the short but interesting account given of his life by General Malcolm, I could not help being strongly impressed that a detailed history of his life and writings would be most interesting. I thought also that no one could do this so well as Mr. Scott, not only from his unrivalled reputation as a poet and an author, but from personal knowledge and his intimacy with Leyden. You may think it odd that I should write to you on this subject; but as you may have the means of suggesting and getting such a work executed, I have ventured to take this liberty. I must also tell you how it happens that I am particularly interested

in such a work. Leyden was my private tutor for two years, and to him I am indebted for pointing out the advantages and the pleasures of knowledge. I had spent the usual time at the Grammar School, and attended one season at the University, and never learned a lesson but with the hope of escaping the *tawse*. After this, Leyden instructed me in Greek and Latin, and in place of *driving* it into my head with awe and severity, he excited a passion for study by *practically* showing its utility, and the reasonable sources of pleasure and satisfaction to be derived from it. His immense stock of knowledge, gleaned by labour and a most retentive memory, and communicated in a most simple and familiar manner, at once opened before me new prospects and new passions, which I have ever since been proud gratefully to thank him for. At the time I first knew Leyden (fifteen years ago) his manners were extremely rude and unpolished, and even after he had mixed in some polite society their natural coarseness was little softened, and finding it incurable he kept them in their original purity. The powers of his memory were never more usefully and strongly called forth than in the means which he pursued for getting out to India. He went there appointed to the medical department, for which he had qualified himself by a few *weeks'* study! He had previously acquired some very superficial knowledge of anatomy and chemistry, more with a view of increasing his general knowledge than of applying them to the practical parts of medicine; and finding that a medical appointment was necessary for him to get out to India to prosecute his other pursuits, he undertook to

qualify himself in a few weeks to get the necessary diploma. In going through this preparation he was not altogether fearless of success; and I remember well his calling on me that I might show him some surgical instruments, and enable him to distinguish a scalpel from a razor, and an amputating-knife from a carver. After two, or at most three, weeks' preparation, he was bold enough to appear as a candidate for a surgeon's diploma, and his attempt was successful. The merits of his poetry are such, and of his investigations, though not completed, on the Oriental or other languages, that along with the history of his life, the whole would form a most valuable volume.—I am, etc., JAMES WARDROP.[1]

"LONDON, *June* 1812."

[1] Dr. Wardrop, who rose to eminence in his profession, especially by his skill in the treatment of diseases of the eye, was a man of wide culture and of great warmth of heart. He received his early medical and surgical education in the University of Edinburgh, completing it by a course of study in the schools of Paris and Vienna. After practising for a few years in Edinburgh, where he was instrumental in the institution of the admirable Museum of the Royal College of Surgeons, Dr. Wardrop removed to London, where he established a "Hospital of Surgery," the wards of which were thrown open to all members of the profession, one day in each week being set apart for special operations. In 1818 he was appointed Surgeon-Extraordinary to the Prince Regent, and in 1822 he accompanied his royal master to Edinburgh in the same capacity. In 1828 he received the appointment of Surgeon to the King, with whom he stood in high favour to the last, and who subsequently offered him a Baronetcy, which was declined.

In evidence of Dr. Wardrop's kind and generous nature, it gives me singular pleasure to record my own intercourse with him at a late period of his life, in 1859. He had requested me to undertake the publication of a new edition of one of his works, and on my declining to do so on account of the risk involved, he wrote somewhat urgently, saying that he would gladly free me from all pecuniary responsibility,

The intercourse between my father and Dr. Leyden was intimate and constant from the day when they first became acquainted until Leyden left for India in 1803; but though frequent it was for the most part personal, and has left behind but few epistolary traces. Leyden's earliest letter to my father is dated in June 1800, and marks the confidence with which he was regarded by his proud-spirited and independent friend:—

"DEAR SIR,—As I find that during my tour I shall have occasion for more cash than I had supposed, I must request you to accommodate me with £10, if you can conveniently, till my return. I own your late conversation has induced me to give you this mark of confidence—a mark which most persons would rather dispense with, but which I would not grant to any other person in Edinburgh on any account. As I shall hardly have an opportunity of seeing you again, except *en passant*, being so very much engaged, I leave this card.—Yours, etc.,

"J. LEYDEN."

The tour to which Leyden here alludes was in the Highlands and the islands of the Hebrides, in company with

as he was anxious that his book should be published by the son of a man who, when he left Edinburgh for London fifty years before, had made him a freewill offer of a loan of £500, to assist him in the outset of his career. Similar instances of liberality on my father's part were not infrequent, but it was not often that they met a similar return.

Dr. Wardrop died in February 1869. It is to be hoped that his MS. Journal will ere long be edited and published. It must be full of interest, for he was an acute and quaint observer, and he lived in stirring times.

two young German noblemen, whose incognito has been strictly preserved, as their names are nowhere mentioned. They had studied in Edinburgh during the preceding winter. From Oban, on the 14th August, he writes as follows :—

"OBAN, *August* 14, 1800.

"DEAR SIR,—You may perhaps suppose from my long silence that before this time I have been shipwrecked on some desert island, or that I have gone on a visit to the Celtic green isle of the Blest. I assure you, however, that no supposition can possibly be worse founded. I have this moment returned from visiting Mr. Macnicol of Lismore, after having been driven into that island by a dreadful storm which had very nearly made both me and my companions food for the fishes. I never recollect so complete a soaking, though I have often encountered perils by land and perils by water. There was no hope: I had begun to sing my death-song, and was roaring 'Lochaber no more,' to the utter confusion of my companions and the boatmen, who I believe thought they had got the devil in the boat with them, when we fortunately contrived to run upon the island of Lismore.

"I do not, however, intend to entertain you with an account of my own hairbreadth 'scapes when I have information of a different description to communicate.

"As we did not proceed by Glasgow, but by Stirling, my inquiries cannot possibly extend to that quarter concerning our literary antiquities. When I visited Inverary, though I had the Duke's permission to examine his old books, it was of no avail, for the books were shut

up in a closet, and the steward, who was absent with the key, did not return till after my departure. I learned that very few fragments of the ancient library are extant in Inverary. Mr. Macnicol, however, has informed me that Carswell's treatise has been seen by himself and examined by the brotherhood of Gaelic scholars—Stewart of Luss, Smith of Campbelton, etc. It is not the Irish Liturgy, but a religious treatise in Gaelic, and not in very good Gaelic either, says Mr. Macnicol. The Propagation Society intended once to have reprinted it from the Duke of Argyle's copy, but Mr. Macnicol thinks that they have now renounced that idea. It was printed at Edinburgh in 1567, as that gentleman showed me from a MS. note which he had taken down while it was in his custody. But what is of more importance to you—

"You have repeatedly expressed your desire of publishing something concerned with the Ossianic controversy. I have perused Mr. Macnicol's Remarks on Johnson's tour, and I sincerely believe that it would answer *your* purpose well to reprint it. Impressed with this idea, I have not only procured Mr. Macnicol's consent for you, if you think it will answer, but his promise to revise it, if it be undertaken. The local knowledge of Mr. Macnicol, who is himself descended from the Bards Macnicols of Glenorchy, who long preserved the Ossianic Poems in their country, is worth a great deal of argumentation, while his perfect knowledge of Gaelic, his literary friends in the Highlands, and the poems which he can repeat, which he has heard repeated, and which have passed through his hands in MS., render him by far the fittest antagonist to

encounter Laing, of all the Highlanders, not excepting Campbell of Portree. If you choose to engage in the business you will find him by no means unreasonable in his demands, for the spirit of the Highlander is above that; besides, I have brought matters to such a length that you need only correspond with him yourself immediately on the receipt of this; and as you will not find him ready to quarrel about terms, you had better begin by sending him a copy of Laing's Dissertation for his use in the business, for which I engage to pay if nothing shall come of it. By this means you will anticipate Sir John Murray and the Antiquarian Society, who appear to me to be blundering in the dark. Sir John was anxious to meet Mr. Macnicol, but failed by accident; perhaps he may repeat the attempt, therefore no time is to be lost. I have likewise secured the co-operation of Mr. A. Macnab of Glenorchy, of the family of smiths who have resided on one little hill for four hundred years; and before my return, when I shall willingly superintend the republication of Macnicol's Remarks, I hope to establish such a chain of correspondence in the Highlands as shall far exceed the efforts of both the Antiquarian and Highland Societies. I am labouring at Gaelic like a dragon. Write to me immediately to Inverness Post-Office, where I shall soon be, and lose no time to correspond with Mr. Macnicol. Compliments to Mrs. Constable.—I am, etc.,

"JOHN LEYDEN.

"*P.S.*—Mr. Macnicol comprehends very well the Irish claims to Ossian, but has neither read Hill, in the Gaelic

Magazine, Young in the Irish Transactions, nor Campbell on the Ecclesiastical and Literary History of Ireland."

To this tour we owe the beautiful ballad The Mermaid of Corrievrekin, included in the Border Minstrelsy, and it was also in the course of it that Leyden came to know Dr. Beattie,[1] and was permitted to transcribe Albania, a poem in praise of Scotland, which, along with Wilson's Clyde, was published in 1802, under the title of Scottish Descriptive Poems.

About this time Leyden also edited for Mr. Constable The Complaynt of Scotland, a scarce and ancient political tract, written in 1548, to which he prefixed a very able dissertation on various points in Scottish history, and a glossary. In 1802 he edited for a time the Scots Magazine, to which he contributed both in poetry and in prose; he was also occupied on his celebrated poem, Scenes of Infancy, which was published before leaving this country for India. It was on the 7th April 1803 that Leyden sailed for Madras, which he reached on the 19th of August. He thus graphically describes his landing:—"We landed after passing through a very rough and dangerous surf, being completely wetted by the spray, and were received on the beach by a number of the natives, who wanted to carry us from the boat on their naked, greasy shoulders, shining with cocoa oil. I leapt on shore with a loud huzza, tumbling half-a-dozen of them on the sand."

From "Puloo Penang, *alias* Prince of Wales' Island," he writes to my father on October 23d, 1805 :—

[1] Author of The Minstrel, etc. etc.

"PRINCE OF WALES' ISLAND, *alias* PULOO PENANG,
Oct. 23, 1805.

"DEAR CONSTABLE,—I would with great pleasure apologize for not answering sooner your very brief note accompanying a volume of the Edinburgh Review, but really it is not a couple of months since I received it, and the last of these has been spent at sea between Travancore and Achin. I had almost forgot that it is very probable these names are not quite so familiar to you as York and Newcastle, or any other two places one might pitch on between Edinburgh and London, on the great highroad. Be it therefore known to you, that the one is the name of a kingdom on the Malabar coast, and the other of a sultanship on the western coast of Sumatra, the Sultan of which styles himself Lord of heaven and earth, and of the four-and-twenty umbrellas. 'But how came you to be so long in receiving my card and volume?' you will say. Why so?—because I have been stationed in Mysore during the greater part of the time I have been in India, and during a considerable part of the time amid the jungles of Coimbatore and on the confines of the Wynaad, where neither mail-coach nor post-chaises ever come at all; and during a considerable part of that time the communication between Mysore and Madras has been cut off by the Gentoo Polygars, and between Mysore and Malabar by the Nairs of the Wynaad, into whose hands I nearly fell about five months ago, when I descended into Malabar through the passes of Coory. Besides all these obstacles, you must take into consideration that ever since I left Madras, which was a few months after my

arrival, it has seldom been an easy matter to tell where I should be in a few days, or even within a few hundred miles of it.

"You already perceive I have not imitated your laudable brevity in every kind of information. I hope therefore you will take the hint, and as you write a good bold hand, and as I know there are few persons in the world more curious, and few persons more full of anecdote, be a little more communicative in your next epistle. I am not, any more than you, of a disposition to forget old friends, and to convince you of it, though I could tell you many adventures of the most marvellous description, nay, such as would make your very wig stand on end—for I presume you wear one before this time—you shall not hear a single circumstance that, with all your logic, you can contrive to call a *gun*, ay, or a *pistol*.[1]

"You say you will be glad to hear that I have found Madras according to my wish. Why then rejoice *therefor*, as ancient Pistol says. I assure you that I have found it exactly the field for me, where, if I stretch out my arms,

[1] We are reminded in reading this letter, and others written by Leyden while in the East, of the poet Campbell's remark to Scott, to whom Leyden had introduced him: "When Leyden comes back from India, what cannibals he will have eaten, and what tigers he will have torn to pieces!" Although associates, and at one time *quasi* friends, there must have been something antagonistic in these two men. They had quarrelled; but when Scott repeated to Leyden the poem of Hohenlinden, he said, "Dash it, man! tell the fellow that I hate him, but, dash him! he has written the finest verses that have been published these fifty years." "I did mine errand," says Scott, "as faithfully as one of Homer's messengers, and had for answer, 'Tell Leyden that I detest him, but I know the value of his critical approbation.'"

I may grasp at anything—no fear but I show you I have long hands. There is, to be sure, one terrible drawback with all this—the pestilent state of health I have enjoyed, or rather suffered under, ever since I came to the country. This, however, I think I may expect to triumph over, though it has even at this very time brought me from Mysore to Puloo Penang. In spite of all this I think I may venture safely to say that no person whatever has outstripped me in the acquisition of country languages, whether sick or well. I have nevertheless been given up by the physicians three or four times within these last eleven months, as any one might very well be, afflicted at once with the four most formidable diseases of India, *i.e.* liver, spleen, bloody flux, and fever of the jungles, which is reckoned much akin to the African yellow fever. Notwithstanding all that, I am the old man, a pretty tough chap, with a heart as sound as a roach, and moreover as merry as a grig,—'so let the world go as it will, I'll be free and easy still.' I shall only add that my first medical appointment has been worth more than any possessed by three-fourths of the medical men on the Madras establishment. I have been extremely successful in all my medical and surgical practice, so that at Madras my medical reputation is at least as high as my literary character. This I may say without vanity after some of the services I have been employed on. So you see I have fairly written myself out of my sheet, whereas you left 2½ sides blank in yours. You can therefore have no reasonable objection that I now subscribe myself yours sincerely,

"JOHN LEYDEN.

"*P.S.*—Admiral Trowbridge is just arrived, and I have been giving him information of a Frenchman that had nearly taken me on my voyage, and a frigate is despatching after him. Our vessel was a Malabar Grab manned with Mapillas and Muldivians—the rankest cowards in nature. We should certainly have been taken had the sea not run so high that they could not come aboard of us. For my own part, wearing a long red beard, a turban, and the other dress of a Mussulman, and speaking Arabic and Persic fluently, I had little to fear, and should probably not have been discovered. Admiral Trowbridge fell in with the Marengo, which Dan [*paper torn*] defeated formerly, as he came along with the fleet. He was terribly eager for action, and in order to blow her to the devil at once he opened all his ports, notwithstanding the immense surges of our Indian seas, and that a hard gale was blowing. At his first broadside he shipped such a sea at his lower ports on the opposite side, that he had nearly foundered; two men were drowned in the orlop. The Marengo got off before he righted, and made her escape.

"Pray do not forget my good friend Mr. Willison, whom I often think of, nor yet Mrs. Constable. After a damnable march under a burning sun, I have often wished to have been able to eat a beefsteak with them as in the days of old. When we have finished the Mahrattas we expect to have a vigorous hit at Mauritius and Manila, so that we are all agog for prize-money.

"*P.P.S.*—I have forgot two things which ought to have been mentioned: the first is, when you are disposed to remember old friends, and my name comes athwart you,

direct to the care of Messrs. Binnie and Dennison, Madras, who are my agents, and consequently always better apprised of my motions than others, else your letters may chance not to reach me in a couple of years, or perhaps never come within a thousand miles of me. I should be well pleased if you were to send me the Scots Magazine from the time I was first connected with it to the present, and continue; I lost the copy in London of the first year; —also the Edinburgh Review, for I have only odd Numbers of it, and Murray's Bruce's Travels, when published. Let this, however, be entirely at your own pleasure: I cannot transmit you the value till I have opened a communication with London direct, which cannot be till I revisit Madras, which may perhaps be some time, as after the Mysore survey is closed I am to be employed, I understand, as a Mahratta interpreter, as well as physician and surgeon at one of the Mahratta Residences or Courts. So you see I cannot immediately answer that you will be paid for them; therefore, do as you think fit; if they come in my way I shall provide myself. Is Sir Tristrem published? I have not seen a Review better than a year and ten months old. The wars of Wynaad are nearly finished; when I was there the Nairs could not venture to show themselves, though they sometimes kept up a rattling fire from the bushes. The rebellion of the Nairs in Travancore has been quashed by the skill of Colonel Macaulay, the Resident. The war in Ceylon goes badly on, from our own misconduct. We lately took Candy a second time, and were obliged to leave it from not having provided magazines. The wars with the

Mahrattas are more glorious than advantageous: had the Marquis Wellesley remained half a year longer they would have been crushed to pieces: but M. Cornwallis is unfit for such active service, and besides, he is just dying of the dropsy in the chest. We are tigers among hares here. J. L."

The only later letter from Leyden that I have found among my father's papers is dated from Calcutta, January 10, 1810. As being his last, and in his lively if not humorous style, I give it here. Scott says Leyden had no "humour," and I think he is right:—

"CALCUTTA, *Jany.* 10, 1810.

"DEAR CONSTABLE,—I have desired the accompanying parcel for Mr. Heber to be forwarded to No. 10 Ludgate Street, London, where I understand you are flourishing like a green bay tree. Go on and prosper, and, above all, do me the favour to let this parcel be delivered as soon as convenient. Pray, whether do you now intend to rival the great Whittington or the great Lackington, or are we to see the Life of Hannibal Constable, Knight, some of these days, to match the lives of Lackington and Phillips? I now begin seriously to think you will inevitably have the start of me in the order of *knighthood*, for you are positively outdoing all your former outdoings. I have, however, some hopes to be Sheriff of Calcutta before you can possibly contrive to be Lord Mayor of London.

"Now, *apropos* of the Lord Mayor of London, there has been a splendid translation of Confucius published here,

with the original Chinese text, under the patronage of Lord Minto, Governor-General, which, it is thought, will render it as easy to read Chinese as Latin. The translator, Mr. Marshman, intends sending home about 100 copies. He asked me the other day whom I could recommend as a bookseller, adding, that the translation of the Ranayar and Carey's Sanscrit Grammar had lain like waste-paper at London. I told him, that as there was only one Bonaparte in the political world, so there was only one Hannibal Constable in the bookselling world, and that the best thing he could do would be to consign them entirely to your management. This he promised to do, and you will of course receive them soon from *Mr. Burls*, No. 56 Lothbury Street.—Yours, etc.,

"J. LEYDEN."

Details of Leyden's career in India are to be found in the sketches of his life by Sir Walter Scott and Mr. Morton. His first employment, after his arrival, was in the General Hospital at Madras. In January 1808 he was promoted to the office of surgeon and naturalist to the Commissioners appointed to survey the provinces in the Mysore recently conquered from Tippoo Sultaun. In 1807, in consequence of a memoir written by him in the Indo-Persian, Indo-Chinese, and Dekkani languages, he was elected to a Professorship of Hindustani, and made a member of the Asiatic Society. The Professorship was soon exchanged for the office of judge of the twenty-four Pargunnahs of Calcutta. Whatever that may be, the situation is an arduous one, uniting the functions of a

soldier and a magistrate, and it is recorded that he discharged these with great credit to himself and benefit to the public. In January 1809, when he had held this situation for two years, he was appointed a Commissioner of the Court of Requests in Calcutta, and towards the end of 1810 he was preferred by Lord Minto to the situation of Assay Master at the Mint, where he enjoyed a very considerable salary, and had easy duties to perform. "I have laid aside," he says in a letter to his father, "the scales of Justice for those of Mammon; and instead of trying men and their causes, I have only to try the baser, but much less refractory, metals of gold and silver."

In March 1811 Leyden's services were required in the expedition against Java. On August 4th the British troops landed at a village six miles east from Batavia, and three days afterwards entered that celebrated city. Amongst other objects there, calculated to excite and to gratify his favourite passion, was a library, said to contain valuable Oriental manuscripts. Shutting himself up in this room without taking the precaution to have it aired, he was seized with shivering and sickness, and three days later, on the 28th of August, died of fever, in the thirty-sixth year of his age.

Mr. Erskine, in a letter to my father, writes as follows:—

"His dashing into matters that he had not fully studied exposed him to blunders, which numbers were eager to catch at, and, in consequence, to represent him as a pretender. But with all this, his real talents were so great, his industry so indefatigable, that he soon repaired and

covered his mistakes by new accessions of knowledge. He was restless in suggesting topics of research, and in urging those best qualified to undertake them. He quite revived the Asiatic Society, which for some time before had slumbered, and infused new life into it by what he did himself, and still more by what he was the cause of others doing. There was no work of learning or utility projected in his time in which he did not take an active part."

Sir John Malcolm, in a speech delivered shortly afterwards, at a visitation of the College of Fort-William, thus expressed his estimate of Leyden:—"No man ever possessed a mind more entirely exempt from every sordid passion, more negligent of fortune and all its grovelling pursuits—in a word, more entirely disinterested—or ever owned a spirit more firmly and nobly independent. I speak of these things with some knowledge, and wish to record a competent testimony to the fact, that within my experience Dr. Leyden never in any instance solicited an object of personal interest, nor, as I believe, ever interrupted his higher pursuits to waste a moment's thought on these minor cares. Whatever trust or advancement may at some periods have improved his personal situation, have been without exception tendered, and in a manner thrust upon his acceptance, unsolicited, uncontemplated, and unexpected. To this exemption from cupidity was allied every genuine virtue worthy of those smiles of fortune which he disdained to court; and amongst many estimable features of his character, an ardent love of justice and a vehement abhorrence of oppression were not less

prominent than the other high qualities I have already described."

The monument erected on the green at Denholm, in memory of Leyden, bears the following inscription:—

TO THE MEMORY OF
THE POET AND ORIENTAL SCHOLAR
WHOSE GENIUS LEARNING AND MANLY VIRTUES
WERE AN HONOUR TO HIS COUNTRY AND SHED A LUSTRE
ON HIS NATIVE TEVIOTDALE
THIS MONUMENT WAS ERECTED BY PUBLIC SUBSCRIPTION
A.D. 1861.

"Dear native valleys, may ye long retain
The chartered freedom of the mountain swain;
Long 'mid your sounding glades in union sweet,
May rural innocence and beauty meet;
And still be duly heard at twilight calm,
From every cot the peasant's chanted psalm!"

SCENES OF INFANCY.

"His bright and brief career is o'er,
And mute his tuneful strains;
Quenched is his lamp of varied lore
That loved the light of song to pour;
A distant and a deadly shore
Has Leyden's cold remains."

SCOTT.

"Grata quies patriæ, sed et omnis terra sepulchrum."

CHAPTER VI.

Alexander Murray.

It is a fact worth noting that the two greatest linguists of Britain, two of the greatest linguists the world has known, were born in Scotland in the same year, in neighbouring counties, and in the humblest ranks of pastoral life. The father of Leyden was a shepherd, and Murray tells us, "My father, Robert Murray, had been a shepherd all his days." The greater part of the early youth of both was spent in herding sheep in glens, or on the hill-side, and each had attained his ninth year before being sent to school. The impediments in Leyden's path were not perhaps so great as those in that of Murray, but they were equally ardent in the pursuit of knowledge under difficulties that to others would have seemed insurmountable. Murray entered the University four years later than his friend,[1] but the studies of each being intended to qualify for a clerical career, and their tastes and circumstances similar, they were thrown much together,

[1] "Born a poor boy in the wilds of Galloway, an early thirst for knowledge, but particularly for languages, left him little rest by day or by night. I knew him at Dalzel's class, a little shivering creature, gentle, studious, timid, and reserved."—Lord Cockburn's Memorials of his Time.

and continued throughout life warm and steady friends. Their mutual respect was great, and they are reported to have severally declared, that each regarded the other as his only formidable rival in philology.

In a letter dated 20th July 1812, from Murray to the Rev. J. G. Maitland of Minigaff, embodying a short narrative of his early life, written at the solicitation of that gentleman and of Principal Baird, he says:—"Gratitude seems to require that I should not refuse to give you and my other proven friend the means of gratifying an amiable curiosity; but I deprecate all the unpleasant consequences which may follow, and often have followed, the disclosure of *the great importance of a man to himself*, made by the vain personage for advancing his own glory, or by the friends who loved him too much to discern his real magnitude. In sole compliance with the wishes of the friends whom I shall honour while I live, I shall set down some of the principal facts that respect my studies till the year 1794, when I received your letter of recommendation to Dr. Baird."

Alexander Murray was born on the 22d October 1775, at Dunkitterick, in Erse Dun-cheatharaich,—the *knowe* of the Cattle. His father, who at the time of his birth was sixty-nine years of age, and remembered the battle of Sheriffmuir, had, as we have heard, "been a shepherd all his days." By a former marriage Robert Murray had five children,—a daughter and four sons, and all these sons were shepherds. It was intended that Alexander, the only child of the second marriage, should follow in the sheep-walk, but Providence had willed it otherwise,

though he had already completed his nineteenth year before his genius secured for him a final outgate from his native glen. His education, like that of Leyden, was begun at home, and by an equally aged, if not as competent an instructor. He tells us in the narrative above referred to:—

"Some time in autumn 1781 my father bought a Catechism for me, and began to teach me the alphabet. As it was too good a book for me to handle at all times, it was generally locked up, and he throughout the winter drew the figures of the letters for me in his *written* hand, on the board of an old wool-card, with the black end of an extinguished heather stem or root snatched from the fire. I soon learned all the alphabet in this way, and became writer as well as reader. I wrote with the *board* and *brand* continually: then the Catechism was presented, and in a month or two I could read the easier parts of it. In May 1782 he gave me a small Psalm-book, for which I totally abandoned the Catechism, which I did not like, and which I tore into two pieces and concealed in the hole of a dyke. I soon got many psalms by memory, and longed for a new book. Here difficulties arose—the Bible, *read every night* in the family, I was not permitted to open or touch; the rest of the books were locked up in chests. I at length got a New Testament, and read the historical parts with great curiosity and ardour. But I longed to read the Bible, which seemed to me a much more pleasant book, and I actually went to where I knew an old loose-leaved Bible lay, and carried it off piecemeal. I perfectly remember the strange pleasure I felt in reading

the histories of Abraham and David. I liked mournful narratives, and greatly admired Ezekiel, Jeremiah, and the Lamentations. I pored on these pieces of the Bible in secret for many months, for I durst not show them openly, and as I read constantly and remembered well, I soon astonished all our honest neighbours with the long passages of Scripture I repeated before them. I have forgot too much of my Biblical knowledge, but I can still rehearse the names of all the patriarchs from Adam to Christ, and various other narratives seldom committed to memory.

"My father had no debts, and *no money*. We lived in a wild glen five or six miles from Minigaff, and more from New Galloway. All his sons had been bred shepherds; he meant to employ me in that line, and he often blamed me for laziness and uselessness because I was a bad and negligent herd-boy. The fact was, I was always a weakly child, and short-sighted—a defect he did not know. This was often the occasion of blunders when I was sent to look for cattle. I was sedentary, indolent, and given to books and writing on boards with coals. In 1783 my fame for wondrous reading and a great memory were the discourse of the whole glen, but my father could not pay the expenses of lodging and fees for me at any school."

In the autumn of 1783 the family at Dunkitterick received a visit from William Cochrane, a brother of Mrs. Murray, who, struck with the genius and attainments of his nephew, undertook to send him to the parish school of New Galloway, and to lodge him in the house of his grandfather, who lived in the neighbourhood. Accord-

ingly, on the 26th of May 1784, Alexander came under the care of Mr. William Gordon, who appears to have been an efficient teacher. He made rapid progress during the summer, but in the beginning of the month of November, he tells us, "I was seized with an illness which obliged me to leave school, which I saw no more for four years." During this interval, which for an ordinary boy would have proved a fatal blank—his only necessary occupation being that of a herd—he "read or rather studied daily, Sir David Lindsay, Sir William Wallace, the Cloud of Witnesses, the Hind Let Loose, and all the books of piety in the place," with any ballads he could either buy or borrow.

In 1787 he was engaged by the heads of two families in Kirkowen parish to teach their children during the winter. For this his fees were fifteen or sixteen shillings, part of which he spent on books, among them the History of the Twelve Cæsars and Cocker's Arithmetic. In May 1789, his father having removed to a place within four miles of Minigaff, he became a pupil of Mr. Cramond, a most indulgent and, with him at least, painstaking master; and in the following winter, as before, he taught the children in several of the families of the district. He acquired the Hebrew alphabet from the letters prefixed to the sections of the 119th Psalm, and having borrowed a French Grammar from one friend, the Latin Rudiments from another, a Greek Grammar from a third, by comparing them with each other, he made wonderful progress in all these languages. A copy of Ainsworth's Dictionary, with all the Latin words and the corresponding ones in

Greek and Hebrew, he bought for eighteenpence, and found "invaluable."

He seldom joined the other boys in their games. "My amusement," he says, "consisted in reading books of history and poetry brought to school by the other scholars. At home I attacked Homer. . . . The fate of Hector and of Sarpedon affected me greatly, and no sensation was ever more lively than that I felt on first reading the passage which declares that Jupiter rained drops of blood in honour of his son Sarpedon, who was to fall far from his country."

John Heron, father of Robert Heron, and a cousin of Murray's, gave him a Hebrew Lexicon belonging to his sons, and another friend having lent him a Hebrew Bible, he read it throughout, and many passages and books of it a number of times. A dictionary in which he found the Anglo-Saxon alphabet and Paternoster prepared him to read Hickes's Saxon Grammar, and led the way to the Visigothic and German. In a stray volume of the Ancient Universal History he discovered a "very incorrect" copy of the Abyssinian alphabet, which he transcribed and kept by him "for future occasions." The Arabic he found in Robertson's Grammar, and mastered. A small Welsh History of Christ and the Apostles enabled him, with the help of its Scripture quotations, to make considerable progress also in that language.

From the time when he had first met Milton's Paradise Lost, sublime poetry had been Murray's favourite reading, and in the autumn of 1792 he began to write an epic poem, with Arthur for his hero. This, he says,

"was a very noisy, bombastic, wild, and incorrect performance, not without obligations to Ossian, Milton, and Homer." When he had completed the Seventh Book, he lost heart on discerning the immense superiority of his models, and determined to destroy the manuscript, in spite of the enthusiastic admiration of James M'Harg, a sympathetic friend of poetic tastes.

In the letter to Mr. Maitland from which I have already quoted, he thus sums up the account of his school-days:— "The whole periods of my school-education stand as follows: 1. From Whitsunday to the middle of August 1784 at New Galloway School, adding a fortnight in the end of October and beginning of November. 2. About six weeks spent at Minigaff in summer 1789. 3. From Whitsunday to vacation-time and a fortnight after vacation, 1790. 4. From Whitsunday to vacation 1791. 5. From Whitsunday to vacation and a fortnight after, 1792."

During the summer of 1794, M'Harg being in Edinburgh, had described Murray's case and circumstances to a journeyman printer, named James Kinnear, who afterwards assured him that if his friend would come to Edinburgh, Dr. Baird and several other gentlemen would assist him in obtaining admission to the classes at the University. In consequence of this assurance, Murray arrived in Edinburgh early in November of that year, provided with a testimonial from the Rev. Mr. Maitland, who also sent the following separate letter to the reverend Principal:—

"MINIGAFF MANSE, 17*th Nov.* '94.

"SIR,—Although I have not the honour of being personally acquainted with you, yet I feel myself called upon

to trouble you on the present occasion; and I know you will forgive me when you find that humanity is the motive of my doing so.

"Some time ago I gave a testimonial to a young man of the name of Murray of this parish, which his friends intended to show to you and some other gentlemen of the University; and I am happy to learn from him, that my recommendation has not been altogether fruitless, but that you, in particular, have promised to interest yourself in his behalf. He has further informed me that you desire to know whether or not he is qualified to begin a College education; and to satisfy you in this point is chiefly the design of my now writing to you.

"For my own part, then, I must say that I think him fully qualified to attend the first classes with advantage. He has, I am persuaded, more knowledge of Latin and Greek than most lads have when they go first to College. At the same time, I am not certain that this will at once be apparent to you, or the Professors; as he has an embarrassment in his speech, and an awkwardness in his manner of expressing himself, which do no justice to his knowledge. But these are disadvantages which are on the surface only; at the bottom, I am convinced, there is a very considerable share of genius. As to his moral character it is perfectly fair. His circumstances could not be lower; but I have full confidence, Sir, that you will do everything in your power to enable him to prosecute his studies, which from his own funds I am afraid he could not long continue.—I am, etc.

"J. G. MAITLAND."

Seventeen years later, when Mr. Murray was a candidate for the Chair of Oriental Languages in the University, Dr. Baird thus describes their first interview in a letter to the College Bailie:—

"The minister of his native parish had been so struck by the uncommon proficiency of the boy, that in hope of procuring patronage and encouragement for him in literary pursuits, he took the resolution of sending him to Edinburgh. His letter to me was the only introduction he brought to town. I asked the late Drs. Finlayson and Moodie to join me in examining him and judging of his proficiency, and we were all astonished to discover, that at so early an age, and without his having ever attended any school more (to the best of my recollection) than about two years, at interrupted intervals, he read *ad aperturam libri*, and also explained and analysed accurately, a passage of French, an ode of Horace, a page of Homer, and a Hebrew Psalm."

The career of Murray at the University was a distinguished one. By the aid of private teaching and a bursary, he maintained himself without needing to draw largely on the help of friends, and received license as a preacher in connexion with the Church of Scotland. The precise date of his introduction to my father is not recorded, but he had been for some time a contributor to the Scots Magazine, when, on the retirement of Dr. Leyden in 1802, he for a short time succeeded his friend as its editor. Acquaintance soon ripened into mutual confidence and regard, unclouded save by affectionate anxiety on my father's part, occasioned by the feeble

health of his friend. In the same year Murray undertook the congenial and appropriate task of writing a memoir of James Bruce of Kinnaird, and editing an edition of his Travels.

For the convenience of his work, and by special invitation, Murray went in September 1802 to reside at Kinnaird House, where, although at first courteously treated, he soon found himself an unwelcome guest. It may be that his manners did not reach the conventional standard of his host and hostess, and, as they failed to appreciate his moral and intellectual worth, his presence became a source of constant irritation; while Mr. Bruce, by withholding or tardily producing necessary documents, appears to have needlessly detained the angel of whom they were certainly unaware. His ten months' sojourn under their roof was a painful ordeal for all parties.

A few days after his arrival he writes as follows:—

"I study very hard; have not been anywhere since I came here. Mr. Bruce is very kind. My amusements and labours are much the same—perpetual reading. I cannot tell if I have yet seen all the papers; not that they would retain them, but because they are in the utmost confusion; Mr. Bruce always says such a thing is of no use; is trifling, etc., thinking it only private business, and not illustrative to me. The letters are all in high confusion, for, by jumbling old and new together, I believe nobody knows *where* or *what is*."

On the 15th November he records in a letter to my father an interesting visit paid to Kinnaird by Mr. Longman, who had accepted a share in the undertaking:—

"DEAR SIR,—I received your kind letter by the hands of Mr. Manners, and I was most agreeably surprised by a visit from him and a gentleman nearly concerned in our work, at a time when I so little expected it. Nothing was wanting except yourself, which, not to flatter you, seemed to me a very considerable want (both real and *personal*), to complete the pleasure of beholding all my friends united. I received your parcels, books, paper, etc., by the carrier, and the copies of our prospectus by Mr. Manners. I am very glad to learn that Mr. Longman takes so great a share of the Travels, and that so respectable a party of booksellers are about to conduct into the world my first public appearance.

"Last night Mr. Longman saw Mr. Bruce's drawings of history and architecture, and made some approaches to a bargain about the Barbary tour, which I do not, however, think will be closed at present. The form of our work was talked over anew after supper. Mr. Bruce manifested, without any extraordinary importunity, a considerable desire to have the work at press as soon as possible, and spoke of my offering the first volume some time ago. I told them that it was possible for me to bring the first volume (second of ours) to press, but that it would be very useful for the whole that it should not be done until matters were settled in other parts. When I found that they were anxious to let me know their haste, I honestly told them my difficulties in as plain a manner as I was master of. Mr. Bruce then mentioned to Mr. Longman that he expected a cargo of natural history from the East Indies, made by a late uncle of his, and they (Mr.

Longman and he) seemed at last to think that the two collections united might be given to the world under the name of the Natural History of India and Abyssinia. I, who saw little into this plan, with which I was not indeed concerned, mentioned our having a Natural History arranged for, with a catalogue of the drawings as they exist annexed to our work, according to our promise in the prospectus, and in order to show what Mr. Bruce had done. Mr. Bruce seconded Mr. Longman in thinking this unnecessary, as idle to give any account to the world of subjects of which there were no plates to be furnished. I could not assent to this. I instanced the Flora et Fauna Arabica of Forskal, the Danish traveller in Arabia, to show the propriety of giving short scientific descriptions without plates. None of the gentlemen were able to enter into this, as I suppose they had never looked into that book, and thought that I meant to give a prolix description of each plant, etc., as when a plate is inserted. I was piqued a good deal at this entrenchment on our plan, and the more so because it was proposed, not among ourselves, but in the presence of Mr. Bruce, who is willing to do no more than as a gentleman he can be led to do. I told them my responsibility for the credit of this work, and that I suspected that they opposed this as imagining it would anticipate or prejudice the sale of their future collection. This, I think, was Mr. Longman's real end in opposing the catalogue; and it was obvious that it coincided with that of Mr. Bruce. Both were strenuous on that head. Mr. Manners very properly endeavoured to explain matters on both sides. I told them I did not

choose to give up anything in the plan till I consulted you, my original employer and friend. They, however, argued so well, that I told them there SHOULD be no *catalogue* of those drawings in the work.

"Now, my dear Sir, it saves me considerable trouble to have such a thing omitted. It possibly might not add much to the value of the work. It is of itself but an imperfect way of telling the world what we cannot fully perform—I mean that it is not to expect the Natural History of Abyssinia in a book of travels. Still, it is better to have a catalogue of a celebrated library, if well made, than none at all; and it was a most improper place to urge the omission of it before Mr. Bruce, who will be led to think that I, and I only, am over zealous, and scrubbing him for a bargain. I have not got every little paper relative to Mr. Bruce, because neither he nor his secretary, who, to do him justice, helps as he can, knows where they are, and it is not their interest upon the whole to be over active. Only yesterday I found the pocket-books or pocket-journals of Mr. Bruce's first travels into Italy. All that is nothing to them, because these objects seem trifles; but trifles as they are, they are of very considerable value. I do not mean to say that they *withhold*, but I mean to say that they will not burden themselves with advancing my information.

"I am a little alarmed at the future inroads of new proprietors. Mr. Longman will probably not trouble himself beyond this time; Mr. Creech is, however, I understand, to have a share. He is a literary man, with whom I should wish to be acquainted, I think upon the

whole, but I can scarcely desire the honour of being subjected to his criticisms. If *he* encroach upon my plan too, I shall be sweetly situated.

"Thus far for business, in which I fear Mr. Longman will think me stiff, although he shall find me pliant enough in other respects.[1] Mr. Manners acted extremely well, as a friend to both parties, and I believe saw the improper place in which the affair was started.—I am, etc., ALEX. MURRAY."

To the above my father replied:—"You need give yourself no concern about the additional partners in Bruce's Travels, as the management will remain with the original proprietors, and consequently the plan of publication, now before the public, must be pointedly adhered to, unless good reasons are adduced for the contrary. You may in your own way let Mr. Bruce understand this."

On November 8th, Murray writes from Stirling:—

"I have just taken it into my head to write you a few lines from a place where I have never been before, and the only one to which I have emigrated from Kinnaird since I saw you. I arrived to-day on foot at Wingate's, in this ancient town, and after feasting my eyes with the reliques of Scottish grandeur and Scottish independence, without *one* friend to talk to, or acquaintance to salute, over a glass of port with which I have presumed to treat

[1] "Everything passed very satisfactorily at Mr. Bruce's. I was much pleased at the honest zeal of our little friend Murray."—See *ante*, p. 46.

myself, I begin to think of you and your antiquarian benignities.

"I am not very sure whether you will read this letter to the end. You are a man of business, and love to write only two lines, and probably you will not care to receive more. Whether you do or not, is what I do not mean to inquire into at present. Let me only tell you that I have been dreaming about the increase of your future glory. I think myself cast far forward into the space of ages, and about the year 1902 reading the history of those men who have excelled in the midwifery of science. There I see Elzevir, and Tonson, and Millar, and Constable, though last not least in the catalogue of those to whom literature is much indebted. For be assured of this, one good bookseller is really a subject of unlimited praise, because the most of them are bad!!

"I see our guid auld mither *Scotland*, the ruins of whose ancient splendour I have been just beholding—I see the honest, decent auld woman sitting on the ground, with the thistle growing at her toe, and pointing with an emphatic finger to the Godly Ballads, several of which go to the Stilt tune—to the Fragments, alas! of Scottish History, and the ever-memorable Complaynt of Scotland; and while her heart is full of these notable things, she does not forget to ascribe them all to her guid sweet bairn Constable.

"I have just surveyed the Parliament House of the Three Estates of Scotland; a venerable edifice, far more ancient than the Session-house of Edinburgh, and not yet disgraced, like the Tolbooth, by being made a den of

thieves. The castle is very like that of Edinburgh, only it is not so high; the vale at the foundation of it is well wooded with tall trees, and there is an air of desolation lowering over the whole prospect about, which raises very peculiar ideas in my mind. Of all your historians, Malcolm Laing is most to my liking; I thought him cold and harsh, but I was mistaken; he tells truth, and that with no small emotion. I cannot forget his animated delineation of the glory departing from Scotland through her own mismanagement. I thought to-day I saw the Chancellor sitting for the last time; uttering the fatal epilogue, 'There is an end of an auld sang,' and dissolving the Parliament of an ancient kingdom for ever.

> 'Here Stuarts once in triumph reign'd,
> And laws for Scotia's weal ordain'd;
> But now unroof'd their palace stands,
> Their sceptre's now in other hands!'

. . . I beg that you will not forget me in the article of books; for every delay of that kind throws me behind. Many things relative to astronomy, architecture, botany, and natural history can only be fully understood from treatises on the respective subjects, and the editor of these Travels must know a very handsome share of them all. Mr. Bruce is very kind, as well as Madame his lady. I am now better acquainted with both, and can judge of them more certainly. They *certainly* do not know what I have to do; but they do not trouble me much with improper questions. A. M."

From Kinnaird he writes on the 15th March 1803 :—

"You never told me, I think, how the Review was

doing. Your correspondents are very severe, but I think they are, in general, just, which every court of literary jurisdiction ought to be. I think there is much genius displayed in many of the articles in the last No.—Articles 16 and 23 please me extremely. Their spirit is excellent. They point out the leading features of the present face of two great societies to admiration. I think Lord Woodhouselee's new kind of evidence is treated rather too roughly. I do not suppose that he meant anything more than to give a neat specimen of that kind of probable evidence without pretending to be a discoverer. Our acquaintance, Mr. Wallace, fares better. What a glorious day for the mathematicians! I rejoice in their joy, for there is not a better sign of literature in the world than that which comes from them. I think our Reviewers are much more solid and judicious than their southern brethren. Their taste is better, at least I believe so. They must guard against flippancy, prejudice, and Billingsgate, great ingredients in all the Reviews I have ever read. A Scotch Reviewer ought to have the stern countenance of his ancestors who reviewed the troops of Bruce at Bannockburn, while the fate of a kingdom was suspended on their swords. These were few in number, much despised, but *deeply* felt. A. M."

MR. CONSTABLE to MR. MURRAY.

"EDINBURGH, *16th March* 1803.

"DEAR SIR, . . . In the midst of your Ethiopic discoveries could you furnish an article for the Edinburgh Review? You are now so great an author that I must

enlist you to service of that work. A review of General Vallancy's Specimen or Prospectus of an Irish Dictionary is much wanted. It occurred to me that you are the man who could best review it. Mr. Laing has looked into it with disgust, and I rather think it will be a cutting-up business if you undertake it. If you will do me the favour to accept of this office, you will have only about a fortnight or three weeks to prepare the MS., as the third Number of the Review goes to press immediately. The sale and popularity of the work increases every day."

At Kinnaird the interruption to domestic privacy occasioned by the constant presence of a learned stranger was felt to be more painful day by day, and Mr. Murray's stay there at length became intolerable both to himself and to Mr. Bruce; yet on Mr. Murray requesting to be allowed to carry the necessary documents to Edinburgh in order to finish his labours there, that gentleman firmly refused permission, and wrote as follows to Mr. Constable:—

"KINNAIRD HOUSE, *April 29th*, 1803.

"SIR,—I think it necessary to inform you of an application made to me by Mr. Murray for leave to take into Edinburgh the whole of the papers relative to my father's travels, without which, he says, he cannot leave this place for a considerable time. It is needless for me to state to you (who with Mr. Manners arranged the whole plan), that the sole and only reason ever given *me* for Mr. Murray's coming to Kinnaird was to *consult these papers* (as I declined sending them to Edinburgh).

"After having made my house *an inn* during six

months, he informed me that unless I would consent to his taking my Abyssinian MSS. into Edinburgh, he should be under the necessity of remaining *two* months longer, which time having now expired, he makes the above application, and *again* adds, that in case of my non-compliance, he must *still* remain here, *which is* an inconvenience I can *no longer* submit to. I have fully explained to Mr. Murray what papers I can allow him to take to Edinburgh, the same being regularly numbered and inventoried, and yourself and Mr. Manners *answerable* for them being delivered in the *same* state as he received them, to myself, or any person I may appoint for that purpose. J. B."

To this Mr. Constable replied that he was well assured that the work would have been finished before now, had the necessary papers been furnished in proper time; and Mr. Murray writes as follows, after an interview with his host:—

"KINNAIRD, *3d May* 1803.

"DEAR SIR,—This letter is written in consequence of Mr. Bruce having this morning communicated to me your very proper letter to him. He did so in a state of emotion, affirming that one passage in it was not true, and that he did not know how it had got there, viz., the assertion, 'We all know that Mr. M. would have finished the work before this time had he got proper access to the papers.' Now, as to my having finished before this time, I told Mr. Bruce that I did not affirm to any person that it would have been so; but that I maintained and could

prove the fact, that the best materials, indeed the only materials, for the third and fourth printed volumes (a few meteorological journals excepted) did not come into my hands, nor did I know of their existence, till the month of January—not to mention many letters, pocket-books, and scraps, of great use to me, and rolls of maps made in Egypt and Abyssinia. The letters I wrote to you attest these facts; and Mr. Logan on his oath would be obliged to allow it. Now whether this was not an impediment to my studies and a violation of Mr. Bruce's engagement to deliver up the papers, I refer to yourselves and the world.

"He says I had nothing to do but ask them. Pray, how could I ask what I did not know to exist? The use of my being on the spot was to collect papers, and to receive *all* that existed, not to prophesy what lay in his unopened drawers. Even granting that he did not know of these himself, which now, I know, was not the case, for he or Logan had laid them aside out of my way—it was his duty to have turned out every paper in the month of September, not to have obliged me to quarrel with Logan while fulfilling his master's orders—and then, by petitions to Mr. B., which my suspicions forced me to write, to obtain at last the opening of the drawers, and the discovery of everything. You have been pleased to appoint me the biographer of Mr. Bruce. I was therefore entitled to a sight of all his writings. This has been positively refused, and what knowledge I possess of the Barbary travels is not owing to his son in the smallest degree. Had I not been on the spot to prosecute the discovery of the papers,

we should have been obliged to print the most essential part of Mr. Bruce's book without the help of any original papers to compare it with. How Mr. B. would have delivered up to us in town the materials for the Life and Travels may be conjectured from his behaviour in the country. I have no hesitation to affirm that neither he, nor anybody under him, can *read* most of his father's papers, much less understand them—he should therefore have turned them out to proper judges, who could have determined for him. He seems to be possessed with a puerile fear that we are going to take advantage of him —a thing which all the world may see is impossible, even if we were willing to do it.

"If I had got all the papers at once, I could have seen at first view my whole task, but getting such important papers so late broke my prospect of the parts of the work, and made a confusion which you, and any man of letters, will understand the nature of. I believe, however, it is too delicate and subtle a subject for the perception of Mr. Bruce. You may easily guess the uncomfortable feelings I had when I saw him acting in this manner.

"Now we have got all the papers together. You have just stated in your letter to him the two alternatives. I accede readily to either of them—though, consulting my own desire, I would rather go than stay. I told him my mind pretty fully this morning about staying in his house; I thanked him for his civilities, but assured him that if he knew me he would know that it was never my wish or even liking, to stay in any man's house unless I were welcome; that I had stayed in his for a known purpose

which everybody understood. If I remain two months longer I expect the same civilities, though the faces of him and his kindred scarcely promise them."

MR. CONSTABLE to MR. MURRAY.

"EDINBURGH, 3*d May* 1803.

"DEAR SIR,—I received your long and highly interesting letter of the 30th, but must regret the subject. I sent a letter to the post-office last night in answer to Mr. B.'s, which I presume he will have communicated to you. If he refuses you the hospitality of a gentleman, we shall insist on having every MS. or paper at Kinnaird, that comes within our bargain, brought into Edinburgh for the purpose of the edition. He is not aware, I suspect, of this being completely in our power; or is there no place in the near neighbourhood of the house where you could take up your abode, going and coming daily? I shall engage to pay any expense that this might bring upon you.

"I had some thoughts of taking a ride about the end of the week. Pray, could you meet me at Linlithgow on Sunday? I am sincerely desirous of seeing you, and as the success of the undertaking will depend a good deal on ourselves, we must not grudge a little trouble. Let me hear from you in course. A. C."

MR. MURRAY to MR. CONSTABLE.

"KINNAIRD, *May 4th*, 1803.

"DEAR SIR,—It will do great service to our business to have a little talk together. Were it not rather out of the

way of letter-writing, and fitter for the comic Muse, I should be tempted to draw you a picture of Mr. Bruce and me at breakfast. The ladies are in the group, with masquerade looks disguising their hearts—but he is a perfect transparency, and cannot conceal his mind. I sit with a careless air, rather dull, and very silent, but upon the whole with greater gaiety and coolness than at other times. We speak on no topic, for, let it be ever so trifling, he is sure to contradict me—and that too in a kind of rage, which flushes his face, and disconcerts him for a minute or two. His countenance kindles in a particular manner if anybody allude to his father. If you are mentioned, which is next to a phenomenon, he shows a marked dislike. At ordinary times, when nothing is necessary but civility, he wears a smile which is a legacy from old Thomas Dundas of *Quarrel*.[1] When breakfast is finished, Mr. Bruce rises from table, sits on, or stands by, a sofa in the neighbourhood, and whistles through his teeth a kind of symphony, like that which we have read of from snakes. I rise and go off; while in an under voice he says to those next him, 'There he goes.' There was a great company here on one of these past days, Lord Dunmore, Mr. Napier, Colonel Duncan, and so forth. I did not go up-stairs, but, very much to my own peace and Mr. B.'s liking, dined with the housekeeper. I think it passing strange that Mr. B. never remembers who I am; nor reflects on the great man from whom he is descended. If our case were as well known to the literary world as to ourselves, how would it stare to see the only son of him who travelled

[1] "The true old name of Carronhall till a few years ago."

many a weary foot to gain glory to a nation, and riches to this very man, grudging the handful of dust that is to be laid on his grave! When I think on it, it makes me rather melancholy; but as we have other things to do than to lament the economic will of Nature, we shall even laugh at it for the present.

"This is the man who has made his house an inn for eight months to his father's biographer, and the editor of his works, whom he invited there, not at the request of that man, but of his own good pleasure. Most men would have made their house a home rather than an inn for that purpose. This is the avaricious spirit of Old Tom, on whom the Abyssinian traveller uttered the following speech, when he heard of a new process commenced by *Quarrel* about an *inch* of ground: —'Ground! ground! by G— he will never get enough o' ground till he get a mouthful of it.'

"You mention my staying in the neighbourhood. I hinted at that in my last; I slightly mentioned it a week ago to Mr. B., who said he would not submit to it. We are not obliged to ask whether he will submit or not. In my own mind I have thought of the minister of Bothkennar; it is about a mile distant. I know Mr. Caw would oblige me. I could wish to do the business here for the sake of the Ethiopic MSS., but, on the other hand, I shall have a confounded copying of letters. Logan has promised to assist me in the English; but he can do no foreign thing. It certainly will be unpleasant to stay in the house, but if Mr. B. settle it, I *will* stay in spite of all opposition.

"A. M."

MR. CONSTABLE to MR. MURRAY.

"EDINBURGH, 16*th May* 1803.

"DEAR SIR,—I was duly favoured with your letters of the 9th and 13th. Annexed I send you a copy of my letter to Mr. Bruce, and if he answers it in any improper style, I shall not hesitate to discuss the merits of his conduct to you in a manner perhaps not much to his liking. I hope by this time the minister of Bothkennar has agreed to give you a bed, for which the proprietors of the Travels will make him a suitable return. I have not the pleasure of Mr. Caw's acquaintance, or should do myself the honour of soliciting the favour for you, as I would by no means wish you to remain any longer under the roof of a man whose family is capable of such treatment. Do let me hear from you often. You know I have many things to occupy my time, and will not therefore value my correspondence by the length of this or my other epistles to you. A. C."

MR. CONSTABLE to JAMES BRUCE, Esq.

"SIR,—Since receipt of your favour of the 3d, I have had the pleasure of seeing Mr. Murray, and from the state in which I find he has a certain part of the materials for the edition of the Travels into Abyssinia, I hope it will be in his power to come to Edinburgh about the end of June.

"As it does not appear to be agreeable to you to afford Mr. Murray a continuance of the entertainment in your house so frankly offered when he undertook the task of

editing the Travels, as also the not less respectable appointment of your father's biographer, I hope he will, without difficulty, find a convenient lodging in the neighbourhood—having in that case the same access to the MSS., books, etc., as at present. I beg leave to add that no unnecessary delay has yet taken place on the part of Mr. Murray; and further, that whatever depends on the publishers shall be done to facilitate the work, and bring it speedily before the public, in which they hope you will also feel the necessary interest. A. C."

MR. MURRAY to MR. CONSTABLE.

"I think I may say that I can now manage myself in this affair with Bruce; if he be saucy I can leave him; if he invite me to stay or continue as I have done, I will judge in my own mind whether I ought to do it or not. I have engaged Logan to copy, which will actually be my business every day I have to remain here. I wish, if possible, to secure a retreat in case of the worst, and I think that will not be difficult. To stay in the house is, upon the whole, preferable to being out of it, as it saves time and a world of other trifles, which quite disappear when compared with the wry faces. . . .

"A. M."

Uncomfortable as was his position there, Mr. Murray determined to remain at Kinnaird until his work should be completed, and writes as follows on May 23d to his publisher in Edinburgh:—

". . . While I am in Abyssinia *spiritually*, I suppose

you are now and then in the General Assembly *corporally.* This is the very season of much argument and debate; when men come down from the south and up from the north, not to *buy books,* but to make it known that they have read books, or perhaps that they have read *no books.* You will think it improbable when I tell you that there are in Abyssinia two sets of monks, those of Debra-libanos, and those of Beteustathius, as rancorous in their hatred against one another as ever were those of Scotland in her wildest ages. They sometimes meet together to settle matters of faith; a multitude of dreadful, fierce-looking, ragged wretches, and carry on the debate, not with their tongues, but often with their fists. When one party has got the better, it sets up a frightful shout of 'Praise and glory to God!' and in that state of conquest moves to the palace, where the king orders out a kettle-drum and proclaims the new orthodox point in the same way that we proclaim a *roup* in Scotland. As to the other parts of business, which in all ecclesiastical convocations do partly consist of eating and drinking, the work is more easily managed. As they are sworn to temperance, they content themselves with merely chewing an onion, or eating a sheep raw if they can find one. They are mostly hermits, and dwell separately when at home, in the islands, hills, valleys, and deserts. But the state of hermitage in that country is much more severe than in those we are sometimes frightened in reading of. Every man is obliged to keep a nun in or near his cell, for this particular reason, which indeed could not occur in another country, *to wit,* that he may protect her from being

devoured by the hyæna or other wild beasts so common in Abyssinia! I do not recollect whether this species of double hermits be mentioned in Leyden's view of the late discoveries in Africa. If it be not, it is a capital omission. A. M."

"*June 4th.*—I have got many papers which will do credit to Mr. Bruce's heart and feelings. He was impetuous in all his course, . . . whether with Fasil's horse on the Lake of Tzana, or at home among the colliers at Kinnaird. Pride and ambition, vices that lie very near a warm temper, often raised him to great deeds, and to boast of them. He was liable to suspicion of a very perplexing kind, which seems to have led him into disagreeable terms with many of the country gentlemen, and even into enmities. This was not wonderful, as he was a neighbour of old Sir Michael Bruce, who demolished Arthur's *oven* in order to make a *mill-dam*. Mr. Bruce could not discern the homely wisdom of the knight, who, no doubt, thought that corn must be *ground* before it is *baked*, and in a violent rage called him Goth and Barbarian from his very heart. When Lettice the Englishman made a tour in Scotland, he visited Kinnaird, and ventured to ask Mr. B. by letter to give him a note of his curiosities, MSS., and other memorabilia of Stirlingshire. Mr. B. sat down and dictated an account, most of which was a violent philippic against Sir Michael Bruce for the affair of the oven, but as the time for sending up the paper was elapsed, he and Logan unanimously agreed to put it into the fire, which was done.

"The hatred of the Dundases and Bruces was of ancient date. Old Dundas of Letham had two sons, Tom, afterwards of Quarrel, and Sir Laurence. These were always mighty men in Stirling and Lithgow shires, dealt much in politics, and opposed the Grahams, Bruces, and their friends. Old David Bruce did all that he could to plague the Dundases. Old Tom married one of Judge Graham's daughters, and afterwards Lady Janet Maitland, but as he had now purchased Quarole,[1] he was marchman with Kinnaird; and the mutual grievances increased daily. When James Bruce got the estate in 1758 he spent a good deal of his short stay at home in hostilities, open or private, with these gentry. When he came to the country in 1774, he never expressed himself favourably on the Quarrel family, but accidentally happening to meet Mary Dundas and her sister at a ball, he told his friends that he must have one of these *lasses* for a wife, in spite of the old dislike. This business was rapidly managed on both sides, and on May 20th, 1776 (a day which he chose because it was that of the second battle of Serbraxoy) he married her.

"It is a singular fact that when Bruce erected a temporary observatory near the house, on an eminence, the country people said, 'Go— preserve us! the Laird's gaen mad; he sits up a' nicht keekin' at the starns.' One cannot help drawing a parallel between the savages of Abyssinia and Stirlingshire. A. M."

[1] "*N.B.*—Carronhall is a name given to the place by Old Tom; its true etymology is Quarryhole; the late Mr. Bruce spelled it Quarole; but all his predecessors spelled, wrote, printed, and pronounced it *Quarrel.*"

"KINNAIRD, *Sunday, 12th June* 1803.

"DEAR SIR, . . . I have just been in the desert among savages of a very gross description, and as singular manners as you ever heard of. In one of his Journals, Mr. B., then at Sennaar, remarks that there is a strange kind of religion prevails amongst the cowherds in Nubia. One of them pitches on another for his god, and worships him. That god pitches upon a third cowherd for his, and so on through the whole gang; each one is the divinity of another. I cannot but think this custom a very amusing one, well deserving to be propagated in Europe. It would enforce respect for society nearly as well as the practice of duelling, and, in short, has too many excellent consequences to be enumerated in this epistle."

Towards the end of June Mr. Murray's labours had drawn to a close, and having been disappointed in his hope of a visit from my father previous to his departure from Kinnaird, he wrote as follows :—

"KINNAIRD, *Monday, 27th June* 1803.

"DEAR SIR,—I received yours of yesterday, and am very sorry to find that I shall not have the happiness to see you here. I know that your multiplicity of business is more than a sufficient excuse. One principal reason why I wished you here was to show you the *materials*, and also some particular things in these which I shall be obliged to handle in such a way as perhaps may not just please THE FRIENDS altogether. If they should ever be so weak as to attack my character in a strong manner, such a thing might occur as a reply; and as I neither

mean to expose the Abyssinian traveller, nor yet tell lies in his favour, I think that *I ought* to be allowed even by them to have acted honourably and honestly. The papers, as they stand, are sufficient evidence; but as these papers are in their hands, and have been seen by me alone, I could only produce my assertion and call on them to prove the contrary, which they might refuse to do. I therefore wished you to see them, and Mr. Manners too, if he could keep counsel. This you see, Sir, is mere provision for accidents that may never happen. I will tell you the things when we meet, which will be on Monday next, or Tuesday at farthest, God willing. Keep all this to yourself like a prudent man and a friend. You are the only man I ever told any such matters to. If these got abroad the blame of having told them would be laid on me; and, though I don't much fear the consequences of telling truth, still it would have a very bad effect on the credit of the work, and would be very much exaggerated by your friends the booksellers, and other idle people. Mr. B. has *done* enough to secure him perpetual well-won honour; and what he has at times said is of very little consequence.—I am, etc., ALEX. MURRAY."

Murray returned to Edinburgh on the 4th July, equally to his own satisfaction and that of the inhabitants of Kinnaird House. The work in which he had been there engaged was published in 1805, and increased his reputation as a writer and a man of learning. Until the month of October in that year the intercourse between him and my father appears to have been personal. In that month

he paid a visit to his native district, and writes from Newton-Stewart on the 8th :—

. . . Most of the clergy here are red-hot on politics. It seems that Moncreiff and Connell, the two candidates for the Procuratorship, have moved the whole country in their respective interests. Galloway, Selkirk, Kenmure, and a number of the landholders besides, are for Moncreiff, but it is uncertain which party will prove strongest. The ministers are more generally disposed to serve Connell, who, they say, is the son-in-law of a man[1] who has often augmented their porridge in a friendly and miraculous manner.

"I have had very little time to read anything in this place, and I have just stolen into an inn for a night in order to have leisure to write to you. I am tired of the country, which is not in any respect so *convenient* as Auld Reekie, whatever advantages it may have in other respects. I have not been very healthy since I came out, at least not so much so as I expected to be. If I had been a chieftain I might have felt some pride on the assembling of all my clan, which is nearly as numerous as Dr. Boar's, and, like his, ignorant and poor. I have accordingly preached against ignorance and poverty with all my might, and hinted what a scandal it is to have neither wisdom nor pence in this world. I made a great number of them sensible of these great truths, but I could point out no easy methods of remedying the evils which I exposed.

[1] Sir Islay Campbell, Bart., Lord President of the Court of Session.

"I have been very attentive to the sense of the country respecting your two great publications. It is very favourable. Mr. Maitland is constantly applauding the Review, and he did so in my hearing to the Member for the Stewartry in a very particular manner. The Farmer's Magazine is greatly esteemed by everybody of spirit and knowledge, but I have observed that it is scarcely known to many of the rich practical farmers, who, having had no education, can derive little advantage from books. Some of them read a little, however, and *they* all admire it."

MR. MURRAY to MR. CONSTABLE.

"DUMFRIES, *Oct.* 31, 1805.

"DEAR SIR, . . . Party has run very high here in the election of members for the Church Courts, in order to make the *Procreator* (as he has been humorously called) for the Kirk. Moncreiff is the general hero of our Galloway gentry, but a cold wind has blasted their hopes a little; for report hath said that Robertson is to receive no gown, and that crushes the whole business in the nest. You must have heard about the matter from the best authority, and, of consequence, know all about it. . . .

"I was very happy to hear that Mr. Laing has taken a wife. I hope that the generation of Scotch historians will be continued. It is easy to find Procreators for the Church, but genius, truth, and philosophy are shy plants, that cannot be reared in every common nursery.

"I have visited several times the grave of Robert Burns; it is now covered with a broad sandstone, bearing this simple inscription,—'In memory of Robert Burns,

who died on the 31st (I think) of July 1796, in the 37th year of his age.' This is all the history of a life so memorable and so short; a sorry abridgment indeed—very like Samuel Shaw's epitome of Bruce. The widow raised the stone, while Scotland was asleep, and *dreaming* of a more worthy monument, which, I suppose, will exist only in imagination. The freestone of Dumfriesshire is ill calculated for preserving the memory of great men."

In the year 1806 Mr. Murray was appointed assistant and successor to the Rev. Dr. Muirhead, minister of Urr, in the stewartry of Kirkcudbright, entering on the full charge of the parish on the death of that gentleman in 1808. With Dr. Muirhead and all the members of his family he lived on the most friendly and even affectionate terms, and he soon acquired the high regard of all the leading people in the district. Though unremitting in the discharge of all the duties of his calling, he found time to prosecute his philological studies, and took an active interest in all matters of national or even local importance. On the 2d July 1806 he writes from Urr as follows:—

"MY DEAR FRIEND, . . . I arrived at this place in company with Mr. Herries (Dr. Muirhead's son) two days after I took leave of you, and was by him introduced to his father and the rest of the family. The old gentleman received me in a friendly manner, and I have since been with him almost every day. I live at my uncle's, about a mile distant, though it would be as proper for me to say that I live with Dr. Muirhead, my uncle's being only

the place to which I retire to study sermons and so forth. The Doctor is very infirm, and exhausts himself not a little on Sundays in preaching, a habit which he cannot resign, whatever it may cost him in point of health. He has taken one-half of the Sunday's work off my hands since I arrived, which is more than I could wish for his sake. I have appeared twice, and, I am told, with some approbation. I perform without papers, and find the business by no means very difficult. Indeed, it is becoming quite easy, and I am in hopes of being able, at no great distance of time, to preach like the best of them.

"Dr. Muirhead, though now the worse for age, was the bosom companion of Gilbert Stuart, Mr. Naysmith, Mr. Smellie, and the club which wrote in the Edinburgh Magazine and Review, 1773, etc. He is the author of many of those bitter papers which are ascribed to Stuart, and he tells some anecdotes of this historian of the Reformation which would not have obtained the approbation of John Knox. He has, besides, an infinite number of stories of one kind or other pertaining to your city, and he tells me that he was in the habit of writing articles for some London periodical works, after Stuart went up from Scotland. He is better acquainted with civil and Scotch law than any gentleman in the county, and has contrived to enlighten many of the neighbouring young lawyers in a way very much to their advantage.

"All is still here with respect to the Leslian controversy. Melancholy to relate, the names of Dugald Stewart and Dr. —— are mentioned here with equal approbation. The gentry who are often in town are

acquainted with the distinction, but the clergy and the residing heritors know nothing of the matter. It is alike to them where Homer scribbled, or where Hector died. They know, however, that one Dr. Robertson wrote a good History of Scotland, and that there is such a book as the Edinburgh Review, which drubs parsons who write descriptive scenery, and Professors who treat of mineralogy. . . .

"A. M."

"URR, *August* 22, 1806.

"DEAR SIR, . . . I received lately through your hands a number of a newspaper written by our friend Heron, who, I am sorry to say, is still the old man. It would not be easy to find in the whole range of ancient or modern scribbling a more indecent performance. The fellow is mad, and I fear through absolute want of bread. The invective against Cobbett is scurrilous beyond expression, enough, indeed, to make an author of any modesty hang himself for having written such an abominable piece of abuse. He must forfeit the esteem of every rational being who bears the smallest kindness to morals and good sense, by allowing trash of the description I have alluded to to appear in a public print to which he affixes his name. Cobbett is a clever scribbler, at present in high request with the Ministry, who countenance him and perhaps pay him. Heron seems to be of the Grenville party, and is able to serve it in no respect except by downright blackguardism. He is in high league with Richard Phillips, and puffs him and his publications beyond measure. The character of the two men makes this

alliance excusable. He pretends to review reviewers, and falls about it in a style which is as absurd as possible. He promises to abuse every Review except Phillips's, and will, I doubt not, fulfil his word. Whence I conclude that he is on indifferent terms with the booksellers.[1]

"I have been told here that Jeffrey intends to give up the management of the Review, and that it is to be, of consequence, very short-lived after that. This intelligence came *vid* London, I believe, on the authority of Brougham, who occasionally talks, as I am informed, in that key. I mention this story, which is but an idle one, to let you know what pleasure it would give to the envious if the Edinburgh Review should die. Brougham gives himself airs on the subject; I have faith, however, that its mortality is little further advanced than when it was born. . . . A. M."

MR. CONSTABLE to MR. MURRAY.

"EDINBURGH, *Nov.* 28*th*, 1806.

"MY DEAR MURRAY,—I had the pleasure of writing you a letter some time ago, in which I intimated a desire that you would review Davie Linze in the Edinburgh, but I have not heard from you since. Mr. Jeffrey is very anxious to have it for the next Number, and I hope you will use some exertion in getting it ready in good time—by the middle of December at the latest.

"I am happy to tell you that Bruce moves off very well. We are now within sight of land, or, in other words, have paid ourselves for the original outlay, which, in a

[1] For further allusion to Heron, see Appendix No. I.

work that cost upwards of £2500 little more than a year ago, is extremely flattering. Are you doing anything about the Life?

"Your namesake, Mr. John Murray of London, whom you saw in my house last year, has been in Edinburgh this autumn for nearly three months courting a wife, etc. He is a most capital fellow, and getting forward amazingly in the profession. He spent a good deal of his time with me, and regularly the Saturday evenings and Sunday at Craigcrook, where we projected work for numerous authors, papermakers, and printers; among others a new and uniform edition of all Cicero's works in English, taking in all Melmoth's translations of that author in the first place, the Orations by Guthrie, etc., as well as the best translations of all the other pieces, so far as they already exist. The De Finibus, Tusculan Disputations, and De Legibus, have, I believe, never been turned into English, and we shall be in want of an able and elegant translator. Could my friend Mr. Murray undertake all or either of these? Besides having these translated, we shall require an editor for the whole, who would revise and correct, particularly the Orations by Guthrie;—what do you think of this for a speculation? You must be well acquainted with Cicero's writings, and whether you can undertake any share in the work or no, I should like to hear your opinion on the subject as a literary man.

"Mr. Brougham has been, I believe, very active in circulating a report about the Edinburgh Review being to be given up, and, I believe, between ourselves, would not dislike that it should fall whenever the £10, 10s. a sheet

is no longer an object to him; but as you very properly observe, its death is not near at hand, and neither, I may add, I hope is his independence. A. C."

MR. MURRAY to MR. CONSTABLE.

"URR, *Dec.* 2, 1806.

"MY DEAR FRIEND,—I am exceedingly in debt to you in the way of correspondence, as well as in other respects. I intended to have written to you immediately after receiving Davie Lindesay, but as I foresaw from my engagements that I should not be able to get a review of it ready for the last Number, I postponed writing till I had done something in that matter, and till I had gone through the manœuvres of a parish settlement, when lo! your second epistle came to convict me of sin and of negligence. I owe you ten thousand thanks for the Knight, whom I have perused very carefully, and with much pleasure. His editor has done a good deal for him, and bating a spirit of Jacobitism or Toryism and a desire for harsh sentences, may hold a place among editors while the world endures. The glossary is well compiled, and Mr. George is unquestionably a learned man. I have made a review of no very great length, which I am transcribing, and you shall have it, such as it is, in a few days. From the diligence displayed in the case of Lindesay, I should think the Caledonia will be a learned and curious work. I take Mr. George to be right in his opinion respecting the Pictish language, in spite of Pinkerton's assertions, which seem to be unsupported by proofs; at least Maister George Chalmers uses a cool investigating

method, while Maysterre George Pinkerton calls them blackguards and scoundrels who venture to dissent from him.

"Since you heard from me I have undergone all the trials which Presbyteries inflict on young men whom they make ministers. A call was moderated for me here about the middle of last month, and signed by all the heads of families, etc., in the parish. If the day had been favourable it would have been signed by everybody who could write, for there is not a single person in the place who has not declared for me, so that no call was ever more unanimous. I have been received by every person here with civilities and praises far exceeding what I deserve, and if I behave well I have the fairest chance of being a very popular parson. See if your sour discontented Tolbooth Whigs would have done a thing of that kind; and yet our good folks are religious enough, that is to say formal enough, for the country abounds in Antiburghers and the like. I preach as long as they please; for instance, yesterday I kept them three hours and a quarter, and I hold myself able to preach and argue with any Haldanite in the universe. I am to be ordained on Thursday next, which will put an end to my Presbytery jaunts, and leave me in peace. . . .

"It gives me much pleasure to hear that you and my namesake have been planning things of a more glorious kind, namely, the conquest of ignorance and folly by means of good paper and print. I sincerely wish success to that and all your other undertakings. As to Cicero, I am very well acquainted with his works in the original,

but I have never read any of the translations. Melmoth's are very good, but I fear that Guthrie's are of an inferior kind. Such of the treatises as have not been translated I can readily *do* into English after my best manner; but as the orations and moral treatises are the most useful of the whole, it will be of great service to your edition to have these translated in an elegant and able style, or at least the existing translations amended as much as possible. The work should have a similarity throughout, and appear as the best translation of the whole author, rather than a collection of translations. If you think you can make it worth your own labour and mine in the market, I will willingly do for it whatever I can; at any rate be assured that I am ready to second your views in that and every other thing in which you think proper to consult me. My edition of Cicero is good enough for common use, but as every new version should be made from the latest and best edition, it would be necessary for me to have a perusal of Olivet's, or one lately published with various readings. Concerning all these matters you can let me hear from you.

"Since you heard from me, our old enemy the King of Prussia is totally defeated, and there can be little doubt that Bonaparte will be (for some time at least) master of Europe. He will soon oblige the Russians to make peace, and we may expect that he will attack us as much as lies in his power. With respect to the issue of that we have not much to fear, and yet we have no cause to be too secure. Some intercourse with his empire must be restored in a few years (we may presume so), and as he is

not unfriendly to literature, he will open his gates to matters of that kind fully as soon as to others. As in your extensive way you may have, one time or other, occasion to do business, or to prosecute some literary plan on the other side of the water, I would not rashly publish, or have anything to do with such great bundles of lies and Billingsgate as the Revolutionary Plutarch and the like, or indeed with any invectives against the French Emperor; besides, he SHOOTS people that write against him; and even if he did not, *they ought to be shot for such absurd stuff*, which can serve no purpose in the world. Bonaparte, I am informed, is friendly to literature when it does not attack his person or family; now literature has very little to do with either, and books are not the weapons of warfare except among fools. As Paris is now the great depot of rare MSS. and books, it may on some occasion be useful to obtain the private protection of the Emperor through the medium of the National Institute, etc. *Apropos* of institutes, how does the Antiquarian Society? Is Mr. Dalzel well, and how go the works of *gude godly* Richard Bannatyne? I observe that Jamieson has published his Ballads, which I long to see, as also several new works just advertised. I was much pleased with the last Edinburgh Review. It is a very good Number. The articles Priestley, S. J. Hall, the Asiatic Researches, and a great many more, are very well done. The last-mentioned article is by an Orientalist—a very great rarity in this country.

"I am at a loss how to thank you for your particular attention to me on all occasions, *hitherto and heretofore*,

and especially for your letter of credit on Mr. Boyd, which exceeds my greatest talents in the thanking way. I have got on tolerably well by your kindness before I left town, though I have been out considerably for one thing and another. I intend to be in town, if I can effect it, next month, or at farthest in the beginning of February, when I hope to find you and the family in good health. I am ashamed to make use of your name, considering how much I am in your debt already, but if I shall do so to a small matter, I have now some prospect of reimbursing you for the actual amount, though by no means for the favour. Have you any reason to suppose that J. Leyden is about any literary business in India? What does Professor Stewart think of Bonaparte? By the bye, the talk here is that the Professor is about to resign in favour of Doctor T. Brown. I have had several letters from Robin Leyden about a trifle I promised to give him for writing during the affair of Bruce, to which I have not as yet returned any answer. The young hero writes me not a syllable of news, or of what he is doing, but all about his compensation. I shall be very happy to look at Gerard's Institutes when published; it should be acceptable to divines, but alas! they read nothing but the newspapers. I had a line with my books from J. Denham, by which I am concerned to hear that he has become unable to stand. He says he has been very greatly obliged to you in his distress, which is very civil in you, and like a good friendly man, ready to have mercy on the fallen. Poor John's trade was not good, I fear."

"SPOTTES, URR, *January* 15, 1807.

"MY DEAR SIR, . . . What you say respecting my literary pursuits, etc., is too flattering, and is also too kind to be passed over by me without notice. My attachment to these pursuits has become so necessary to me that it cannot be much weakened by the circumstances which generally place parsons in the easy school of that ancient divine, the philosopher Epicurus. On the contrary, I believe I shall be found elsewhere when the catalogues are made up; but I fear all this will not entitle me to expect much patronage, even if the rewards in such cases were decided by the toils. Nor am I very eager for patronage; at least by no means half so eager as some people in my neighbourhood, not indeed quite so ignorant as the old curate of Prague, who never saw pen and ink, but as far resembling him as the present state of society will allow them to be—they make little use of these. I have a number of projects in the literary way, which, if I could execute in an elegant and classical style, would go a great length to prove that I have a turn for such matters. But this ambition is only connected with patronage in what respects leisure, and conveniences for gratifying it. All undertakings of that description depend for their success on the mind and unconquerable spirit of the performer, on his sagacity and good sense, and on modesty, a virtue to which I am at this moment doing grievous violence. As to the means for effecting these designs, every one of them when accomplished should, in one way or other, promote the progress of the rest. Authors complain very unjustly of the public. It always pays for what is worth

anything, and frequently for what is worth nothing, to which description their works often belong. If I live till I come into full possession of this benefice, I shall have £200 a year, besides the *gleba cui sum astrictus.* In this place, that sum is preferable to the stipend of any church near Edinburgh, for they are all inferior both in the actual sum and in the real value. A benefice in the town I cannot expect, and nothing else could bear me out with any degree of comfort; for say that my friends out of love to the name of literature should in due time obtain for me a Professorship (Hebrew or Church History, or the like), it would not support me so well as a living in the country. If my speculations be good for anything, they will find their reward as they appear, and, with your kindness and that of our friend, I can do more than you are aware of. I will discover what will suit my purposes, and you, as you have often done before, will now and then be put to the trouble of helping me to it. After that trouble, you will tell the world what it does not know in the matter, and I shall at length owe to your friendship what patronage gives, from very different motives, to others. . . .

"Since I saw you I have been led into several curious reflections on the nature of the ancient Hebrew and Arabic poetry, by examining that subject, as a divine and an editor, with one eye to Bruce and another to theology. These reflections would, I think, be of considerable value in the present state of Oriental literature, if reduced into form and added to the public stock. I am happy to observe that your Oriental reviewer again favours your literary journal with his animadversions on that kind of

works, for in this country we are miserably ignorant of the value, the nature, and the curiousness of Eastern books.

"I shall in time be able to publish something very new on the connexion between the Greek and Gothic languages. I have long been collecting materials for that purpose, and hope to show the public a sound and sensible treatise on a philological subject written with some degree of ornament and elegance. The greater number of such works are altogether repulsive, on account of the rude and barbarous style in which they are written, and the futility of the arguments and opinions which they exhibit. In my attempts I wish to combine etymology with the study of the human mind, and to trace the history of nations in the history of language. In any other view etymology is a frivolous study, nor would any sensible man waste his time in philological researches, if they did not open the way to a knowledge of the early history of mankind, the first efforts of the understanding and the fancy, and form the only safe introduction to the literature and science of the different nations which compose the world.

"Since I came hither I have read very carefully the whole of the Edinburgh Review, and am tempted to give you my opinion of it in a few words. .... The leading feature of the work is a bold systematical defence of the various departments of literature, morality, and science against the attacks of insidious or mistaken innovation and the loud pretensions of ignorance and incapacity. This defence is carried on, not by the old method of calling names, but by explaining, in an abler way than they

have been illustrated hitherto, the fundamental laws of criticism, morals, and science. The practical method of the work develops new and more extensive principles by demolishing popular errors and absurdities. If this Review continue vigorous we shall conquer the south and retain the conquest for ever. Mr. Jeffrey's claymore, like the sword of Ulysses, permits only the spirits that deserve to be heard to drink of the blood of the sacrifice; the rest are doomed to oblivion. For this far-fetched simile I am indebted to Homer, *done* into English by a society of gentlemen. . . . A. M."

"GRANGE OF URR, *July 7th*, 1807.

"MY DEAR FRIEND,—I doubt not that you are accusing me heavily in your own mind of an ungrateful neglect of that correspondence which you have a good right to expect from me, and which, notwithstanding some impediment from a deal of obscure frivolous business, I have a strong desire to preserve. You will make some allowance for me when I tell you that, except the dull news of visitings, baptisms, marriages, and the like, in a remote part of the country, I have little to put into a letter, and your time is, I believe, in general more profitably spent, both for yourself and the world, than in reading such epistles. If you were less of a business man than you are, you might now and then have from me an epistle in poetry (not that I am much given to that kind of writing, but because it is easy to write, and needs no sense or information of any kind), but I remember too well how, to the disgrace of all the Muses, you snored vexatiously

loud at the pathetic tale of The Grampians Desolated, and gave such evident proofs of your coldness on that occasion as convinced me of the extreme folly of attacking your heart by the heavenly road of verse. With all this you may thank your stars that you are so providentially fortified against temptation, otherwise you might have become a ruined bookseller of epic poems and other sublime stuff, such as we see eternally advertised, because it never will be sold.

"I am very desirous to know how your health has stood since I saw you, and how Mrs. Constable and the children are. I believe you are just now, during this hot sultry weather, at the Castle, where I hope you take care of yourself, both when you come and go. You recollect how dearly you paid tribute to the powers of heat and cold last winter; do let them have less this season if possible, else you will give us all uneasiness. The comfort of life depends more on health than young active men generally suppose. . . .

"Dr. Muirhead's family are very kind to me, all and sundry. I have had a good deal of Mr. Herries's company this season. He is an opposition man, and in some respects like a few of your friends, of opinion that the nation is not in very good hands. I agree with him so far, though at times I hint that the nation will be lost in the end through the knavery, dissensions, and incapacity of both parties. But what have we parsons to do with politics? We must do, as the pious Æneas in Virgil did, be *good* Britons and Christians while Britain and Christianity remain, but when the Melvillites and Foxites have

brought both to an end, and finished 'ane auld sang,' we must be good Frenchmen and friends to Bonaparte. . . .

"I am still doing a little in philological matters, but suffer much inconvenience from the distance I am at from the great libraries. I have made some progress in a work which I think will throw light of no common kind on the Greek and Latin languages. I hope I do not deceive myself when I affirm that I have ascertained some points of great difficulty and importance in classical literature, though the little request in which all philological researches are held is somewhat discouraging. The word importance applied to them sounds ridiculous to the ears of people habitually employed in the invaluable sciences of political economy and legislation, in the art of levying taxes and making laws which cannot be kept. It will be no wonderful occurrence if, in this age of constitution-making and universal improvement, the nations which have long been unscientifically free shall become scientifically servile,—for it is only when people begin to want water that they think of making reservoirs; and it was observed that the laws of Rome were never reduced into a system till its virtue and taste had perished. . . .

"Be so kind as to remember me to Mr. Manners and Mr. Miller, and all other friends. I cannot hope to be remembered by Mr. Scott, whose flight beyond the age of Presbytery into the regions of chevalry and faërie, will not stoop to the humility of parsons, but I anticipate much pleasure in reading at some future time his edition of Dryden, and his new Poem. I bought the Lay of the Last Minstrel from Mr. Boyd, and I am well acquainted

with it, which, you know, must be of great use to me in preaching, at christenings, etc., for the people here love to hear of Michael Scott, the Monk of St. Mary's Isle, the Book of Might, Rattling Roaring Willie, and the like edifying stories. Sometimes I think I know too much of that kind of lore for a parson, for were I not piously employed I fear I should be poetical! 'Anch' io son Pittore.' A. M."

"GRANGE OF URR, *Oct. 28th*, 1807.

"DEAR SIR, . . . I have been so immersed in delight from the perusal of Caledonia, and the other performances which I obtained through your especial favour, that I have scarcely been able to speak, much less to write. Figure to yourself a man travelling along Roman ways which time has nearly obliterated, inspecting camps whose mounds have for many years yielded a good crop of potatoes; visiting hill-forts and discovering urns, bones, rocking-stones, and standing-stones, all which, and a thousand matters besides, the industry of Mr. Chalmers has brought to light,—figure to yourself a man so highly blest, and you will have some idea of my feelings and of an antiquarian paradise. God forbid that the lairds of Caledonia should have so little sense as to lay out their pounds on trumpery and to neglect the purchase and perusal of this work, which is an admirable one, in point of research, happy illustration of very ancient and obscure history, and of good judgment in the uniting of notices, broken and scattered in an uncommon degree, into certain and sure narrative. This book decides many

a controverted question, and I think opens a way for deciding many more. I fear you will think me rather an enthusiast on this subject, but I assure you I act on the best grounds, and can show reasons for my approbation. . . . There has not been published such a work on Scotland since the appearance of Hailes's Annals, which I consider an inferior book to this, because the research in his work was less, the period later, and the whole subject less extensive. . . . A. M."

"GRANGE OF URR, 6*th April* 1808.

"DEAR SIR, . . . Along with this letter you will receive by post a prospectus of a work which I have nearly ready for the press, but which I mean to take counsel about before it go thither. It is on Language, but I believe it will be considerably amusing, and I am certain, in many respects, new. If it do not answer, I will try my hand on something of a very different kind, which I have long had in view—I do not mean poetry, although that is my favourite but private amusement—in which I hope to do what I can to bring myself into reputation or the contrary. Poetry, as *the wise* know, requires judgment, genius, and *patronage*. I fear I am not well stocked in these three articles. In the meanwhile, if you have time, you can look at the prospectus, in which you will perceive something of the nature of the production. . . .

"A. M."

MR. CONSTABLE to MR. MURRAY.

"EDINBURGH, 13*th April* 1808.

"DEAR SIR, . . . Your work on Language will be a very

interesting one, and I hope I need not say it will give me very great pleasure to be its midwife, on any terms that may be agreeable to yourself. Perhaps it should be handsomely printed and brought out next winter. You must, of course, see the proof-sheets, which is a sad drawback to us all.

"It was lately hinted to me that you had some thoughts of writing a History of Dumfriesshire. It is a capital subject, and I wish much that you would undertake it. We have no County Histories for Scotland, excepting those by Sir Robert Sibbald, which you know are extremely scarce, and sell high. Sir Robert was a poor antiquary, and I do not recommend his works as a model for you. If you have sufficient materials, it should form a quarto volume with a map and a few other engravings. A. C."

MR. MURRAY to MR. CONSTABLE.

"GRANGE OF URR, *26th May* 1808.

"DEAR SIR, . . . Since you wrote me I have turned my thoughts particularly to the subject of the County History. It is a book a good deal desired by the gentlemen here, who would certainly promote the sale of it if tolerably executed. I mean to collect materials as soon as possible; and to look out where they may be found. Mr. Chalmers must, I should suppose, have seen a good many details respecting Galloway and Dumfriesshire. I mean to consult him for one. There are some collections in the Advocates' Library. The topography of the county I can have access to, and to most of the papers preserved

in it. The printed books which have passages respecting the early state of it can all be had in Edinburgh. In the meantime, if you can oblige me with Ure's Rutherglen and Wood's Cramond, I will consider it as a particular favour. Wood's work I remember to have read with pleasure long ago. Ure's book I never examined. There is a neat little history of the county of Moray by some person (not Shaw), which I used to think well executed. The county surveys might be of use, but I fear that ours are not well done. As I would comprehend in one work Galloway and Dumfriesshire (a space of three counties), the book could not, on the most proportional scale, sell for less than two guineas. Some difficulties may occur as to what kind of information the gentle readers would principally desire. I believe a few archæological sketches of some value might be made; but Galloway is miserably destitute of records. It was long before its inhabitants learned to write. The earliest monuments were destroyed by the Douglases, or rather by the country lairds, who allowed even their old charters to rot in their garrets, which being done they held their lands by the title of *occupancy* prescription. Pray ask Mr. Hunter if he be at all skilled in this sort of conveyancing; and whether it be an invention peculiar to our county. In hopes of making a book on Wigtonshire, Dumfriesshire, and the Stewartry of Kirkcudbright, I shall henceforth see what remains, though I believe the best way would be to draw materials from fancy, and by deriving some of our great men from *Brutus*, grandson of Æneas, great-grandson of Nimrod, lay the foundations both of fame and fortune.

"Marmion arrived lately in this quarter of the world. He was brought from Bath by Mr. Herries of Spottes, who proclaimed his fame there as loudly as he could. He assures me that a large number of copies were disposed of before he left that town; that the poem was greatly applauded; and that it was the only thing in vogue. I am exceedingly pleased with the whole of it, particularly with the Prologues. They show Mr. Scott's abilities in a very powerful manner. I hope his fame will endure to ages all. . . . A. M."

"GRANGE OF URR, 27*th June* 1808.

"MY DEAR FRIEND, . . . I am very ill pleased with the review of Marmion. It is in general unjust, hypercritical, and written, like Dr. Johnson's account of Gray's Odes, in a spirit of pique or dislike of some kind or other. Mr. Jeffrey seems not to understand this kind of poetry: as Johnson did not understand blank verse and pastoral poetry, but judged them by laws not belonging to them, so Mr. J. does the same thing with regard to poems written on the model of the Old Romance. Some of the particular criticisms are just; but on the whole he has overshot the point very considerably. I suppose that he is offended at the compliment paid to Pitt in preference to Fox—a pretty reason indeed for false criticism! The day will come when the politics of Pitt and Fox will be as little regarded as those of Richelieu and Mazarin. That they were both men of abilities in a nation of able men will not be disputed. I am determined to keep a mind clear from these paltry political attachments,

which corrupt people's imaginations and make them speak falsehood and nonsense. . . .

"I have lately been honoured with a letter from Mr. Scott himself, giving me some information for the projected County History. I mean to avail myself of his kindness, particular as it is, and beg of you to add to the almost innumerable favours I have received from you, that of making me more intimately acquainted with Mr. Thomas Thomson. I must be indebted to him for some information of much importance. Being Keeper of the Records of Scotland, it is in his power, and from his character I am led to believe that it will not be withheld. . . .

"I have lately visited the ruins of the Abbey of Dun drennan, the place which received Mary Queen of Scotland after the battle of Langside. I went down to the little port where she embarked, whence Lord Heriz carried her over to England. She spent the last sad night that ever passed over her head in Scotland in this Abbey, once a most stately pile. It was soon after demolished in part by the neighbouring proprietors, who were great Reformers —that is to say, great lovers of lands and houses that were not their own. When the spire of this building fell, all the fields about were covered with a cloud of dust. The Abbey is built in the form of a St. John's Cross. The roof is said to have been taken off by Lord Heriz, who was, like other politicians, in private life a dissipated barbarian, first a follower of Knox for the lands of Dundrennan, which belonged to the Church, and lastly a follower of Queen Mary, whose interests at the beginning he had

ruined in order to promote his own. But, like his contemporary the Great Secretary, he paid the kain for these deeds. If you saw Dundrennan, you would think the man who could destroy so splendid a fabric scarcely worthy of a place in history. . . . A. M."

MR. CONSTABLE to MR. MURRAY.

"CRAIGCROOK, *Sunday, 17th July* 1808.

"MY DEAR FRIEND,—I had the pleasure to receive your letter of the 27th ult., to which I ought sooner to have made some reply, but your charity will, I am persuaded, forgive me, and I shall now endeavour to make this as full a one as possible. . . . . .

"My principal object in London was to fix on a good situation for a shop, which the folly of certain booksellers had obliged us to determine on opening by the 1st of January next. The adjustment of a pretty long account with your namesake was another serious object, both of which I accomplished to my wish. We have taken a large shop and house, No. 10 Ludgate Street, near St. Paul's Churchyard, immediately opposite to the entry to Paternoster Row, esteemed the most central place in all London for our business, and shall open it in great style under the firm of Constable, Hunter, Park, and Hunter. . . . We intend conducting business, upon the whole, as similarly to our concern here as possible—that is, neither exclusively as wholesale nor retail booksellers, but making both branches aid each other as much as possible. We purchased the library of Mr. Fullerton of Carstairs some time ago at £2400. It is one of the best and most exten-

sive collections which you have ever seen in the possession of any private gentleman, every volume of which we send to London, and open with a Sale Catalogue equally respectable as the one we lately published in Edinburgh. This we conceive, with the fame of the Edinburgh Review, sufficient to establish us in no inferior style, and to bring all the collectors and literati of London to our shop on the day we open it. As to capital, we are to have £11,500, independent of our concerns here (which remain as formerly), and we think the establishment, upon the whole, as likely to do well as any other in the trade. When in London I saw 5000 copies of the last Number of the Edinburgh Review bought and paid for on the same day; the first edition of Marmion was sold in three days, and the second edition was out of print in a fortnight; a third is just ready, and I apprehend, from the orders already received for it, will be gone in a month, which will then enable me to say that, within six months, three editions, amounting in whole to 8500 copies, have been disposed of. This is pretty well, is it not? Your critique on the Review is upon the whole, I believe, a very just one. It was so very flattering to Mr. Scott that I was tempted to read it to him, without at first mentioning the name; but on reading the paragraph of your letter about Dundrennan, he discovered the author, and exclaimed that Murray was a very capital fellow !!! I hope there was nothing wrong in all this; but be assured no one else shall either see or hear a line of it.

"I mentioned your plan of a History of Dumfriesshire to Mr. Thomson, who at once said he would give you every

assistance in his power, and would be happy at all times to render you any service. Mr. T. is rather a shy man, but has more in his head than you will find in most men's. He is liberal in his communications in general, and will be extensively so where I am interested. Bruce is now published, and is really a very handsome book. We have sold a few copies, but are yet to learn its success in London, though on that head you may keep yourself at ease. . . . I really begin now to think that I have done some good to literature, and feel more than ever the desire to prosecute the business vigorously; so if you wish to become a great author, your chance will be by and bye, when paper gets cheaper.

"My family is in good health. David goes south with Mr. Wallace of Great Marlowe—who is here at present, and will remain with him for perhaps a year or two. He is to receive merely private tuition, without any connexion with the Military College, or with a view to such an education. This I hope you will think a good plan; he is a very modest, good-tempered boy, and will perhaps be just as well away from his mother's elbow for a little. . . .

". . . Dr. Forbes has fairly got his dismissal. His behaviour to the parson of Etterick (a most innocent man), and his increasing love of toddy, were the principal causes which brought it about. He is an absurd body, and not to be cured by anything I could do or say for him. . . .

"We have placed £52, 10s. to the credit of your account for re-editing the Life of Bruce. It is too little, I believe, but you know the impression is but small, and, besides, I have some rather narrow-minded coadjutors in the busi-

ness. So, my good friend, if you want money, let me know, or draw upon us for it as before. I had the favour of a call from your friend Mr. Herries two or three times when lately in town. He is a very intelligent, agreeable man, and as partial to you as possible. You have been truly fortunate in making a friend of such respectability. Pray, what may your living be worth? and have you any prospect of augmentation? If an augmentation were to fall on Dr. Muirhead's heirs, I need not point out to you (who always observe due delicacy in everything) that you should not hurriedly bring it forward. Mr. Hunter begs to be particularly remembered to you, and swears that you must one day be a Professor in the University of Edinburgh. God grant it may be so! If any vacancy should happen at a time when a Ministry of equal integrity as that which we saw for a short time under Mr. Fox, shall be in power, your talents must command it; but under the present state of corruption and vote-buying you have very little chance. The Whigs may have intended to curtail the church-livings and the influence of the Court of Teinds, but, depend upon it, they were, upon the whole, consulting the interest and independence of our country. I am, as you know, a very moderate man in politics, but the present times will make people think of all these things.

"I have now, as I promised, given you a long letter, and very little to the purpose, but I hope at any rate that it will procure a speedy and interesting reply. A. C."

Mr. Murray to Mr. Constable.

"Grange of Urr, *Aug.* 3, 1808.

"My dear Friend,—I received your long and most acceptable letter, dated 17th ult., with a pleasure which I shall not attempt to describe, because I could not do any justice to myself by an attempt of the kind. I must only say that, to learn that you and every friend connected with you are in excellent health, well employed, and advancing in welfare, is sufficient of itself to give that enjoyment which good news of those we sincerely like always produces; but a letter of two large sheets from a man of business who has no time for idle correspondence, and not much for every part of the most necessary, is a favour indeed, which merited a return when received, and an apology for the smallest delay in acknowledging your kindness. To speak poetically, this paper is all too short to contain all that I have to say. But first let us commence the apology.

"Your epistle reached me as I was setting out on a jaunt to Kirkcudbright, the county town, about fifteen miles distant from Urr—the only *voyage* of a pleasure description I have undertaken this season. I had never been at the place before. I had some friends there whose invitations I had never accepted. Off then I set; and, full of your epistle notwithstanding, I deemed it right to wait a few days, and then write in reply to you, because I expected to meet with some adventures. The county or stewartry of Kirkcudbright, the eastern half of Galloway, is wild and mountainous in the north; the sea-coast,

which bounds it on the south, and the banks of the rivers, which all run southward, are the only parts susceptible of high cultivation. This they now receive, by favour of necessity, ambition, and the Farmer's Magazine. The most romantic of all these rivers is the Dee. Its higher branches are the Ken and the Dee properly so called, a dark violent mountain-stream, which meets the Ken, the larger of the two, and thence, under the name of Dee, falls into the sea at St. Mary's Isle, the seat of your friend the Earl of Selkirk. A more beautiful spot than he inhabits I think you have not seen. His house and *policy* (you know all Scottish peers have some, but he would rather have his *in his head* than about his house) are upon a peninsula, once the seat of a Priory, but just as profitable when occupied by a young man and a young woman of great merit. The Dee runs hard by—at last becomes a sea. The county town stands about a mile above. It is a neat, pleasantly situated, idle place, for though it possesses a capital harbour, the country around is not able to maintain any trade of consequence in it. The higher order of inhabitants are mostly *men of business*, a Galloway term for *writers* (not authors), discounters of bills, etc., some of whom are as capable and creditable as any; others are low blackguards, who will do anything for any man if he pay them. It was the country opinion that this little borough contained some years ago a proportion of clever men who did not put much faith in those old feudal institutions found in the Bible and New Testament; but this emancipation, if true, did not screen them and their families from falling, like other unenlightened men, into

blasphemy, drunkenness, whoredom, adultery, bankruptcy, and the like, which we physicians of the old school think good neither for the purse nor the person. This town is also the grand arena of county politics. The Earl of Selkirk is now at the head of one party, the Earl of Galloway directs the other. I am inclined to think that the Earl of Selkirk, if he choose, may at last preponderate. But this will not arise so much from his own merit, which is very great, as from his skill in buying and selling, this being a grazing county. You must feed your *beasts* well, and then you may lead them to the slaughter. I am acquainted with Mr. Mure, the Earl's factor, a man of a most excellent character and understanding. This gentleman showed me the Earl's house and grounds, and, what pleased me more than all, his library, which consists of a capital collection of well-chosen useful books. It is particularly rich in what are called books on Political Economy. It contains an excellent set of the higher Classics; not so many Greek, however, as Latin; nor is it deficient in books on Antiquities; but these have not been a primary object. In short, it is a statesman's library, but that statesman seems to be a philosopher. I was much pleased to find a collection of this kind in Galloway, and to learn that his Lordship lends, for the benefit of reading men, any book in it, on proper application. It is capitally arranged; and though Mr. Mure could not recollect the name of the person who did it, he informed me that he was recommended to the Earl by yourself. This gave me pleasure, though I did not doubt that the good sense of the Earl would naturally lead him to the proper source.

If he had been a lord of more show than sense he might have applied to another. In short, you will see that I have conceived a high opinion of this same noble bird by looking at the nest or cage, as your townspeople call it.

"The remainder of the excursion need not be mentioned:—how I ate and drank by the civility of my friends; how I met with Mr. Adam Maitland of Dundrennan, who lives in your city; how he did me the honour to enter into a debate with me about stipends, manses, etc., in which I defended myself as well as possible. He is a clever, active man, but keen in his politics—an abomination which affects almost everybody. I have some ambition to be known for something more than a mere parson; I therefore speak with a good deal of freedom both about the wrongs and rights of parsons wherever these are discussed. I told him that I would rather preach than collect stipend at any time; that heritors did not like to be pushed hard; that saving a few liberal well-disposed men, the most of them did not recollect to pay, etc. This last position he controverted, and seemed to think that a clergyman should not care whether he disobliged non-residing heritors or not. I, on the other hand, insinuated that a man would not choose to make foreign enemies, as these were most likely to annoy him on his *travels*. He admitted the fact; and we concluded in excellent humour.

"I might well omit, after what I have said, to add that this excursion pleased me much; and that I promise myself good from it in my views on the County History; but I know not whether a young woman with a very good face and figure, and very little money—a ruinous circum-

stance with prudent men like you!—may not have had some share in promoting it. As I have mentioned such a thing, remember *it is in confidence,* for I wish not to expose myself before the time. She is one who can bring me but little except a regard for any who have been friendly to me; and as this is a lesson which she is already willing to learn, she shall begin her alphabet early, and the first letter of it shall be YOU.

"I am delighted with your account of your London expedition. Your plan of commencement in business there cannot fail. You embark a very large capital sum; your choice of goods, your name, and, above all, your activity, will soon make you the first people of your line in London. This is very great, but it is very true. *Activity* and a *bold overpowering understanding do* everything in literature and life. No doubt, good fortune is a material help; but where these are wanting, no man can make a proper use of his good fortune, or look on himself with any pleasure when successful. Your mixed plan of trade is just what it should be. But I can predict that you will soon have the greater part of all the literary property in Britain. As you can sell well, you can buy well. The price you give will bring goods in your way. Your own judgment will point to what is valuable. . . . The Continent will be opened one way or other. You may have it in your power to be useful to literature beyond the reach even of your present views; you will benefit every man whose abilities raise him by the way of literature to enlighten or delight others. I am not sensible that, by saying so, I flatter you in the least, and I hope,

ere we quit the stage on which we now act, to see all my assertions more than verified. . . . So much for your house!! to which every friend of books and ability wishes prosperity.

"You astonish me with your account of the sale of Marmion and the Edinburgh Review. Marmion is a poem of incontestable merit, which will carry it through many an edition. The Review is degenerated in no respect; the articles are all well written; but the authors are less independent and just than *of yore*. The critique on Marmion is so improper that it seems to divulge a secret hitherto unknown, that the editor of the first literary journal in Britain is capable of being seduced by temporary political motives to betray the cause of good sense and taste. This was not his way in former times, and I believe it will not be his way in future. The credit which he has with the public would be impaired by such reviews; at present his other speculations on similar subjects are entitled to very high praise. The world gains by patronizing both the critic and the criticised.

"I have of late cast about to reconnoitre my way in the History of Galloway. I am not at present in possession of any of the more celebrated County Histories; but I have some idea what such books should be. Mr. Chalmers opens my career in the early times. I mean to consult all his authorities as far as connected with my subject; and by an actual survey to examine all the Roman and British monuments that remain. By ascertaining from charters, old and new maps, etc., the true names of places, I hope to produce a curious commentary

on the Gaelic appellations these have received. An account of the cells, religious houses, parishes, and early proprietors will occupy much of the first division of the work. For this I must consult the chartularies, such of them as remain being the very best authorities in these matters. I expect to have it in my power to see everything in the county of charter description; but I regret that much must be seen by me that has long since been carried out of it. Your friendship with Mr. Thomson will be of the very greatest service to me there; and what you say in your letter respecting him gives me the highest pleasure. Before I come to town I shall know what I particularly stand in need of; but the first journey will be rather to *see what is*, than to *consult* what is. Dr. Muter of Kirkcudbright, who has long corresponded with Mr. G. Chalmers, told me that he had sent him lately a very curious Precept of Sasine, directed by Archibald Douglas the Grim, Lord of Galloway, to his bailie in his town of Kirkcudbright, ordering him to infeft John Gordon, his armour-bearer or squire, in the lands of Lochinvar. This paper is dated 1405, and indicates when the powerful family of Gordon first entered Galloway. For the whole period of the Douglases I must have recourse to the kindness of Mr. Thomson. With Mr. Chalmers I intend to enter into a close correspondence, as soon as I can do so conveniently. He is engaged in a kind of County History of the whole kingdom, but as our plans do not interfere, I hope we may be of mutual use to one another. Permit me to say that if his work meet not with encouragement it will be a dis-

grace to this country. I have read it over twice; I am engaged in a third perusal, and every time I have been more convinced of the immense labour which he has undertaken in order to elucidate the darkest parts of Scotch history. His success has been unprecedented. You will hear this assertion confirmed, in a short time, unanimously by all. His other volumes should be welcomed into the world with every possible speed and attention. If he be not encouraged to proceed, Scotland may not for many years produce another such; and though she did, she were unworthy of the good fortune. It is the custom of Foxites and Pittites to lay out great sums on venal patriots, while the honour and respectability of the country are generally neglected.

"I am busy with my work on Philology, and, were it not for many a plaguy interruption of one kind or other, should soon finish it. I am pleased with many ideas I have started in it; and *believe, of course*, that others will be so also!"

"GRANGE OF URR, 22*d Sept.* 1808.

"DEAR SIR, . . . I labour in *authorage* as diligently as I can—not, however, without heavy curses against the trifling interruptions always encountered by a parson, who often loses whole days in doing nothing. I received since I wrote you two copies of the Life, of which I have disposed already. The last Review has given me much pleasure. Pray can you freely inform me who he is that reviews Mitford's History? I was considerably amused by an elaborate defence of the character of Philip of Macedonia, which makes a part of the critique. I

humbly request that you will be pleased to pay some attention to the names of your authors—that those who, like me, are far off, may now and then by your means be admitted to a view of the living literary world; may enter a few minutes behind the scenes, and discover how the empire of fame is contested, lost, or won. A. M."

"GRANGE OF URR, *Saty.*, 12*th Nov.* 1808, 12 *at night.*

"MY DEAR CONSTABLE, . . . Since you heard from me I have had a meeting of the heritors of Urr assembled to build me a house, etc. To do them justice, they all spoke and voted in a liberal manner, one man excepted, whose epitaph I shall write at my own convenient time, and that epitaph will, I hope, endure as long as the memory or the merit of his opposition. I have been greatly indebted to my friend Mr. Herries for his kindness. The whole *name* of Maxwell has interested itself in my welfare; *Terraughty* (Dr. Maxwell), though no heritor, has shown me particular civility. Mr. Maxwell of Carruchan has been so obliging as to promise me a perusal of a correct inventory of all the papers belonging to the families of Herries and Maxwell. It is evident that the history of these families must make a large portion of the narrative in an account of this district. Sir Alexander Gordon of Culvennan, the Sheriff or Steward of East Galloway, as well as his chief, Mr. Gordon of Kenmure, promise me free access to all their papers. I am informed by Sir Alexander that a book or pamphlet of proverbs peculiar to Galloway is to be found in the late Lord Hailes's collection at New Hailes House.

I likewise understand from Mr. Grierson, Mr. Gordon's agent in Edinburgh, that Mr. Thomas Thomson has requested a perusal of all the ancient documents belonging to the Kenmure family, but that Mr. Gordon has not as yet thought of sending them into town. Mr. Glendonwyne of Parton has a large collection of ancient charters belonging to his family, once far more considerable than it is at present. He is willing to allow me the use of his collection. In short, I find that no obstruction of consequence lies in my way in these researches, except the unavoidable one of local situation, and circumstances too narrow *even for a County Historian.* . . . A. M."

"CHAPELTON, URR, *Augt.* 21*st*, 1809.

"MY DEAR FRIEND, . . . I have only heard of you for some time as the world hears remote thunder. My affairs have not permitted me to waste my time in anything but planning of obscure buildings, collecting *stent* from heritors, managing a glebe and a parish, and similar humble toils; yours have carried you to the metropolis, opened to you fortune, I trust, and fame, as also a plentiful magazine of annoyance to your enemies, among whom must unhappily be reckoned some of your rivals in business. Such is man! Selling of wisdom, and dispensing of it in our way in mouthfuls to the gaping audience, have their respective share of envy, especially if there be twopence to be gained by either. Your Herculean activity must lay its account to meet with the resistance of the combined forces of interest and envy—the one a very familiar, and the other a very devilish sort of spirit. . . .

"Our country news are not worth your hearing. We are all intent on making money, myself excepted, who have no means. Some plough, others pasture, some dig, others drain, some subdue the wilderness, and others tame the flood. Many men who never saw your classics, your colleges, your Greek and Latin, your politico-economico-philosophico-starvationico rules and theories, here flourish in industry, and die in that useful class of gentlemen called lairds or *heritable* possessors of lands to which they did not succeed by *inheritance*. Ah! my good friend, how long might a man be even a first-rate author before he could make so good an end! . . .

"As to my History of the County, I have full reason to say that any encouragement which can be given here is at my service when I choose to ask it; and have only to regret that I have not time to employ in that matter till I get myself settled. This is an annoyance, to be kept from favourite pursuits, by the detail of necessary, indeed, but very obscure duties. . . . I think it was the stupendous author of The Rambler who affirmed that much of his long life had been spent in providing for the wants of the day that was passing over his head,—a circumstance which he might be permitted to regret, both on his own account and that of the public, because none of all his voluminous works can be declared to be bad. Let us then, my friend, pray for peace at home and abroad; the one will make you known as a bookseller on the Continent, and the other will give me leisure to write books of history, songs, and sport. I make no allusion here to domestic wars, to which they say the greatest patriots, booksellers,

and authors, are sometimes exposed. *Your* wife I know for certain gives you no trouble, and *mine* imitates her without having the honour of knowing her. So there is peace even for the wicked in both of these directions.

"If I had time I would sketch for your amusement a few characters of my co-presbyters. As I know you respect Churchmen, without being blind to certain habits of theirs, a few traits that have come under my man-observing eye might divert you; but this is not a canvas large enough whereon to trace the stomach of Epicurus, the avarice of Simon Magus, and the ignorance profound and envy infinite of the Gothic ages. I reserve them for some more happy opportunity; in the meantime, I assure you that I have got an assortment since I came hither, which, if properly drawn, would give life and nature to a very decent series of volumes from the Minerva Press.

"A. M."

MR. CONSTABLE to MR. MURRAY.

"EDINBURGH, 1*st May* 1810.

"MY DEAR FRIEND,—It is now a very long while, and to my shame do I acknowledge it, since I had the pleasure of writing to you; ill-health, indolence, the cares and vexations of business, have all in their turn conspired towards this, but I hope you will, nevertheless, like a Christian pastor, be ready to pardon my transgressions, and, after a due season of repentance, restore me to that place in your regard which I at one time so fully occupied. The more speedily to secure this, I have the pleasure of telling you that I am to be in Dumfries on Friday evening.

Mr. Hunter accompanies me, and we both entreat the favour of your meeting us on Saturday forenoon, as we cannot at this time extend our peregrinations to the Manse of Urr. I trust you will come prepared to render an account of your matrimonial life. Present my kindest compliments to Mrs. Murray,[1] and assure her of my warm regard. I should have liked much to have seen her, but at present it is impossible, as I cannot be many days absent from Edinburgh. . . . A. C."

MR. MURRAY to MR. CONSTABLE.

"MANSE OF URR, *Augt. 6th*, 1810.

"DEAR SIR, . . . I think it would be favourable to your health and spirits to run our length every season at least. We have hills and valleys and other rural varieties like our brothers in the wild parts of the world. There are also some friends here *to your personal merits*, publications, and politics—if indeed you have any. By the bye, we have got an amusing way in this county of writing against the Edinburgh Review, and of classing its *authors* with Cobbett and Burdett, and other persons highly obnoxious to many gentlemen of delicate feelings. I do not much like this. For I look on that publication as an honour to this country, and, with few exceptions, the organ of every kind of moral and scientific learning. In our obscure abodes we, like the Laplanders, occasionally quarrel about the merits of the sun. Some of us believe him to be a glorious heavenly light, and some maintain

[1] On the 9th December 1808 Mr. Murray had married Miss Henrietta Affleck.

that his sole use is to breed maggots and grubs in low marshy grounds. I am of the first of these parties, and think myself honoured by belonging to it.

"Your very kind inquiries about my pecuniary situation deserve my thanks. I certainly am not altogether free from certain encumbrances which imprudence, etc., bring upon housekeepers of small funds *in their first year.* But I am not redemptionless. After a year or two I must get free from all these. And, in the meantime, if you could assist me in getting something by this publication in view, I should get quit at once. I do not mean that you or any friend should give assistance to selling a useless book. But if it be found in any respect better, you can, I believe, get it sold in shares to the respectable part of the trade who will pay the author something handsome for it. Now that it has got into form, it appears that one volume quarto, of about 560 pages, or two octavo of ordinary size, will be the *suitable figure* of publication. It is all in Roman letter; no Sanscrit or Arabic included. But more of this when we meet. If this work succeed not, I shall bid adieu to philology and philosophy, and cultivate men, leeks, onions, potatoes, and other fruits of the earth, like my brother parsons, who know no books but the Bible and newspapers. A. M."

MR. CONSTABLE to MR. MURRAY.

"CRAIGCROOK, *2d Dec.* 1810.

"MY DEAR SIR,—It is no new mode with me to begin a letter by apologizing for my long silence, and as you have already sufficient experience of the remark, I shall

merely in a word say, that it has not been with me 'out of sight out of mind,' for I have often thought of you, but the cares of the world and the pressure of extending business make such daily calls upon me, and so swallow up my time, that the duties of private friendship have been almost overlooked.

"I was sorry when we met at Dumfries that we could spend but few hours together, and equally concerned that the short time I could spare from home prevented the possibility of my paying my respects to the lady of the parsonage of Urr, for I have a *strong desire* to see her, and to witness a little of the domestic comfort of a great philosopher's fireside,—for such, my good friend, I have long set your course to be; indeed, I may say ever since the period of our acquaintance with Mrs. Banks and John Dowie, which is not now of yesterday. . . .

"I believe I mentioned to you that the edition of Bruce's Travels is almost gone. Rees was here lately, and we talked seriously of a new edition, which I daresay may be wanted before the end of next year. I don't think there are above twenty copies in the hands of the publishers, and but very few scattered among the trade. The Life has sold extremely well, fully more than 300 out of the 500, so both speculations have paid the booksellers, and gained the editor no small fame. You may be turning over the pages of the work at your leisure, to consider whether you will have any material alterations to propose. Poor James Bruce died several months ago, and has left the museum, books, MSS., etc. etc., to his wife. I had an application some time ago from her to my par-

ticular friend, Mr. James Gibson, to know whether it would be possible to prevail with you to pass a week at Kinnaird some time soon, to aid them with a suitable inventory and description of the articles brought from Abyssinia or elsewhere, and on this subject I ought to have written to you several weeks ago—indeed, they believe I have actually done so before now. Mrs. Bruce has an idea of selling the whole in one lot either to the British Museum or the Royal Society of London, which, upon the whole, may be preferable to their being kept for the future heirs of the family, as they would thus have a little chance of being preserved for the public benefit. I told Mr. Gibson that I did not know whether it would be in your power to undertake such a task, but as I had frequently heard you say that you would like another examination of the MSS., it was within probability that you might be prevailed on, and accordingly undertook to propose it to you, which I would have done before, had I not expected you every week in town. Write to me as soon as possible on this head, and let what you say be such as I can communicate to the family. . . .

"Mr. Gibson is, you know, Mr. Hunter's cousin, and one of the most respectable men in Scotland. He has the power very frequently of doing kind actions, and nobody knows better how to apply it. Under a different Ministry I know no man who would have more to say in the patronage of most things, and I should like to make you acquainted with him. . . .

"As to my own concerns and speculations, some of

them thrive and others are only *so-so*. The death of Mr. Park has been a most serious derangement to our London concern, indeed I might almost say a ruinous event! Mr. Hunter and I have come to the determination of dissolving it on the 1st of January, for it is utterly impossible for me to leave Edinburgh almost for one week out of the fifty-two to superintend it. Our affairs here go on as usual, only I feel that we have rather more business than I can manage to my own mind. I have undertaken rather too many new books for the present state of the country, but all of them are I hope good. The Edinburgh Review still increases; we now print 12,000 copies.

"I shall be very happy to hear from you and to see you in Edinburgh soon. I beg my best regards to Mrs. Murray. A. C."

MR. MURRAY to MR. CONSTABLE.

"MANSE OF URR, *Decr. 11th*, 1810.

"DEAR SIR, . . . It gives me intense pleasure to hear about all your plans, many of them deservedly successful, and others equally meritorious, which have not so good a fate. It is not in labour itself to command success. And without whining over certain accidents, I must say that the happier way is to consider them, though severe by nature, as matters of course. I inculcate on our good folks that to be born and to die (which you know are the ends of the line of life) are things vastly natural, common, and notorious, and therefore ought to be considered in an easy unalarmed way. Now, though this philosophy is both moral and religious, I never think that we can act

up to it in perfection; I only mean that, by revolving the matter now and then in our minds, our fancy may get a little acquainted with it, and like a good midwife or a good sexton, feel no surprise whatever.

"It is often very inconvenient for a man to make his exit, particularly when he has not done all the good he might have done in longer time; a feeling which vanishes on reflection that if we have been active here to acknowledged purpose, we cannot surely expect to be idle in the country where they say all men are happy in perpetually doing good. You see I eke out my philosophy with shreds and tatters of *faith*, which, by the bye, are excellent selvages, and keep the cloak of wisdom from being worn, in the gutters, in cold wintry weather. And if any mystery lurk in these sentences, you must ascribe it to my late musings on Calvin, which you humorously mention, and which, I hope, will do us great honour if paper were become cheap and *demand* a little brisker. . . .

"My late indisposition has retarded my philological treatise, which is, however, nearly finished. I rather over-calculated the time requisite for completing it; but now, if ill-health do not plague me, I shall bring myself and it to town about the New Year, o.s., when I shall see you, as I hope, 'hale and weel and living.' As to Mrs. Bruce's request, I shall give you my answer on the top of the opposite page, which you can communicate to your friend who acts for her.

"I call my philological work the Philosophical History of the European Languages, which is, I think, a better title than Researches, etc. I have changed the arrange-

ment in many places from what was mentioned in the prospectus. I examine in the First Part the history of our own language, the Teutonic in all its branches from its origin, adverting to those general laws by which the parts of it were produced. In the Second Part I apply these laws to the Greek, Latin, Sanscrit, Persic, Slavonic, and Celtic, concluding with a sketch of the rules by which philological researches should be conducted and extended to all the languages of the earth. . . .

"I feel great pleasure in the account you give me of the success of the Edinburgh Review. Its sale is prodigious, but not too great for the knowledge and spirit of the work. As I have not the usual variety of books which I formerly had, I inspect more carefully those which I have, and among the rest the Review. Taking it in the whole it is quite worthy of this free and scientific country; it is full of good criticism, good philosophy, good morals, and, I rather think, good sentiments in other matters, though *our Presbytery* will not allow any of these things. I told some of the most violent of my brethren that they would change their politics when the King was changed. This set them grievously on edge, for I believe it was a great truth. They look upon me as a most confounded anti-government, anti-moderate, anti-clerical man, who has sworn allegiance to I know not what principles in secret. The truth is, I could like to see selfish intrusion into important literary offices, indolence in doing the clerical duties, and ignorance of all literature, sacred and profane, much less common in people of my profession. We cannot look for equality of talents in

that occupation, but you will allow that if a man take some hundreds of the public money, he should do something in return. I am quite of the same opinion with the minority in the Church as to the duties of the office.

"It would give me real pleasure to see you, and to be able to show you that attention which your long friendship and kindness to me deserve. My family is as yet small, but large enough for the time. The fireside, except some *appearances* of reading, some old black-letter volumes and scraps of paper to be discovered about it (most of them proofs of deep philosophy), is nearly the same as any other *parson's*. I am desirous to get clear of the three adversities of life—debt, *dool*, and the devil, which when having conquered—for it is yet partly to be done—all will go on well enough.

"I am sorry that your London branch has not answered your expectation. You are right in dissolving the copartnery there if you cannot find a fit conductor, for it would soon lead you into great loss, and plague yourself into the bargain. Well managed, it would have been an excellent station for vending your new publications as well as established works."

"MANSE OF URR, *Decr. 29th*, 1810.

"MY DEAR SIR,—I know you will be sorry to hear that this is written in bed, from which I have risen very little since I wrote to you in the beginning of this month. As I have some ease in the middle of the day, I thought I would employ a part of that in writing to you, being an amusement from which I derive great pleasure. The illness under which I suffer at present arises from a sort of

asthma, which attacked me about the beginning of November last; and affected me with breathlessness, loss of sleep, and weakness. I have for some weeks had a cough that barks all night, and scarcely ceases for a short period at the dawn. With all this you are not to be alarmed. I am assured by everybody of any skill, and *particularly by* the symptoms themselves, that I am not in any danger of consumption,—the most incurable of the coughing list. I am, however, greatly annoyed by a variety of distressing plagues that constantly attend on impeded respiration. I cannot sleep, eat, or think with the usual satisfaction which these give to people in good health. And I have little hope that I shall get much better till the spring be far advanced. I preached as long as I was able: we have now sermon once in the fortnight. The rest of the parish duty is performed by my nearest clerical neighbours, who are all very obliging. Severe as I sometimes am on the clerical character in what respects learning, I have no private warfare with any of my brethren around me, nor have they any with me. We willingly do for one another what we can, as becomes such imperfect performers.

"By the unfortunate state of health into which I have fallen, all possibility of my coming to town in January is excluded; an accident which is greatly against me. The work you have often heard of is nearly, I may say almost fully, completed; what little remains undone would have been finished by this time, had not my ill-health prevented it, and I am rather anxious to try the fate of a new theory of language at a time when such men as Mr. Dugald Stewart and your friends the Reviewers are exposing the

conclusions derived from a theory less perfect as I think, but yet the best which is before the public; I mean that given by Mr. Tooke. I read Mr. Stewart's essays on his work with great satisfaction as to their truth and elegance, and it pleased me not a little to observe that my account, written before Mr. Stewart's work had appeared, was liable to none of the objections or refutations which he very properly makes. I am further of opinion, that so far from being debased or corrupted by their union with philological inquiries, the principles of the philosophy of the mind would receive very considerable illustration, and might be applied in practice with wider effect, by the assistance of a just, accurate, and logical account of Language. Mr. Tooke's deductions from his inquiries are entitled to a refutation, not from philosophy only, but likewise from philology. For I am certain that however valuable his philological discoveries are—and they are assuredly very valuable—they by no means support his most absurd conclusions, which are alike disowned by philosophy and philology. But of this, my dear friend, more than enough. I am apt to forget that you are no great reader of mysterious volumes which even their authors do not understand. I know that you are a practical rather than a speculative sage, who, without much study, can prophesy what will happen not less certainly than if you had been rapt whole years in contemplation.

"Some days ago I have received your last Number of the Edinburgh Review, the perusal of which has given me as much pleasure as I can feel in my present situation. I have read it all, lying on my back, or half sitting, my

more usual posture. It seems to me to be in every sense excellent. The first article about the Catholic claims is very good, and quite convincing. By the bye, it is long since I was convinced that the Catholics in Ireland should have their religious and civil liberties restored and supported as we have ours in Scotland. I am pleased to observe the defence of the Catholic doctrines conducted on the authority quoted here. But I believe that the writer does not give a just account of the practical use of Indulgences in ancient times. I suppose that if Indulgences had not been issued in a scandalous and immoral manner throughout Europe, Luther had never commenced his Reformation. For all this—be the account just or otherwise, the rules of *modern* Catholics form the sole base of judging the religious sentiment of that class of Christians at the present day.

"The Memoirs of Prince Eugene are extremely well reviewed; like the book, the account of it is lively, instructive, and interesting. The moral reflections at the end are the very best possibly ever made, without growling at human life, and losing sight of the good qualities which it actually has.

"The account of the Tracts on the Education of the Poor is of very high importance to mankind. I am convinced that the evils apprehended from educating the poor are a mere nonentity, and proved to be so every day in our own country. To teach a poor boy to read, write, and *count* (our Scottish phrase, you know), gives the fellow a chance for being one of the most useful men of his times.[1]

[1] Alexander Murray was himself an exponent of this truth.

It is needless to repeat the daylight truths in the Review. I have sometimes amused myself with speculating how a wise, patriotic government might manage an ordinary empire having ten or twelve millions of people, so as to promote public and private advantage in the highest degree practicable, and to preserve for the public good all that mass of superior ability which is buried under the ignorance of the lower orders. I am informed that three-fourths of the English peasantry cannot read. Of course they cannot know the Bible, the common source of religion. Of what value is their large religious establishment to that class of people? Hardly of any whatever. Even *our* long preachings and visitings would be of little use if the people could not read. A populace that cannot read is fated to be ignorant and to prolong ignorance for ever if it be not prevented. Lancaster's plan seems fitted for teaching any number of children at a trifling expense, consequently it must become an admirable instrument for performing the most useful and meritorious service which has been attempted in any age. I fear that Bell has been led to claim the merit of Lancaster's method not so much from the ambition of being reputed a discoverer, as from his connexion with that singularly stupid party that oppose all improvement in Church or State, however expedient, except it arise from the party itself, an event which most rarely happens. . . . A. M."

MR. CONSTABLE to MR. MURRAY.

"LONDON, *8th March* 1811.

"MY DEAR FRIEND,—I have been here now upwards of

six weeks on not the most agreeable business. I am happy to tell you, however, that I am getting through it. I have been unwell, unfortunately, for more than two weeks with a sort of rheumatic fever. . . . I was obliged to leave London for some days, being constantly liable to teasing calls on business. I went to the house of a relation and namesake who lives at Woodford in Essex; he is a medical man, and after enjoying his fare, and the fresh air of the country, I returned some days ago considerably improved. Before I left town, and while in bed, indeed, I had a call from Mr. Salt,—who has just returned from a second journey into Abyssinia,—wishing to learn your address. I had a good deal of conversation with him, when he told me he had brought a letter to our Government from the present king of Abyssinia, which he believed no man in England could translate, and that he thought it extremely probable that he would go down to Scotland for the purpose of getting your honour to accomplish that business. I did not fail to tell Mr. Salt that you were at once a good, a wise, and a most learned man. I gave him your address, and he said he would call upon me again were he to go to Scotland. I found his card on my table the day before yesterday, left while I was out, which satisfies me that he may by this time be on the road to Urr. I said all I could to encourage him to visit you, because I was sure you would be much gratified by conversation with a man so well informed about a country and a people that have interested you so much as Abyssinia and Abyssinians; I shall be most happy, indeed, if you meet. I shall be here for four or five days, when, please God, I

shall again steer my course for Edinburgh, where I long much to be, never more to leave it. Adieu, my dear friend, I write in bad health, worse spirits, and with a most intolerably bad pen. . . . A. C."

MR. MURRAY to MR. CONSTABLE.

"MANSE OF URR, *March 24th*, 1811.

"DEAR SIR,—I received your letter dated London, 8th current, informing me of Mr. Salt's application to you respecting an *interpretation* of his Majesty's epistle from Abyssinia. It gives me real and unaffected sorrow to understand that your health has been bad, and that you have been unable to stand the incessant fatigue to which you were necessarily exposed in London. It was fortunate, so far, that you found a friend in the vicinity to whose house you could escape from the plague of business. I really fear that you have taken too much to heart the bad success of your English adventure, for I must think that it deserved no better name at the very beginning. A manager like yourself you could not hope to find. There is an address required in conducting common retail business. Activity, forethought, and a genius for planning and executing are absolutely necessary for conducting trade on a great scale. If you had been personally in London instead of Edinburgh, I am satisfied that your London concern would have prospered. A few raw lads put at the head of affairs change the case entirely. I presume that in these hard times they could only multiply expenses. If your fortune has been seriously affected by this business, it will give me real concern, as being

undeserved by you, or by any man who has sacrificed his whole time and health to most useful industry. If, on the contrary, you have only lost some thousands of pounds, and fallen a trifle in your own eyes before the London booksellers, these evils are not invincible. The pounds you will recover, by the kind of monopoly which you are likely to have during life of the literature of Scotland, if not of Britain. The triumph of the men of London will be nominal, if they are obliged to take from you the principal works published in this island. I am perfectly ignorant of the state of your business at present, but I know that your periodical publications have had an unprecedented circulation, that your other new books have been mostly successful (I judge from their currency), and that, except a few splendid trifles, or dim volumes of antiquarian researches—the work of authors like your humble servant, you count few unsaleable books among those printed on your account.

"The effects of great speculation and of the continental war are very visible at present. The sale of books is, no doubt, retarded by the pecuniary distresses of all ranks. The scarcity of money must consequently circumscribe the dealings of all commercial men. If you have, as you say in your last letter, left London not to return, I beg leave to congratulate you, and to add, instead of your 'never more,' 'till the next favourable opportunity.' Any salutary change in foreign affairs will amend the times, and with that amendment it may be useful for all parties concerned in literature that you should revisit London. In the meantime nothing can be done but to get under cover and

lie bye—a bad sort of expedient, though by far the safest that commercial men can at present adopt.

"I am uneasy till I learn the actual state of your health. I have not written to you in London, as you mentioned that you were on the point of leaving it in a few days after the date of your letter. I now write to you, arrived, as I hope, on the north side of the Tweed, and under cover of that ancient hospitable abode where you can have repose from the miseries of a crowded city.

"Mr. Salt did not set out on his Scotch journey. The object would scarcely have defrayed his expenses. But I received the Abyssinian letter which he mentioned to you under a cover from the Foreign Office, with a letter from Mr. Smith, the Marquis Wellesley's secretary, desiring, in his Lordship's name, that I would give a translation of it. I kept the letter a few days, and returned it with a translation. It was in very plain and good Abyssinian, addressed to the King, whom the writer thanked for his presents of arms, cannon, etc., and requested to continue the correspondence. There is much in it about religion. The Abyssinian chief (it is not the king of Abyssinia that writes it) is very anxious to convince our Sovereign that he is of the same religion with him. I thanked Lord Wellesley for his application to me; and wrote likewise a letter to Mr. Salt, expressing my desire to see him if he found it convenient to visit Scotland, and offering my slender assistance in case he should have occasion to write any letters in Abyssinian in return. It is singular that none of the English literati have studied that language, which is by no means a difficult one. Mr. Salt appears to

me to have made no progress whatever in it, which must have laid him under great disadvantages in the country itself. I wish the intercourse with Abyssinia to be kept open, so I shall not express a premature opinion as to the hopes which the late embassy affords of succeeding in that particular. If the Kinnaird MSS. come to a sale, their price will be raised by the interest excited by Lord Valentia's and Mr. Salt's endeavours. . . . A. M."

"MANSE OF URR, 11*th April* 1811.
"*In bed, where I have lived this whole day.*

"DEAR SIR, . . . I have had a letter from Mr. Salt, who states that his affairs will not permit him to come to Scotland till June, when he will certainly visit us, and have a long discussion on Abyssinian matters. A copy of the translation had been sent to him from the office, and he seemed to be rather disappointed because it differed in some particulars from the notes which he had taken when the letter was delivered to him. I have, at his request, revised my translation, and, except in one trifling respect, I have not found out any error. I have sent him a copy of the original translated word for word, so that if the Abyssinian general has not written what had been expected, I have at least interpreted all that he has been pleased to say. On the whole, it is certainly a great pity that *our Ambassadors* should be totally ignorant of the languages of the countries into which they are sent. I am told that our missions to Sweden and Russia are all conducted through the medium of the French language; of course, neither party understands well what it is saying to its opposite. . . .

"I see that Government has an eye on Africa, and that Abyssinian topography, language, and manners, will be studied as preparations for further discoveries there. Consequently Bruce's book and the literature connected with it will be called for. . . .

"You would have received the few letters and other trifling papers which I brought from Kinnaird before this time, had I not thought that as a few of them are Arabic letters, I might be in less haste till I had copied some of them, and retained the copies, that I might have it in my power to re-correct the translation of them in the work. Speak to Mr. Manners and Mr. Gibson on this head, and inquire as to the opinion held at Kinnaird on the matter. I have Mr. Bruce's letter of refusal to let us have the Ethiopic MSS. and the necessary books into Edinburgh—and his letter written before his death to Mr. Manners *claims the restoration of all that we were refused.* I asked all the Abyssinian History and almost everything of that kind at Kinnaird, when he became uncivil to me about his house. He chose rather to let me remain, and the amount of what I asked is just now, as formerly, in the museum, where he might have seen it every day of his life. The few letters which I brought away for our use were granted by Logan or him along with the drawings, a dozen of which and their descriptions we had for the work. What I have shall be promptly sent in, *via* Dumfries, to you, or to Manners and Miller. I wish to have this matter set in a proper light. If I were at Kinnaird I could make Mr. Gibson, who is a man of sense, see the extreme futility of Mr. Bruce's demand through Mr.

Manners. It would have been well for the work and for Abyssinian literature that I had actually enjoyed the use of what Mr. Bruce refused to let us have. The MSS. would have sold much better too, for as nobody can read them, it would have been of use to make them more public by extracts. . . . A. M."

"KINNAIRD, *Saturday, May 4th*, 1811.

"MY DEAR SIR,—As I am in hands with very deep erudition and with endless books, I have only time to tell you that I came here very safe. I have got all the Oriental MSS. put into my hands by Mrs. Bruce to read and describe. But I have not as yet got access to the papers of Mr. Bruce himself, and I regret that before I set out it had not been so arranged that I might have had immediate access to everything. By the bye, Mrs. Bruce has but a very limited comprehension of your right to see all the papers relating to the travels on this occasion; and though I believe that I shall get the better of her for her own interest, yet she plainly does not absolutely confide in me to a full degree. As, however, it is more for her interest than yours that she should confide in me, you need not greatly mind the matter. But I truly wish that Mr. Gibson had been here, for I fear that I shall not be able to make the best possible description of the museum. She is very kind and civil as to living, eating, drinking, etc., but her ideas are narrow, and her fears of being injured numerous; I am sorry for it. I shall let you hear from me soon.

"May God preserve you for a thousand years. . . .

"A. M."

"KINNAIRD, *May 12th*, 1811.

"MY DEAR SIR, . . . On revising the Ethiopic books, I am more struck than ever with a sense of their value as literary productions of a rude country. The abstract in the Travels of the Abyssinian History is a poor, ill-composed thing, which often neglects very interesting traits of character and manners that appear in the original Chronicles. These are a mine which, during the very limited time that I can bestow on it, is altogether inexhaustible. Indeed I have only time to read them in a cursory manner, and I regret that it may be very long before they shall be read by any other person.

". . . My wish is, that this collection may fall into the hands of some liberal and public encourager of Oriental literature, who will communicate to others the good which he himself cannot perhaps enjoy. You seemed to think that the printed books here were not very valuable. They do appear to me to be valuable, for the editions are, generally speaking, the very best; and I am certain that none of our public libraries either have these editions of many of them, nor indeed several of the books themselves.

"I apprehend that some of the volumes of the Abyssinian History here are rare in Abyssinia, and that there is little probability that they can be now met with in that country. This adds to their value. . . .

"May the dew of eternal health, distilled by the unceasing revolution of the seven spheres, lie eternally upon your branch. May your days be like those of Enoch or Elias. May your cares fly away like the thin clouds of a morning in the garden of Eden; and may

your prosperity flourish like the blossoms of the tree of life. May the wide hand of beneficence grasp you with fingers of perpetual favour, and enrich the crown of your enjoyments with the jewels of peace and plenty. For ever and ever. Amen. . . . A. M."

"MANSE OF URR, *Aug.* 13*th*, 1811.

"DEAR SIR, . . . I have, by help of your Lappish Dictionary, added one to the number of the European dialects formerly known to me, and obtained from that some important conclusions. I have traversed by its aid the shores of the Frozen Ocean, and brought the collections of the north to bear on those of Persia and India. You know accident threw the book in my way, and probably in yours. I will make hasty and good use of it, and return it to you not too long after this. I assure you that I never thought, in my present limited situation, of being able to review the dialect of the oldest inhabitants of the north of Europe with any tolerable degree of satisfaction. The want of materials is a grievous desideratum in that inquiry. We are tolerably well provided in Icelandic, Danish, Swedish, and other Scandinavian publications. But the Laplanders were so little known that Voltaire pronounced them about forty years ago to be a people by themselves, sprung from their own mosses, and related to these only. I see light throughout the extent of Europe in every direction, and shall be able to connect the History of Europe and Asia, in a manner which may lead to some discoveries in ancient literature and philology not unworthy of the nineteenth century.

"Our friends here are all in suspense till the supernal powers pronounce the event of the King's indisposition. . . . It has occurred to me that in the beginning of a new reign, under a patriotic Ministry such as will presently be formed, something has often been done for the encouragement of literature. My views, as you know, have been directed to the study of ancient history, and particularly to that extensive and little cultivated department of it which is connected with Language. The range which I have prescribed to myself in that study is limited at present by personal circumstances. Its real boundaries are far beyond the usual walk of my predecessors. Allowed to prosecute my intentions and wishes, I would carry my researches into the state of human language in every region of the globe, and pursue philosophically the connexion which subsists among all the nations which have been hitherto discovered. You will be surprised to hear that this species of inquiry is yet in its infancy. We are totally ignorant of the languages of the nations to the north-west of China, some of which formerly overran Europe. *The Philosophy of Language* is a branch of literature which should be publicly taught. Its object is to illustrate the nature and history of human speech, the affinities of mankind, and to facilitate the intercourse of the species. Little has been done to illustrate the languages of those nations that are at our own doors; for example, the Russians, Hungarians, and Tartars; and still less to generalize such inquiries, and to make them useful to the world at large, in a clear, enlightened, and comprehensive manner.

"Now, to prosecute these studies with effect would require such patronage as should enable me to visit the principal collections of literature in England, and to procure from other countries books and specimens of the literature connected with them. Do you think that it would be improper for me to solicit the countenance of our future Sovereign to these literary undertakings? I feel my way before me; and ill as it must become me to speak of my own efforts, I trust to see the day when no monarch, however great and virtuous, may be ashamed of knowing me. In a new reign the Government is generally inclined to make itself beloved for its enlightened support of letters. Under the late Administration no man of genius could expect any favour. Pitt neither understood nor protected literature. His principle of letting all things find their level was absurd. The speculative sciences, which lay the foundations of practical knowledge, require to be encouraged as the springs of action, which, though of the first importance in their effects, cannot be discerned by the public. If it had not been for the abstruse and unpopular speculations of Newton, Laplace, and Playfair, where would have been your navigation and mechanical celebrity?

"The patronage to which I allude would not be dishonourably received. No man should ask such without returning more than the value of it. I hate all sinecures that are a positive loss. They are a channel of the grossest corruption. Abjuring every idea of that nature, I ask your opinion of this subject. Should it be followed up or abandoned? If honourable and proper, how should

it be managed? The ends of solicitation could easily be specified and stated. The Throne is never quite inaccessible. As any disclosure of this matter might provoke the envy of many, and excite their bad offices, let it be confidential between us till we have considered it. Write me your friendly opinion, and honestly correct what is wrong.

"What tidings of Mr. Salt? Did you see him in London? I have not heard from him, and consequently am ignorant of his designs. I had revised my Ethiopic in hopes of conversing with him in language *circumcised.* But this has not taken place. . . . A. M."

MR. CONSTABLE to MR. MURRAY.

"EDINBURGH, 17*th August* 1811.

"MY DEAR SIR,—I had the pleasure of receiving your very interesting letter of the 13th, which, next to a visit, was most welcome to me. I rejoice to find by it that you are continuing your philological investigations with such vigour, and that your mind at last aspires to what I predicted might happen a good while ago, during a walk which you will recollect we once had on the banks below Linlithgow Palace, and you may be sure of my co-operation as far as the power of a bookseller extends. The first thing to be done is to publish your Researches, which I apprehend must now be nearly ready for the press. You ought to bring the MS. to Edinburgh as soon as possible, that the printers may be set to work. I feel confident that that work will be your best introduction to the patronage of the great. Other plans are to be

devised in which you may always reckon upon my aid and that of thy friends. . . .

"As we shall very soon be in your debt at any rate, you may, if you please, draw upon Messrs. A. Constable and Co. for £50 sterling at three months. Any of the bankers in Dumfries will give you the money for it. We must make you this allowance at least, for revising the new edition of Bruce. . . . A. C."

The following three letters called forth by the death of Dr. Leyden will be read with interest:—

"MANSE OF URR, 28*th Jan.* 1812.

"MY DEAR SIR,—Though I have nothing of consequence to say except to ask after your health, I have determined to make you do something for the post-office revenue of these kingdoms. Engaged as you are in perpetual business, you form an edifying contrast to me, who am not altogether idle, but certainly not so busy. With all my leisure I have been able to learn very little as to whether you have been sad or merry since I left you in the end of October. I wish that it may have been an interval rather of the agreeable than the sorrowful cast: I trust that it has been so.

"You must have been among the first to hear the news of the Batavian expedition, and the subsequent death of our old friend Dr. Leyden. I regret that event exceedingly, both from motives of long and intimate friendship, and the loss, the really incalculable loss, which literature has sustained by the death of a man of such accomplishments and views, in his interesting situation

We might have expected from him a clear and accurate account of the nations between China and India, and, above all, of the relations in which the tribes of those parts of Asia have stood to one another. His talent for languages might have laid open the way to future adventurers whose efforts might have been of good service in various respects, though perhaps they would not have been strong enough to have surmounted the difficulties of an unattempted intercourse and untried communication. With the aid of language a man of sense is at home in any age of any country; without it he is limited entirely to what he sees.'

"If I remember right, you and John did not altogether agree on some points. If, however, you estimate his character fully, now that the trial of it is over, you will agree with me that he had a bold adventurous mind, not afraid of any labour or the most painful researches; that he had more literature of the classical, antiquarian, and oriental kind than any man you or I ever knew; that his taste was good, and that he was able to philosophize as well as comment on the history of present and past ages. He would have contributed something to the general stores of useful knowledge in any situation. In India he would have supplied a large blank in the annals of the world by tracing the ancient state of the nations which have been considered as established in those regions before others were formed, or any way civilized. Alas! that is all over.

"I am engaged on my own work, as much as my health, which has been but very ordinary this winter, and my

leisure permit. I have written several parts of it anew, and *sensibly* improved them. It is good to be a severe critic of a man's own writings, as it is best that a mother should be a rigid corrector of her children. It saves other people the trouble of belabouring them with pen or hand, a duty which is not at all times agreeable to the parents.

"I have heard of your public concerns from the mouth of fame only, and her tale was a little adverse. A certain great law-lord is said to have expressed himself unhandsomely in a cause to which you were party, and which came before him for decision. 'I know nothing of the merits or demerits of the case; but my friend Craufurd can inform you that he would not have been so severe if you had been the Town of Edinburgh. However, as it was an affair with authors, perhaps it was right to lick you whether guilty or not—there being a special provision for such indulgence in all instances whatever. Justice and injustice often go by humour, politics, and situation.—I am, etc. A. M."

MR. CONSTABLE to MR. MURRAY.

"EDINBURGH, 1*st February* 1812.

"MY DEAR SIR,—The Lord President has not risen in the estimation of good men for impartiality in consequence of his abuse of me. Had I been a member of the Town Council, or shown the least desire to embark in the dirty politics of the city, and become subservient to his views, I should have been a great and good man in his opinion, though probably not more so in that of my real friends.

I shall show you a state of the case next time I have the pleasure of seeing you here.

"I am very happy to find you have been attending to your Philological work. When shall we put it in the printers' hands? Bruce's Travels proceed regularly, so as to be ready in October or November next. The sheets where material alterations occur will, of course, be forwarded to you.

"The death of our friend John Leyden affected me much; he was indeed no common man. This is a world of uncertainties, and we ought all to think more of our friends while we have them. I am very anxious to have a proper account of Dr. Leyden in the Scots Magazine, which I would ask the favour of you to draw up. I think it very likely that some biographical notice may get into the Monthly Magazine, upon which I shall have an eye. There is no need for any particular haste, only we must not forget it. The eulogy which appeared in the Edinburgh papers was written, I believe, by Mr. Lundie of Kelso.

"I had lately a long and very friendly conversation about you with Dr. Baird, who is very anxious to have you nearer Edinburgh, and will exert himself to bring it about. I wish you could contrive to come to town early in the spring, before he goes to Perthshire, as I am convinced it would be of great importance that we should all three *compare notes* on the subject. Let me hear from you by an early post. If you require another £50 by and bye you may draw upon us as before. With best wishes to Mrs. Murray and family, I remain, etc., A. C."

Mr. Murray to Mr. Constable.

"Manse of Urr, *Feb. 7th*, 1812.

"Dear Sir,—I received your late favour of the 1st curt., for which and its friendly contents I owe you many thanks. I know not whether these would have been worth paper and postage, at a week's distance, considering the very airy and light nature of thanksgivings in general, did they not come to you in company with other matters which I wish you to know. I had, by the post which brought yours, a letter from Robert Leyden, informing me that Mr. Scott had offered to collect and publish Dr. Leyden's posthumous papers and occasional pieces, including no doubt the Scenes of Infancy and other poems, and to accompany them with a memoir of his life, in the part of which that might relate to his Oriental studies he requested my slender assistance.[1] As I make no doubt

[1] Mr. Murray rendered valuable assistance to Scott in the preparation of the biographical notice of his friend. The following letter will be read with interest:—

"Edinr., 10*th Feb.* 1812.

"My dear Sir,—The loss of our late lamented friend is indeed to be mourned, not only by us, but by all friends to learning and talent. I am anxious to do everything in my power to do honour to his Remains, and to serve, if possible, his distressed parents. But I own that I should not feel in the least confident of doing much good without the hopes of assistance you so kindly hold out to me. It appears to me, in the meantime, that we must remain quiet till we hear what papers are likely to be transmitted from India. Lord Minto, who was our poor friend's warm patron, being upon the spot, and a man of letters himself, would probably take effectual care of his papers and manuscripts, which I fear will be the greater part of his succession. A contested election, which is at present dividing, I had almost said

that this plan is in agitation, I have written to-day to Mr. Scott informing him of Robert's letter to me, and offering whatever service I can be capable of in promoting the intention. Under Mr. Scott's management and abilities, which he will exert *con amore* in this lamented task, we may hope that something will be done to preserve the memory of great talents and acquisitions, which the world scarcely began to know until it was deprived of them.

"The execution of this plan cannot interfere in any material degree with the account which you wish to see inserted in the Magazine. I am very willing but ill qualified to write it, because I do not know the dates and minute facts relating to his birth and early education. I became acquainted with him in winter 1794. He had, I believe, been at College two seasons, or at least one, before

ravaging, the county of Roxburgh, makes my intercourse with the family of Minto less frequent, though I hope not less friendly, than heretofore. But I will write to Mr. Gilbert Elliot upon the subject as soon as possible, and acquaint you with the result. The matter will require some delicacy of management; for, on the one hand, I believe there are some creditors, whom our friend had not yet found the means of discharging; and on the other hand, his unfortunate brother, from bad habits and mental infirmity, is not a very *certain* person to deal with; besides, we must consider it as a possible, though I fear not a probable case, that poor Leyden may have made some settlement of his affairs, or left some directions, which may either supersede our interference or direct us as to his own wishes.

"With heartfelt sorrow, my dear Sir, I agree with you in thinking that science has lost in Leyden one of her most zealous and successful followers, and ourselves a friend whose loss cannot be made up to us.—Believe me, dear Sir, your very faithful servant,

"WALTER SCOTT.

"To the Rev. Alexr. Murray."

me. I knew his pursuits from that time till 1802, with the exception of the history of some Societies of which he was an active member, and to which I did not belong. He was enrolled in the Divinity class one or two years before me. I heard him deliver his last *trial* sermon in the HALL, which by the bye he had composed that *same morning.* He did not meet with Dr. Hunter's approbation either as to manner or matter, for that honest man, who was a great admirer of soft, stupid, and indeed ignorant students, saw many things improper and blameable in those who were otherwise. I attended Mr. Leyden half-way home, and we made several reflections by the way, not very favourable to *ordinary* Professors of Divinity.

"You know I saw him last at your house in winter 1802, having come in from Kinnaird. He repeated to me that night the fine and remarkable verse in Campbell's poem of Lochiel, then circulated about in MS. :—

> 'Lochiel, Lochiel, my sight I may seal,
> But man cannot cover what God will reveal:
> 'Tis the sunset of life lends me mystical lore,
> And coming events cast their shadows before!'

And he added, 'That fellow, after all that we may say, is king of us all, and has the genuine root of the matter in him.' You know Mr. Campbell and he were at a kind of variance.

"His Indian acquisitions are little known to me or to any other in this country. I know indeed something of their nature, but hardly anything of their extent.

"I believe Dr. Leyden was of the same age with myself. I suppose that he was born about 1774 or 1775.

"I understand that Lord Minto will transmit his papers to Europe. Notice will be taken of his death in the next volume of the Asiatic Researches. The tenth volume of these contains an admirable paper of his on the affinity and languages of the Indo-Chinese nations.

"I ought now to advert to what you mentioned respecting the conversation between you and Dr. Baird. He has been my patron from the earliest stage, and I think would be very happy to see my moderate views promoted. He stands very well with all the grandees of Church and State, but I know not whether they attend much to his mild pacific advices. I suspect that I have been frequently denounced by the clergy of the bounds as a very wild man in Church politics, in which, however, I never intend to take the smallest concern, for it is at best a low kind of game, and leads to nothing. If my health allow I have other and far different pursuits in view. I want opportunities, along with some support and leisure.

"I have rewritten a great part of my Philological work. I think that it will be ready in a month or two. I could wish to bring it to town in April or the beginning of May. Dr. Baird leaves not the town before the General Assembly sit? I am not indeed certain as to that. I have wished to find him in town during my late visits, but he was by accident absent from home. I am not certain how far it will be right to accept your offer. In itself it is very good, but I am considerably in debt, for my trifling income, and I must at all rates try to extricate myself. My *brethren*

of the same *herd*, plough, *graze*, and do everything like Nebuchadnezzar after he became a rational beast. I read Sanscrit, and other 'guid and pithy warks,' but for all that have not 'meikle warldly thrivance.' You must not conclude from this that I am moved with avarice. But indeed I believe you will exculpate me from that charge without long proceedings.—I am, etc. A. M."

The death of my father's partner, Mr. Hunter, occurred about this time, and was deeply felt by Mr. Murray. There had long existed between them great mutual regard, and the sudden removal of his friend appears to cast a strong foreshadow of his own approaching end.

MR. MURRAY to MR. CONSTABLE.

"URR, *March 24th*, 1812.

"MY DEAR FRIEND,—It appears to be my fortune of late to write to you of little else but afflicting accidents and all the vast uncertainties of life. I had notice about a week ago of the death of our intimate friend Mr. Hunter of Blackness. He was a man in the prime of life, very active, and though I believe not very robust, yet certainly not of an infirm constitution. We are sometimes, in cases of distress, led away from the deep feeling of our loss by having our mind fixed on the progress of the cause that produced it. I am no stranger to the uncertainty of life, but his death surprised me, as, though a possible event, yet by no means expected. I cannot but reckon this severe dispensation of Providence fatal in a great degree to any comparative happiness we can have in life. Mr.

Hunter was a man of great taste, and of more learning than most persons of his rank. He knew the world, and was qualified to act an eminent part in the business of society. That he should be lost so soon to his family, his friends, and I may add his country—for no man was more desirous for its welfare,—is a bitter subject of unavailing regret. If anxiety and grief could reverse the wretched laws of Nature under which man, on account of some gross misconduct, has been long placed, they would be all due, and more than due, to this afflicting incident which has occurred.

"Accidents of this nature have so direct a tendency to make us miserable, that I have, more of late than ever, given willing credit to those sublime descriptions which represent us as victorious over pain, misery, death, and all the possible calamities of life. When I say willing credit, I do not insinuate that I ever disbelieved these things; I merely mean that I did not think much about them. Perhaps no kind of thinking is more ridiculous than a sort of crazy meditating about things which we and no man else can help; but surely there is something due to our own comfort and consolation, for though business be an excellent relief from toils of the spirit, we need some beautiful theory to support us at leisure hours, to prevent us from running into a kind of desperate apathy, and to persuade us that the principle of great and good ambition is immortal, and superior to fate. We have no alternative but to sink under natural distress—a miserable state—or set it at a kind of defiance.' The last is the better choice.

"I suspect that you will think all this a kind of sermon, the dull ceremony of condolence, partly dictated by my own temper and professional habits, and partly by a want of philosophical discernment, which should look more clearly on the terrible vicissitudes of life. If I thought myself capable of canting to you in this case, I should be offended at myself more than at the world. But what can be opposed to these excruciating accidents? Indifference is not a rational resource, nor in the power of a *rational* being. Business is good, but it leaves us at times out of the game. Now, by far the most brilliant refuge lies in that theory, which describes the heavens and earth as transient, but the human mind eternal, not capable of death, but of increasing virtue, losing only its imperfections, and superior to all the vices, low habits, and graves, with which it is here conversant.—I am, etc.

"A. M."

"URR, *May* 14*th*, 1812.

"DEAR SIR, . . . I have heard from Mr. Salt in the middle of last month, and expect to hear again to-day. I have translated, at his request, and that of the British and Foreign Bible Society, the Patriarch of Alexandria's instructions to the Abyssinian clergy. These gentlemen have been differing of late not about cause and effect, or places and their emoluments, but about the nature of the Trinity—an awful subject, very remote from human *ken*.

"I believe an attempt will be made to print the New Testament in Abyssinian for the benefit of these quarrelsome Christians—consequently some *overture* (an Assem-

bly word) will be made to me on that subject. By the bye, I wish you to recommend the New Testament to all men high in power and authority, Judges and Justices of the Peace, as, besides the very moderate price thereof, it may be considered as no bad book in a lawyer's library. . . .

"A. M."

My father had at length found it possible to visit his friend at Urr, when on his way to London:—

"URR, *June 6th*, 1812.

"DEAR SIR,—I trust that long before this you have reached London, and have, along with your companions in travel, seen much pleasant landscape and cultivated country in your journey to town at this fine season. I shall feel a sincere pleasure indeed if you have stood the journey well and enjoy good health; this *imprimis*, for a sick man anywhere is a great affliction to himself and several of his neighbours. I have little to say about myself; I am still very much annoyed with asthma at night, and I feel a weakness and oppression through the day which are not very agreeable. But I think that I am recovering. I believe in about six weeks after this I must try sea-bathing as a kind of *tonic*, or rather *lounge* medicine, for you know the utmost exertion of a bather is to get himself covered with water when the tide comes in; for which purpose he laudably sits on the rocks all the day long looking for it.

"I can give you little account of my reading, as, since I saw you, I have read very little, and have belonged to the class of that kind of divines in India who neither

look far, walk far, nor think far, but sit in some retired place, like an old watchman in his box, sleeping a good deal, and spending the rest of their time in very innocent, solitary, thoughtless contemplation.

"Yet with all this, I believe we must not carry the medicine so far as to relinquish study entirely. Poor Leyden's sentiment was that, die or live, the wheel must be going round till the last. I am by no means of this ardent denomination, but I certainly do not like to be wholly idle; and I believe you must during idleness have felt the same vacuum to be very disagreeable. . . .

"We are all waiting here for the *solid* and *compact* Ministry promised to the country. Like other good and permanent blessings it is long in coming. The King of the Romans and Emperor of the Gaules, etc., will have all the north properly settled, the Russians subdued or intimidated into what he pleases, the Swedes cajoled, and the Danes entered on board his navy, before our gentlemen can have their negotiations half completed at home. . . .
—I am, etc., A. M."

It was in this month, during my father's absence in London, that the Chair of Oriental Languages in Edinburgh University became vacant by the death of Dr. Moodie, and very strong local influence was used to secure the election of the Rev. Mr. Brunton; but the testimonies in favour of Mr. Murray were so numerous and of such overwhelming weight, that our city was saved from disgrace, though only by a majority of two votes, and he was placed for the few remaining months of his life in a

position for which he was eminently qualified, and which satisfied his highest ambition.

My father's partner, Mr. Robert Cadell, did good service among the Edinburgh electors, in making Mr. Murray's merits known to them, and in exposing the discreditable tactics of the supporters of the opposite party; and to him Mr. Murray wrote as follows on the 26th of June:—

"*Confidential.*

"URR, *June 26th*, 1812.

"DEAR SIR,—I informed you by this day's post in what state I stand as to recommendations from England. I greatly wish that some accident may prevent the election till we have got all our testimonials before the Council. I send in the MS. as it stands with somewhat of reluctance, that Professor Hamilton may take a look at it. I have no reason to dread his judgment if the work were completed, but I am afraid that he or some of our critical friends may form a slight and mean opinion of it from seeing it in an unfinished state. Another inconvenience is that they may afflict me with a recommendation of certain changes and amendments arising from their own notions of the nature of such a book, which are notwithstanding only different people's ideas of doing the same thing, and cannot harmonize with my plan or system. Yet perhaps they will be offended if they find that I do not adopt theirs. In fact, many doctors never make a good book, nor many cooks a good dinner.

"I am not very willing that this work should be

generally shown to many of the literati. The truth is, it contains a good many new ideas, some of them of great importance, that occur in no philological publication now existing. I do not wish that my ideas should be commonly known until the book be in the public field; and you as a bookseller, as well as my kind and much-respected friend, will no doubt see the propriety of my opinion.

"So, as soon as the Professor, whom I very much admire, has taken a glance at it, you must return it by the coach, that I may make any finishings yet remaining to be completed, and put it in a state for the press. I judge that a fortnight of my time, broken as it is, will be sufficient for this. . . .

"Between you and me, it requires an uncommon degree of attestation, testimonial, and trouble, to make a *Hebrew* Professor. I am very desirous to get this place, but surely 'sea and land' are in motion to procure it for me; and one who knows little of the world might suppose that no doubt can remain on any man's mind that I can read Hebrew, Arabic, Abyssinian, Persic, etc. etc., who has looked into Bruce's Travels. I am greatly flattered by the exertions and other proofs of regard for my welfare shown by my friends; indeed, I did not think it possible that so many men of the first-rate talents and character would have interested themselves in my behalf. Succeed or not, I shall feel myself indebted to them through life. I shall not, however, be despondent if we fail; their friendship and esteem will console me, and if I have any literary merits the world will at last recognise them.

"I have written a letter to Mr. Hamilton about the state of the MS., which is addressed to your care, and which I beg you will have the goodness to hand to him. If he have left town, *not to return*, I think it should not be sent to him, as he cannot have access to see the MS. retained by you. I shall be greatly obliged to you to continue your inquiries as to the movements of the Council, and your applications to friends that you think may be of service. Mr. D. Scott I know well; at least I take him to be a preacher and teacher in town. I should think his interest very small. We have more to fear from Messrs. Dickson and Brunton. . . . I am, etc. A. M."

My father meanwhile had not been inactive; Mr. Brougham and Mr. Wilberforce were warmly enlisted, while, through the interest of Mr. Salt, the influence of Lord Castlereagh was brought to bear on the Town Council.

MR. MURRAY to MR. CONSTABLE.

"URR, *July 4th*, 1812.

"MY DEAR FRIEND, . . . You have added, if possible, to the weight of the obligations under which your most active friendship has long since placed me by the efforts you have (I trust very effectually) made in order to secure my election to the office of Professor of the Eastern Languages in the *Metropolitan* University. If all the united influence of the most learned and most eminent men in the kingdom fail in moving the minds of the patrons, it cannot fail to move the mind of the public,

and be to me sufficient consolation—from the fact that it has been exerted in my behalf—for any disappointment that may arise from the uncertainties of a city corporation.

"I cannot give you any distinct idea of the actual state of the canvass. It should seem that the Provost is adverse, or at least close and uncommunicative. Dr. Baird entertained a slight suspicion that he meant to keep my recommendations unknown to the members of Council till he had secured them for Brunton. This *ruse de guerre*, if indeed real, Dr. Baird has taken measures to frustrate most completely. In his letter to me of the 27th, he assures me that he does not consider it as possible that the patrons can avoid giving me the preference.

"A number of insinuations have been circulated both as to the justice and purity of Dr. Baird's motives for supporting me—and as to the nature of my politics, which you well know were never very loud or dangerous. I have been *accused* of being a writer (would you think it) in the Edinburgh Review. Though I really despise all such malignant and low-minded trash, I wrote to Dr. Baird that I had never taken part in any system of politics, that I had been applied to to write three reviews, at an early period of that celebrated publication, and thought myself highly honoured by the circumstance. I asked him, seeing that I was so very fortunate as to enjoy the esteem both of Mr. Scott and Mr. Jeffrey,—one the greatest poet and the other the best critic in the kingdom,—whether Mr. Brunton's partisans would wish to represent

me as less eligible for the Chair of the Oriental Languages because I was approved of by these very emifient persons. I added that my political sentiments were moderate, inoffensive, and rational, but that I would not pledge myself, in imitation of some weak clerical people, to abandon the friendship of the most illustrious literary men in the nation, because some of them might happen to be of *opposition* principles. . . .—Yours, etc.,

"A. M."

The election took place on the 8th of July, and its happy result at once communicated to the successful candidate by Mr. Cadell, to whom the Professor-elect writes thus in reply :—

"URR, *July 10th*, 1812.

"DEAR SIR, . . . Among so many benefactors it is difficult to say who are most entitled to my gratitude. It is due to them all, and even to the public which took part with me and did me such honour as I never expected nor thought myself qualified to receive. When I look at the volume of praise written in favour of me by the most eminent men in the country, to most of whom I was personally a stranger, I cannot avoid thinking that if a man, however obscure, can only acquire some little reputation for talent, he need not despair of being supported and rewarded beyond his intrinsic merits. This is no bad presage for industry and exertion. Such encouragement is the very life and soul of the community, and only requires to be universally given in order to produce universal good.

"I agree with you in thinking that this check on the improper conduct of the Provost will be the source of future advantages. I consider the election of Professors Leslie, Christison, Brown, and some others, as an actual series of victories over the old corrupt system of giving the Chairs of the University to middling unqualified men in preference to those of far superior merit. My fifteen electors—to whom I wish all joy and prosperity on my own and the public account, on which last as being strangers to me, they must be considered solely and purely to have acted—are no inferior portion of the Council of a great city. They who will oppose the Provost and all his band, and the importunities of a city candidate, in one case, *on grounds of public utility*, will, I am inclined to believe, oppose him in others similar to it.

"But what can have moved Mr. Robert Miller to have acted so oppositely to my pretensions? Has he been under the government of *Self-control* during the late ferments in the Council? If his opposition to me have arisen solely from a regard to the restraints of that cardinal virtue, which forbids us to indulge in the criminal luxury of giving our passions full scope even when they would run wild *in pursuit of excellence*, he must receive credit for being a very good stoical kind of man. But if it have sprung from total want of system, and an acquiescence in the will of some unbenign influence, it must be acknowledged that the world had better want that species of control which obliges a person to make himself a fool, and unjust to the public. Did it become my good friend to vote and act in favour of a gentleman

whom nobody of discernment except one or two who could not well refuse their civil attestation thought fit for the place? And does it crown with glory the setting career of the Provost, who has been all his life considerably indebted to the productions of men of genius, to thrust with violence a barren member into the middle of the University?

"As this epistle is designed solely for your own eye, or that of friends who have my welfare fully at heart, I have indulged in the above reflections rather to amuse you than to learn your opinion. I must be circumspect as an angel walking among fiends, for it is said I have been represented as devoid of religion—a writer in the E. R.—unfit to teach on account of a defect in speech—and in short that everything which Mr. Brunton wants I have.

"I would write to Mr. Constable immediately. But has he not left London, and would my letter reach him? Be so kind as to inform him of the event as soon as possible. He will rejoice much in my joy.—I am, etc.,

"A. M."

Some comfort may be gleaned in 1872 while reading the following letter, from the reflection that "'tis sixty years since," and that though there are perhaps ignoble spirits still among us who would not disdain to punish a man for voting according to his conscience, the influence of public opinion is now so potent as to check the immoral courage which alone could enable them to do so.

MR. MURRAY to MR. CADELL.

"URR, *July 13th*, 1812.

"DEAR SIR,—I fear that you have good cause to blame me for troubling you so much with epistles that are not on any business, and consequently cannot be of any great value. For this transgression I beg your good-natured forgiveness, but you must know that as a partner in the firm of Constable and Co. you officially succeed to the annoyance of letters from authors of all dimensions, from the father of a folio down to the diminutive parent of a *work* in *twelves* or *twenty-fours*. In a word, so long as I do not know where to find Mr. Constable, your lot in reading and in postage will be a subject for some commiseration.

"Can you give me any real account of what is going on in the town? I am informed that a deacon has been dismissed from the service of one of Brunton's canvassers and deprived of his daily bread, for being absent rather than vote against his conviction and conscience. This horrifies me, for I am so little used to do harm to others in the noiseless course of my life, that I would rather be unknown all my days than reduce any honest man's family to want on my account. Has Mr. Constable arrived? I have not written to him, as I conceived that by the 8th or 9th he must have been on his way down, and my letter must have gone to town and not have been received by him. I long much to hear his opinion of this business, and of the conduct of the Lord Provost, who, *entre nous*, is a worse man than he has many years

since been represented to me. I hope the public will feel indignant at such nefarious arts as they have employed in order to obtain votes by cheating and compulsion. Who is the *merchant* that is said (for I understand that the thing is currently known) to have dismissed this deacon, and what are the feelings of the public with respect to the general conduct of that whole party—leaving all consideration of me as an individual candidate out of the question? Such conduct would have utterly disgraced my friends, even though it had proved successful, but I thank Heaven that not a man of them would have dishonoured himself and me by resorting to it, as it is nothing else than the profligate subterfuge of men destitute of principle, and willing to gain their ends by whatever means.

"I am greatly obliged to Dr. Duncan, whose friendship and kind attentions I have experienced on former occasions, and the remembrance of whose services will not be lost by me. The Provost actually concealed for several days my letter to him, dated 18th June, and received by him on the 19th or 20th. The degree of reputation in which the name of Creech ought to stand with the literary public and with honest men will, I hope, be in proportion to the merits connected with it. The question is not whether he was inclined to support the other candidate, but why he permitted himself to use the Council in that manner—to cheat them out of their fair determination to do their duty, to impose on their minds, and to disgrace their means by making them instruments of an unpopular, improper act.

"Do, my dear Sir, write me a line or two about all sentiments and proceedings that are going on in public day. You see I am moved in spirit about this affair of the honest deacon, and I never felt enraged at the Provost and his friends till now. So long as they counteracted my views they could only do a little harm to me and plague my friends; but when I learn that their measures go on the borders of death and hell, so far as these are in their power, I think it high time to feel some irritation. I trust the deacon will yet survive to vote them *out of place*, with the execration of the public along with them.

"A. M."

MR. CADELL to MR. MURRAY.

"EDINBURGH, 15*th July* 1812.

"DEAR SIR, . . . As to the case of Deacon Hislop, which seems to give you so much uneasiness, I believe the poor man has been *persecuted;* he was keenly canvassed to vote for Mr. Brunton by the interest of the Provost applied through a Mr. Brooks, to whom he is either partner or foreman (I think the latter); he (Hislop), when asked to vote for Mr. B., was threatened with the loss of some post in the gift of the magistrate, which had been promised to him formerly; this did not deter him, and he stayed away from the election, to the no small annoyance of the ousted party, who in order to appease their wrath got Mr. Brooks to turn him out of his employment, which has placed the poor man in rather a pitiable situation; the consequence is that a subscription has been set on foot in his favour, by which something considerable

has been got, for the purpose of purchasing the poor man a new set of tools to commence business on his own account. There is only one sentiment in public about the whole affair, which is making 'town talk' in no small degree. This is a fair and I think accurate representation of the whole. You should give yourself little uneasiness about the matter; it is certainly very tantalizing, but there is little doubt that Hislop will be better off than he has been before, from the liberality of the public, which is never wrong on those occasions. R. C."

MR. CONSTABLE to MR. MURRAY.

"EDINBURGH, 31*st July* 1812.

"MY DEAR FRIEND,—Allow me to congratulate you *with all my heart* on your late most glorious promotion. Words, I am persuaded, are not necessary from me to convince you of this.

"I returned from London a week ago, and, you will regret to hear, in a very indifferent state of health. A few days before I had intended to leave, I met with a slight accident, having broken or injured one of the small tendons of my left leg, which occasioned my being confined to my room for nearly a week. This brought on low spirits, weakness, and very bad digestion, so that I thought all was up with me. Since my return here I have certainly got better, but I am not yet able to use my leg freely, and I have had pains in my head which I consider as very alarming, though my friends and medical advisers will not allow it. However this may prove, I am resigned to the will of Providence. I have been in

the shop for some hours since Monday, and am attending a little to business; of course your work on Language has had its share. Mr. Stark has set up a specimen, which I enclose; he says the MS., as it now stands, will make two volumes of towards 450 pages each. Although it should make 500 it is no matter, but a greater number of pages would make rather clumsy volumes. If the work be put to press by the middle or end of August, it might be published early next year, which for many reasons would be a most desirable period of publication. I propose printing 750 copies, and that the profits arising from the publication should be divided between you and the publishers—the copyright, of course, remaining yours. As I hope we are very soon to have the pleasure of seeing you here, I need not enlarge more on this or any other subject at present. I have therefore only to add my kindest regards to Mrs. Murray, and to assure you once more that I am, etc.

"A. C."

MR. MURRAY to MR. CONSTABLE.

"URR, *August 8th*, 1812.

"MY DEAR FRIEND, . . . I am greatly obliged to you for your active exertions in London in order to promote the late election. Mr. Salt's letter did particular service, and was in itself a host. Your *conference* with him was essential to our success, which was not obtained without a greater contest than might have been expected. If, however, we had failed we should not have fallen ingloriously. To have had recommendations from almost every person of eminence in the kingdom, and yet to have failed in

opposition to a candidate who had *none*, would have been more honourable than to have succeeded in the manner he must have done. As it now stands I shall do my best to make the appointment useful; and I see the means of performing a great deal distinctly before me. The literary public has interested itself in my success, and as that division of mankind is one for which I have always felt a superior regard, I should be sorry *altogether* to disappoint its expectations.

"As to the MS., except a few notes in some parts of it, and some verbal corrections, there is little more to be done for that part which you have seen. I wish, however, to have about 100 or 150 printed pages additional on the Latin, Slavic, Persic, and Celtic. This is necessary to complete the plan, and to exemplify in a practical manner the theory or general account given in the beginning of the book. I have discussed the Greek and Sanscrit in the MS. you have seen, but to make the work perfect and satisfactory to the world this must be annexed—and how to comprise it within due bounds and size is a problem to be resolved at our convenience. I shall have the happiness of discussing this and many another topic with you when we meet. Some learned men may perhaps dispute the truth of parts of the preliminary chapters, if they are not confirmed by the addition I have mentioned; and others may think the addition very valuable as illustrative of languages which they wish to study. If the work ever undergo a second edition there must be three volumes, which is not an excessive number considering the vast extent of the subject. You know it reaches from our own

country to China, which is a very handsome breadth of land in one direction. In another direction it extends from Iceland to Gibraltar, and the borders of that great anti-Christian the Emperor of Morocco, who, with reverence be it spoken, is no better than a *Turk*.—I am, etc. A. M."

On the 17th July the Senatus Academicus conferred on Mr. Murray the degree of Doctor in Divinity. His Outlines of Oriental Philology was published in 1813, and he came to reside in Edinburgh for the delivery of his Lectures at the beginning of the College Session of 1812; but his health, always feeble, now gave way entirely. Asthma became chronic, and on December 9th he tells my father,—"This frosty weather injured me at its inset, so that I am hardly capable of a complete day's exertion, and I dare venture to work only when I feel able." Two months later: "When I have breath sufficient I shall wait on you."

On the 9th April 1813 he writes from his lonely lodging, for he had not allowed Mrs. Murray to come to town with him:—

"My dear Friend,—My health is in its ordinary state —on good days better, in bad weather worse. It would give me much pleasure to see you as soon as convenient, if you could spare a moment merely for visiting's sake. Oh, could you get me a single day's reading of Rokeby? Send the book down by one of the boys. I think I could glance at it to-day. I will send it back unblemished.—Yours ever, A. M."

Three days later he wrote :—

"MY DEAR FRIEND,—I have had a most impatient letter from my wife, insisting to come in and see me—and I must comply with this. I wrote to her to-day. She will come, she says, on Friday by the mail (Dumfries). Now, do you think you could go with us a stage or two out on Monday or Tuesday eight-days? Consider if you can, and drop me a note this forenoon, if convenient. My health is no worse.—Dear Sir, faithfully yours,

"A. MURRAY."

To this my father replied :—

"MY DEAR FRIEND,—I will be at your command any day or days, end of this week or beginning of next. I quite approve of Mrs. Murray coming all the way. Her anxiety, after so long an absence, is very natural. I shall see you to-day if possible.—Yours, etc. A. C."

The desired escort was unneeded: Mrs. Murray had fortunately not waited for her husband's permission to join him, for she was with him at the last, and he died in her arms on Thursday the 15th April, the day before that which had been fixed for her leaving home.[1]

A small pension was obtained for his widow and her

[1] A few hours before his death he repeated the following lines :—

"O set ye open unto me
The gates of righteousness,
Then I will enter into them,
And I the Lord will bless."

And on Mrs. Murray reciting the following stanza, he looked wistfully and tenderly in her face, and said it gave him relief and consolation.

two children—a son and daughter, James and Agnes—for whom there had otherwise been no provision. Mrs. Murray survived her husband for ten or twelve years, their daughter having died while still a child. James inherited much of his father's talent. Mr. Herries of Spottes, in a letter to my father of May 9th, 1815, writes thus:—"The children of poor Murray are as promising as heart could wish, and I'm much inclined to think that the little boy will prove just such another rare genius as his father. I heard him t'other day sing the ballad of Sir James the Rose with the most surprising accuracy, though only four years of age."

James Murray was indeed endowed with many rare gifts. He had a great talent both for painting and music, a correct ear, and beautiful voice. His love for poetry was passionate, and in the years of early manhood æsthetic tastes perhaps interfered with the studies intended to fit him for the practice of medicine. In due time, however, he took his degree, as it is called, and, having been appointed surgeon of the "Elizabeth," a merchant vessel bound for China, and thereafter for Quebec and other ports, he was wrecked on his first voyage, and never returned to the friends who loved him well. My father had been as a father to him after he lost his own: for some years he had spent all his holidays among us, and had been as a brother in our house. As a brother he was loved and mourned.

CHAPTER VII.

John Murray.

THE friendship between my father and the late eminent publisher of Albemarle Street, although their intercourse was often interrupted, was always, I am convinced, on both sides sincere. Their mutual appreciation, intellectually, was very high, and had they continued through life to conceive and execute in concert their literary projects, the world might at this day have even greater cause of thankfulness than is due to them for the enterprises they originated, and the impulse given by them to the advancement of science and learning among their fellow-men.

One of Mr. Murray's earliest letters to my father (1803) contains the following passage :—

"I congratulate you upon the extensive circulation of your Edinburgh Review, which I hope will continue its celebrity, and prove highly advantageous to its proprietor. I have several works in the press which I should be willing to consign to your management at Edinburgh, but that I presume that you have already sufficient business upon your hands, and that you would not find mine worth attending to. If so, I wish that you would tell me of some VIGOROUS young bookseller, like myself just starting into

business, upon whose probity, punctuality, and exertion you think I might rely, and I would instantly open a correspondence with him: in return, it will give me much pleasure to do you any civil office in London. I should be happy if any arrangement could be made wherein we might prove of reciprocal advantage; and were you from your superabundance to pick me out any work of merit which you would either make me the publisher of in London, or in which you would allow me to become a partner, I daresay the occasion would arise wherein I could return the compliment, and you would have the satisfaction of knowing that your book was in the hands of one who has not yet so much business as to cause him to neglect any part of it."

Friendly relations were speedily established, and greatly strengthened by the congeniality of taste and sentiments, not only of Mr. Murray and my father, but of Mr. Hunter, who had in that year become my father's partner. Misunderstandings and differences with Messrs. Longman, with reference to publications in which the firms were jointly interested, had reached a climax in November 1805, and in a letter of the 25th inst. Messrs. Longman intimated their wish to retire from a connexion that had been entered on with great cordiality on both sides three years before. Whether with justice I know not, the blame of having originated and widened this breach was laid on a junior member of Mr. Longman's firm, but the process was probably assisted by Mr. Hunter, as I find on the cover of the MS. correspondence in which its progress

is detailed the following note in the handwriting of my father:—"This was a very unnecessary and on the whole unfortunate correspondence, and it led to much loss to A. C. and Co.; it was altogether imprudent,—at least, on looking back to it, this is my opinion. Mr. Hunter was a high-minded and I must say honourable man, but of warm temper, and out of that perhaps these quarrels originated, more than anything else."

After reading carefully the correspondence above referred to, Constable and Company appear to me to have had the best of the argument on the points under dispute; but had not the aristocratic feelings of Mr. Hunter been occasionally aroused by and taken offence at the *ex cathedra* tone of his London correspondents, this unhappy breach, which after all proved only temporary, would, I believe, never have occurred.

Mr. Murray, like Mr. Longman, very readily perceived the advantage of a good Scottish connexion, and he gladly accepted a proposal of alliance with the firm of Constable and Co.

On 30th November he had written as follows:—

"I wish very much to advertise the Plutarch, and several other books, in your papers; but the fact is that I am so fearful of occasioning the slightest appearance of inattention to any bookseller in Edinburgh,—and from all of them I have received some kind civilities,—that I have been deliberating, or rather vexing myself, about it for this *month* past, and am therefore obliged by your mention of the subject; for you will, I think, so arrange for me, as to prevent the inconvenience which I am anxious to avoid.

What I could wish to be adopted is a sort of medium, by which, if I' improve not my acquaintance, I shall not, I hope, create enmity; with this view I have underwritten each advertisement, 'And sold by the booksellers of Edinburgh, Glasgow, and Aberdeen.' I flatter myself that this will not be displeasing to you, whose natural pre-eminence will direct the most frequent application to yourselves."

On Dec. 3, 1805, Mr. Murray adds under the same cover:—

"This morning I received your general order dated November 30. I shall use every exertion to enter into the arrangements which you propose, concerning which I shall write in two or three days; in the meantime you have my thanks for so incontrovertible a confirmation of your friendly dispositions, which, you may depend upon my word, is both received and will be returned with the utmost sincerity, and by the most complete attention to your interests."

I have been unable to find the "general order" above referred to, but the following from Mr. Murray, with Messrs. Constable's letters of the 9th and 20th December, sufficiently explains the nature of the arrangements proposed:—

"LONDON, *Dec.* 7, 1805, *Saturday.*

"DEAR SIR,—The hasty lines which I wrote to you a few evenings since, your goodness will excuse: they were intended rather to acknowledge the receipt of your obliging letters than to answer them, which circumstances at that time prevented. It is, I assure you, with unfeigned

satisfaction that I observe the progressive improvement of our acquaintance, which now assumes an air of confidence, the effects of which I have already experienced in those acts of friendship which you have so happily begun, and which it is my most ardent desire to reciprocate.

"With regard to the important communication of your last letter, I confess the surprise with which I read it was not without some mixture of regret. The extensive connexions betwixt your house and Longman's cannot be severed all at once without mutual inconvenience, and perhaps, mutual disadvantages, your share of which a more protracted dismemberment might have prevented. From what I had occasion to observe, I did not conceive that your concerns together would ever again move with a cordiality that would render them lasting, but still I imagined that mutual interest and forbearance would allow them to subside into that indifference which, without animosity or mischief, would leave either party at liberty to enter upon such new arrangements as offered to their separate advantage. I do not, however, doubt but that all things have been properly considered, and perhaps finally settled for the best; but time, the only arbitrator in these cases, must decide. In your proposed engagements with Mr. Davies, you will become better acquainted with a man of great natural talents, and thoroughly versed in business, which he regulates by the most honourable principles. As for myself you will find me exceedingly assiduous to promote your views, into which I shall enter with feelings higher than those of mere interest; indeed, linked as our houses are at present, we have a natural

tendency to mutual good understanding, which will both prevent and soften those asperities in business which might otherwise enlarge into disagreement. Country orders are a branch of business which I have ever totally declined, as incompatible with my more serious plans as a publisher. But *your* commissions I shall undertake with pleasure, and the punctuality with which I have attempted to execute your first order, you will consider, I hope, as a specimen of my disposition to give you satisfaction in every transaction in which we shall hereafter be mutually engaged."

To this Messrs. Constable replied (Dec. 9):—"We were duly favoured with your letter of the 30th ult. When we hear from you in answer to Mr. Hunter's last letter, and have got our correspondence with Longman copied out for your inspection, we shall write more fully about the arrangements we have to propose to you. We, of course, mean to transfer to you the sale of all our publications that are in the hands of Longman and Co. of which they hold no share in property, so that by the last day of the year (if not sooner) you may have a pretty large corner of your warehouse cleared out to make room for them."

"*Dec.* 10.—Since writing the above, your letter of the 7th has come to hand, the contents of which have given us much pleasure. We have only to say at present, that when you receive copies of our correspondence with Messrs. Longman, Hurst, Rees, and Orme, you will be able to judge how far it was possible for us to continue any intimate connexion."

Mr. Murray's reply, dated December 14, is so highly creditable to himself, while it affords so valuable an example to others who may be placed in similar circumstances, that I shall quote from it at greater length than might otherwise seem necessary. Referring to the effect of the impending breach on the relations between Mr. Charles Hunter[1] and Mr. Longman, as well as to the general question, Mr. Murray writes:—

". . . Charles has displayed very honourable feelings upon hearing of the probable separation of your house and that of Messrs. Longman and Co. Mr. Longman was the first who mentioned it to him; and, indeed, from the manner in which Charles related his conversation upon this affair, I could not but feel renewed sensations of regret at the unpleasant termination of a correspondence which, had it been conducted upon Mr. Longman's own feelings, would have borne, I think, a very different aspect. Longman spoke of you both with kindness, and mildly complained that he had perceived a want of confidence on your part ever since his junction with Messrs. Hurst and Orme. He confessed that the correspondence was too harsh for him to support any longer; but he added, '*if we must part, let us part like friends.*' I am certain, from what Charles reported to me, that Mr. Longman, and, I think, Mr. Rees, are hurt by this sudden disunion. Recollect how serious every dispute becomes upon paper, where a man writes a thousand asperities merely to show

[1] Mr. Charles Hunter, a younger brother of Mr. Constable's partner, was at this time with Mr. Murray, for education as a publisher, and had received much kind attention from Mr. Longman.

or support his superior ability. Things that would not have been spoken, or perhaps even thought of, in conversation, are stated and horribly magnified upon *paper*. Consider how many disputes have arisen in the world, in which both parties were so violent in what they believed to be the support of truth, and which to the public, and indeed to themselves a few years afterwards, appear unwise, because the occasion or cause of it was not worth contending about. Consider that you are all of you men who can depend upon each other's probity and honour, and where these essentials are not wanting, surely in mere matters of business, the rest may be palliated by mutual bearance and forbearance. Besides, you are so connected by various publications, your mutual property—and some of them such as will remain so until the termination of your lives,—that you cannot effect an entire disunion, and must therefore be subject to eternal vexations and regrets which will embitter every transaction and settlement. Besides, you know it is one of the misfortunes of our nature that disputes are always the more bitter in proportion to former intimacy. And how much dissatisfaction will it occasion if either of you are desirous in a year or two of renewing that intimacy which you are now so anxious to dissolve, to say nothing of your relative utility to each other, a circumstance which is never properly estimated except when the want of the means reminds us of what we have been at such pains to deprive ourselves of. Pause, my dear sirs. Whilst to choose be yet in your power, show yourselves superior to common prejudices, and by an immediate exercise of your acknowledged pre-

eminence of intellect, suffer arrangements to be made for an accommodation and for a renewal of that connexion which has hitherto been productive of honour and profit. I am sure I have to apologize for having ventured so much before men so much my superior in sense and knowledge of the world and their own interest; but sometimes the meanest bystander may perceive disadvantages in the movements of the most skilful players.

"You will not, I am sure, attribute anything which I have said to an insensibility to the immediate advantages which will arise to myself from a determination opposite to that which I have taken the liberty to suggest. It arises from a very different feeling. I should be very little worthy of your great confidence and attention to my interest upon this occasion if I did not state freely the result of my humble consideration of this matter, and having done so, I do assure you that if the arrangements which you now propose are carried into effect I will apply the most arduous attention to your interest, to which I will turn the channel of my own thoughts and business, which, I am proud to say, is rising in proportion to the industry and honourable principles which have been used in its establishment. I am every day adding to a most respectable circle of literary connexions, and I hope thus, a few months after the settlement of your present views, to offer shares to you of works in which you will feel it advantageous to engage. Besides, as I have at present no particular bias, no enormous works of my own which would need all my care, I am better qualified to attend to any that you may commit to my charge; and, being young,

my business may be formed with a disposition, as it were, towards yours, and thus growing up with it, we are more likely to form a durable connexion than can be expected with persons whose views are imperceptibly but incessantly diverging from each other.

"Should you be determined—*irrevocably* determined (consider)—upon the disunion with Messrs. L., I will just observe that when persons have been intimate, they have discovered each other's vulnerable points; it therefore shows no great talent to direct at them shafts of resentment; it is easy both to write and to say ill-natured, harsh, and cutting things of each other; but remember that this power is *mutual*, and in proportion to the poignancy of the wound which you would inflict will be your own feelings when it is returned.

"I must apologize again for having been thus rude and tedious; but I am sure that the same friendliness on your part which has produced these hasty, but well meant, expostulations, will excuse them. After this, I trust, it is unnecessary for me to state with how much sincerity I am, dear Sirs, your faithful friend, J. M."

To this admirable letter, and a subsequent one, Constable and Co. replied, *inter alia*, as follows:—

"EDINBURGH, *20th December* 1805.

"DEAR SIR,—We have many reasons for being highly satisfied with your very full and kind letters of the 14th and 15th inst., and the honourable notions which everywhere pervade them, which once for all we assure you meet with our most unqualified approbation.

"We think as you do about the manner in which we

ought now to conduct ourselves toward Longman and Company, and we hope you will find us to act both as men of character and also with strict adherence to the rules of good-breeding and of business."

On the 24th December Constable and Co. forwarded to Mr. Murray a statement of the terms on which they proposed that their agency should be undertaken, and at the same time offered him a share in the copyright of the Gazetteer of Scotland, in an edition of Sir John Sinclair's Code of Health and Longevity, and of Stark's Picture of Edinburgh—the Black's Guide of that day. To this and several intervening letters Mr. Murray replies on the 24th January 1806, in a communication from which I make the following extract:—

"If I have appeared somewhat protractive in replying to the serious proposals of your former letters, it has proceeded merely from the importance which I attach to them. You must be aware that however agreeable to me the idea of becoming your intimate correspondent may be, yet, as this event would occasion some change in my present establishment, it required some time to observe how this would operate. Perhaps even now I am not completely prepared to determine, for I have not yet all before me; however, as far as I am able to judge, your terms are so precise and just that I am willing to subscribe to them, leaving it to your own liberality to modify any of the articles, as the occasion may hereafter arise.

"From the shares of works which you are so obliging as to offer to me, I would content myself with a third or fourth part in the Picture of Scotland; for I have much

upon my hands at this time; but of the book in question I could manage a small share with ease to myself, and, I flatter myself, not without service to the concern."

Some months later, on the 11th April 1806, Mr. Murray extends his interest to the other works that had been offered to him:—

"I accept the shares in Sir John Sinclair, and the Gazetteer of Scotland. Sir John Sinclair's book should be announced in every possible way, and well advertised in the country papers, and in the London evening papers; the present moment is rendered more favourable by his appointment to the Chair of the Agricultural Society. It is inconceivable how effectually the continued advertisement of a book *long* previous to publication operates upon people in the country, and upon the booksellers, who, having heard the book mentioned, and having received orders for it, subscribe voraciously; and, indeed, it occasions many people to order or buy the book immediately, who would otherwise have waited for the opinion of their Review, and, had this proved cold or unfavourable, would not have been purchasers. This is indeed the occasion of the great sale of almost all the publications of Phillips. . . .

"The Prince of Wales's secretary, Tyrwhitt, called a few days ago, and purchased complete sets of the Edinburgh Review and the Farmer's Magazine, to which he is now a subscriber. He declared that the Scotch were the only people who knew anything about farming, etc. etc., and promised an order for Scotch books."

So well satisfied were the partners of the Edinburgh firm with the exertions of their London agent, that in a

letter of the 15th April I find the following complimentary passage:—"Our books are now going off so well with your able assistance and activity, that we shall be obliged to establish at least ten additional printing-houses and as many binding-shops, to enable us to supply the demand!!!"

A month later:—"We are happy to observe the continued progress of your demands for Edinburgh books, and it will, we are assured, afford you some degree of satisfaction to know that we feel highly sensible of the very great interest you have taken in our concerns, and of the obligations thereby imposed on us. If you will venture yourself this way in the month of July or early part of August—and we think you should not be *later*,—we shall be happy to renew our personal attentions to you, and to do what we can in the way of business, to promote your interests, and a continuance of our mutually confidential intercourse." Mr. Murray accepted this invitation in the month of August, and some amusing details of the visit have already been recorded in the letters of Mr. Hunter, who accompanied his friend in a cruise among the lairds of Forfarshire. The friendship between Mr. Murray and his Edinburgh allies had become ardent, and he expresses as follows his regret that Mr. Hunter, on an occasion of visiting Liverpool, had not prolonged his journey as far as London:—

MR. MURRAY to MR. A. G. HUNTER.

"LONDON, *June 19th.*

"You cannot conceive how much I regret that my

letter was not received by you at Liverpool; but no matter—this disappointment shall but increase the desire which I have of being with you and Mr. Constable. I fancy that I have many things to say to you, but as you may have observed it often happens, perhaps when we meet I may be troubled with a *dumfounderation*, as water you know flows the slower out a pipe from the immense body which is striving to pass through it choking the orifice. With respect to your obliging offer of accommodation, I know not how to acquit myself either as to propriety or thanks; but I confess if I yield to my own inclinations, it would be to avail myself of your kindness, for truly I intend to give Mr. Constable and you all the trouble of my company, and to make your shops, both public and domestic, my head-quarters both of business and pleasure. I am so much better, too, that my visits to Portobello will now be a morning's ride rather than a journey."

In the course of his stay in Scotland during the autumn of this year, Mr. Murray not only more firmly cemented friendly ties, but seems to have made progress in his overtures towards the formation of another, of a more tender, and, as it happily proved, of a far more lasting nature. With my father he had arranged for the interchange of weekly letters, to which he alludes as follows:—

"LONDON, *Nov. 6th*, 1806, *Thursday*.

"MY DEAR CONSTABLE,—I know of nothing that promises to be so satisfactory to me as the commencement of my Thursday's correspondence with you, and it will

yet enable me to visit you sometimes upon that day, of which I passed so many so happily alone at the Castle.

"Since my return to London I have had so much business and so many other serious matters crowding upon me that I have almost feared to look back upon 'the scenes and society which I left behind,' lest the pleasing remembrance of them should render me less fit for the cares which I have now to encounter. I therefore only take such a review as will prove a stimulant to my exertions; and I assure you nothing operates so completely to this effect as the recollection of your particular kindness, which urges me to more than ordinary exertions.

"Before I left I met Mr. Stevenson (with whom I travelled to Edinburgh, you know), and he told me that a friend of his had just completed an account of the Northern Isles, and that he had recommended me as the publisher. Upon my arrival here I found a letter from the author, Charles Fothergill,[1] offering to submit the work to my inspection, and giving an account of it, written in a manner that augurs very favourably of his talents. The answer was to have been sent to the Orkneys within three weeks after the date of his letter, but from some delays it did not arrive in Fleet Street for a month after, and as the author said he should by that time be on his way to England, my clerk had no opportunity of writing any acknowledgment. I have therefore written to Stevenson, requesting him to state this matter to

[1] Author of The Wanderer, a collection of Tales and Essays; and of an Essay on the Philosophy, Study, and Use of Natural History.

the author, and to inform me where I can address him, insinuating my favourable opinion of the subject of the work, and my desire to see it. I mention to you these particulars in order that you may consider of it, and call upon Stevenson, if you please, stating that we should be concerned in it together. If it be well done, and—the plan being more general—if brought out previously, it would be a fair substitute for Barry. I told your porter to deliver to you the MS. of the late Mr. Strutt's work, which I mentioned to you, and of which you know a printed sheet was given to Mr. Scott. A friend of mine has since had some conversation with Mr. Douce, who has read the work, and he thinks favourably of it. I wish you therefore to speak with Mr. Scott respecting it, and to ask if he feels any inclination to read the remainder, which you now have. You will not, however, upon any account, use Mr. Douce's name, whom you know to be the most sensitive of all authors; but I repeat that he thinks well of it, and if Scott did so he would perhaps look it over, and it could be printed, as you think proper, in Edinburgh. I gave the author's son either £20 or £25 for the entire copyright. I left also for you the unpublished sheets of Warton's poetry in boards. It contains some prints, etc., all of which, you will remember, I said I had promised to Mr. Scott, and which your kindness will undertake to deliver to him, with suitable compliments."

A few days later, in a letter mainly of inquiry, Murray writes:—

"I am very likely to enter upon terms for the purchase

of the Philosophical Magazine, which is one of the most respectable and best-selling of our periodical publications. I have long had my eye upon it, and find that Phillips, and Longman and Co., have already been proposing; but the first with positive rejection, and the other with negative. I am upon friendly terms with Mr. Tilloch, the proprietor, and have hopes of a fair hearing at least. You have great force for the improvement of a work of this kind in Edinburgh, and you may rely upon it it is well worthy your attention."

To this letter Constable and Co. replied as follows:—

"*Nov.* 18*th*, 1806.

"You will receive with this a copy of Neill's Tour in Orkney and Shetland, a part of which had formerly appeared in the Scots Magazine. It is a curious volume, and we doubt not that the small impression of 400 copies will very soon go off. Mr. Neill is an ingenious and respectable young man, and the son of the printer. A share of it is at your service; but you will observe only a small profit is expected by it. We send also a copy of Dr. Gerard's Institutes, 250 of which we have ordered to be sent you from Aberdeen.[1] Dr. Gerard is a very able man. We undertook his work from the recommendations of Mr. Macknight and Mr. Murray (editor of Bruce), the latter of whom perused the manuscript for us. It is to be introduced as a text-book in our Scotch Universities, and we have no doubt it will make its way among the English

[1] Institutes of Biblical Criticism, by Gilbert Gerard, D.D., Professor of Divinity, University and King's College, Aberdeen.

divines, as well as at Cambridge and Oxford, where Biblical criticism is, you know, more cultivated than with us. A share of this also we should consider safe for you.

"When in Edinburgh we suppose you would hear of a work of Lord Woodhouselee's, the Life of Lord Kames, which his Lordship is printing on his own account.

"We shall be glad to receive a copy of the last two volumes of the Bibliographical Dictionary in our first parcel, and to hear from you about Cicero at your leisure. We observe the London publishers of Guthrie's Cicero announced in last Monthly List their intention of bringing forward the other works of Cicero in a uniform manner. This will not interfere with our plan if they keep to an ugly 8vo size.

"We think well of the plan of the Philosophical Magazine; and if you can make anything of a reasonable bargain with Mr. Tilloch you should close with him at once. We need not tell you that you shall have our assistance in promoting its circulation and fame. The Encyclopædia Britannica will be a good channel for advertising it, and so will the Edinburgh Review and Farmer's Magazine.

"The box containing Strutt's Papers, etc., which you left with us, is now in Mr. Scott's hands. He has promised to give us his opinion as to the propriety of their publication, as soon as his leisure permits of his going over them."

"*Nov.* 21.

"We forgot to mention to you in our last that Lord Selkirk is about to publish on the Defence of the Country,

and will likely apply to you on the subject, as we recommended he should do. You will find his Lordship troublesome, and upon the whole you may as well make the risk fall upon himself.

"Mr. Laing, Manners and Miller, Blackwood, and ourselves, have purchased the library of the late Sir W. Fullarton of Carstairs, amounting to upwards of 6000 volumes, for £1800. It is a capital collection, and would have been an amazing object to any one of us; but circumstances rendered rivalship impossible, and you may suppose we are not exactly the parties who would connect in any transaction from inclination. It is upon the whole one of the first private collections in this country."

On November 24 Mr. Murray writes:—

"I wish you would set Miller upon Creech, and Black upon my old friend Lord Woodhouselee, to procure me the publication of his work in London, a work which will otherwise go to Longman and Co. This also should be set about immediately; and I will endeavour to take as much trouble for you in return, if it be possible for you to give trouble to one whom you have so much obliged. Expect to hear very fully upon every subject from me in a day or two, and in the meantime be assured of my being, my dear friends, wholly yours, J. M."

On November 28 A. Constable and Co. replied as follows:—

"DEAR SIR,—We were duly favoured yesterday with your letter of the 24th, and regret exceedingly that we

cannot, from circumstances that we are sure will be satisfactory to you, meet your wishes as to all the important matters you refer to.

"Our common friend Robert Miller has reported to us a conversation he had with Mr. Creech within these few days about Lord Woodhouselee's Life of Kames, and we learn that he has *already* disposed of a share to Messrs. Cadell and Davies, who are, of course, to be the London publishers. Mr. Miller solicited hard for you, but without effect; the loss will be Creech's. We shall be writing to Messrs. Cadell and Davies about Mr. Chalmers's Caledonia, the first volume of which should be published about Christmas; and as they proposed of their own accord that you might have a share, we mean to ask them if it would be agreeable that you get a part of our fourth; or would you take a fourth to yourself? It will be a most creditable publication, and we should think a very safe one. The author is one of the most worthy men alive, and your having an interest in his *darling* work may hereafter be of use to you. A pretty full outline of its contents will be seen in the Scots Magazine for the month of December last. We shall not mention anything of this to Cadell and Davies till we hear from you.

"We enclose a memorandum of some books that Mr. Walter Scott wants for the Sadler Papers, which you will be so good as procure for us with your earliest convenience. This will make one of the most curious works that has ever been published, and cannot fail to be successful. Oliver, the brother of the proprietor of the MSS., and a lineal descendant of Sir Ralph, is you know at

present in Edinburgh, and our bargain with him is that we pay all expenses of paper, print, etc., besides a sum to Mr. Scott, as editor, of at least 100 guineas; the profits to be halved. It will make two handsome volumes in 4to, with portraits, autographs, etc."

MESSRS. CONSTABLE AND CO. to MR. MURRAY.

"EDINBURGH, *8th Dec.* 1806.

"DEAR SIR,—Enclosed you have a specimen of Strutt in the manner that it might be printed, making two volumes of nearly 400 pages each; it would be a very handsome book. But perhaps three volumes of the ordinary novel size, on good paper, would bring us more money, as well as be better fitted for the Circulating Library. You can consider all this, and let us know your determination. We shall be happy to take a half concern in it. Mr. Scott continues to speak very favourably of the performance; he has a person busy at work transcribing the difficult parts of the MS., and we believe where any slip or deficiency occurs he supplies it himself. This is capital; but must not be mentioned, as we do not understand that Mr. S. is to acknowledge himself as the editor. How many copies should be printed—1000 or 750?

"Our Mr. Constable lately wrote a long letter to Mr. Murray, editor of Bruce's Travels, on the subject of Cicero, to which we have not yet got any reply. He would make a most admirable editor, and we must endeavour to embark him in the undertaking; in the meantime you should collect as many of the translations of last century as you

can find. Lord Woodhouselee, as you observe, might be conversed with, but we doubt much if he has gone very deeply into the subject.

"As to the Philosophical Magazine, we have no doubt that it would answer exceedingly well once a quarter, but we know of no person here at present that could be employed as a suitable editor. It is, you know, a work of a very miscellaneous description, and would require no common hand to direct it; but having obtained a very tolerable circulation as a monthly production, you must consider well about the propriety of changing it; and besides, there are, you know, other works that embrace separately a variety of its objects. We believe Mr. Constable mentioned to you Mr. Wallace, an eminent mathematician, a most particular friend of his, with whom he wished you to be acquainted. If he and Mr. Ivory, a brother Professor in the Royal Military College at Marlowe, would undertake the editing of such a work, we are persuaded they would do it well. Mr. Ivory is also an eminent mathematician, and was for a number of years manager of a great manufacturing concern in Scotland. Mr. Constable wrote lately to Mr. Wallace, and requested he would call on you when he went to London at any time, which we hope he will not fail to do. You will find him a block of gold, with rather a whinstone appearance!

"There is an edition of Kames's Sketches, in three vols. 8vo, just about being finished by Messrs. Neill and Co. Your friend Creech gave them an order to print the book above six months ago. They wanted employment, and

were so liberal, we understand, as pay the paper (perhaps ultimately the *piper* too), giving the honest man long credit for the whole. Bell and Bradfute are doing the 'Criticism' in the same house. There is now no literary property in either book; but we have no chance of a share were we to apply for it. You see what a sad business it is for you to have agents who can do so little in that way with their brethren!!! You should apply to Creech and Mr. Bradfute on the subject of shares, which we daresay you can obtain at a small premium. Lord Kames's books never sold so well as they ought to have done, owing, we believe, chiefly to the indolence of certain booksellers. The Elements of Criticism is considered a sterling work, and the Sketches of Man is certainly an amusing one.

"Creech has just brought out a new edition of Scot's English Dictionary, to which he has put your name. If you could bargain with him for 500, or even 1000 copies, *on proper terms* both as to price and credit, you would find it do well. We could take 200, and the other Scotch booksellers would order them from you in quantities. We have sent Messrs. Cadell and Davies a full third share of Jamieson's Ballads; in this, as in other publications, each partner accounts and pays for his own share. We hope the book will do, though we see it has got an unmerciful dressing in the Critical Review,—from that hound Pinkerton, we suppose, whom Jamieson had attacked in his book."

MR. MURRAY to MESSRS. CONSTABLE AND CO.

"LONDON, *Dec.* 19. 1806.

"MY DEAREST FRIENDS,—It is very gratifying to me to find that we accord so completely upon points where we have not a previous opportunity of consulting each other, as in the Poets, Strutt, and various others. Of the Caledonia you will agree perhaps that an eighth would be the most that I ought to undertake, and for that share, if you please, you will set me down in any way most agreeable to you. The Sadler Papers will form a work more curious perhaps than of general sale, and the acquisition of White, etc., will be prudent. I suppose few (say 500) will be printed, and of course I shall avail myself of your offer to take a share. It is impossible at present to determine if a reprint of Slingsby would answer, for although I have sold every copy (and could have sold many more) to the *trade*, yet I cannot decide until these appear to be actually sold, which will require a month or two; and you may set it down to be talked over when I see you. I am much pleased with your and Mr. Scott's approbation of Strutt, and as to the size, we might be determined, I think, by Mr. Scott's idea, if he think it a book for general readers and not only for a superior class. I think it will form a gentleman's book, and should be printed neatly, something like Ellis's Poetry, in 8vo, which book you know, or Mr. Scott will have it. But do in this point as you please; I am clear for a thousand copies. There might be a Life of the Author, for which the son has materials, which he would contribute; it admits also of interesting illustrative notes,

and plates of games, dresses, etc. The author's life was singular, and his name, you know, much known among antiquaries. Of this you will consider."

About this time my father had rather a serious illness. The following passages in letters from Mr. Murray to Mr. Constable of 5th and 7th January refer to this, as well as to his own happy prospect, now near at hand :—

"LONDON, *Jan.* 5, *Monday.*

"MY DEAREST FRIEND,—I only arrived in town from Shropshire last night, and I know not how to express to you the sincere regret which I have experienced ever since at the account which I found of your painful indisposition. Having myself suffered from the rheumatism, I know its torture, and can therefore the more feelingly condole with your sufferings; and if this be not a sufficient assurance of my sincerity, there is a very interested one, which I think will do so; for if you are an invalid, not only your own business must languish, but mine also. So whether it be from interest or friendship I have equal cause to desire your speedy recovery, to which I trust you are advancing. And, by the way, there is another reason yet more indispensable to me for your returning health, for I intend very shortly to call upon you for your promise to sport a certain London-made blue coat upon an occasion which will be unhappy to me without your presence.

". . . I think that I shall certainly be in Edinburgh some time during the week following the next, and I very much wished you—only that you choose to be a disabled

man—immediately to set on foot an inquiry for a neat carriage, of which I may have the use to travel in from Edinburgh to London, as, if you recollect, I before suggested to you, and in the propriety of which you accorded. This is rendered still more indispensable by my recent experience in travelling with my sisters; for although we took three days and every care, yet the repeated change of carriages has occasioned to us all very severe colds, and to myself, perhaps, the worst. I suspect that the preparations at Craigcrook will be rendered unnecessary, as it will be indispensable for me to remain some time in Edinburgh after a certain event has taken place, for at this season it would be very inconvenient to travel immediately. I long very much to have the pleasure of seeing you, and am sorry that other occupations have prevented me from troubling you with a letter so frequently as I desired and intended, but I know that you are as well pleased by my engagements in business, which you will not be unhappy to learn still continues to increase."

"LONDON, *January* 7, 1807, *Wednesday*.

"MY DEAREST FRIEND,—As I have not heard of you either yesterday or the day preceding, I can no longer refrain from troubling you with renewed assurances that you are ever in my thoughts. I hope that you no longer suffer pain, and that your indisposition does not still confine you to your chamber. I wish that the next post may bring me this most agreeable information. I wish I were with you to attend you, and to relieve you a little with varied conversation. It should be some consolation, if

you are occasionally solitary in your chamber, that there are many grateful friends scattered at various distances who think of you, talk of you, and pray for your speedy recovery. I called this morning upon your friend Mr. Dalyell, whom I find to be a most agreeable as well as intelligent man, and he is doubly so to me from his warm testimonials of regard for you. He has promised to dine with me on Sunday, and I have offered to him, with unfeigned sincerity, my services during his stay in London, which is to be much shorter than I desire, or I might have managed to have accompanied him in his return to Edinburgh, where I am now the more eager to arrive, with the desire of being with you, if you be not yet perfectly recovered.

"The Athenæum is not by any means approved. It is dull and uninteresting, and too fine for a Magazine. The Monthly Magazine is far more esteemed, and has nothing to apprehend from so stupid a competition. The Oxford Review is perhaps even a more contemptible performance than the other, and I suppose the publishers of the Edinburgh Review will not suffer much from so miserable an attack upon them. Surely if the Imperial Review and the Literary Journal have failed, this vile catchpenny of Phillips's must very soon share the same fate.

"My affairs in Edinburgh continue to bear a very pleasing aspect. The settlements will probably be completed in ten days, and it will not be many more after them that I set out for Edinburgh. So you see, my dear Constable, that it is high time for you to be well, and I hope to hear favourable accounts of your progress in a day or

two. I hope Mrs. Constable and the family are in health. Make my kindest compliments to her. Believe me, my dear Constable, I sincerely condole on your indisposition, and nothing can be more agreeable to me than an early account of your convalescence. It is unnecessary for me to assure you that I continue your faithful and most affectionate friend, J. M."

It has been said that the proportional success (commercially) of pamphlets is as 1 to 1000. Let the following paragraph serve as an additional and sorely-needed hint to pamphleteers :—

"We are very sorry indeed that we cannot write you any account of the success of Mr. Fergusson's pamphlet that is likely either to soften the impatience of the author or to give him any satisfaction. He is not aware how much time it requires for the merit of a pamphlet to be known in London, unless it be brought forward with some powerful influence of party, or by some topic of very general interest. You will believe, I know, that we are doing for it all that we can, but the nature of the work admits but of little scope for our exertions. We have sent copies to all the booksellers, both West and East, who are in the habit of publishing or of selling pamphlets, but they are received by them only upon return, for in London the booksellers never subscribe for a pamphlet. We have not *sold* a dozen copies; but with us the subject is not only dead, but unpleasing, from the manner in which Ministers have treated it, and from the little appearance in them of any desire to encourage its revival."

In the month of February Mr. Murray reached Edinburgh, and on the 6th of March the marriage ceremony was celebrated between him and Miss Elliot, daughter of Mr. Charles Elliot, of whom some notice will be found in the Appendix to this volume. On the following day he wrote affectionately and in great happiness from Kelso to my father; and shortly after his return to London he writes again, mentioning Mr. Hunter, who had accompanied his father to the metropolis, and whose lively record of the visit has already been given.[1]

MR. MURRAY to MR. CONSTABLE.

"LONDON, *March* 17, 1807, *Tuesday.*

"MY DEAR CONSTABLE,—We arrived here safely on Saturday night, coming the last day from Witham Common, nearly one hundred miles. I have been so much intruded upon since that I have not had time to send you a letter, even short, as I perceive this must be.

"Hunter was so eager to see us that he left a great party at Cadell's to look in upon us on our arrival in the evening; he breakfasts with us in the morning, gives us all his spare time, and renders himself so agreeable that we are all delighted with his company. To-morrow I go out to make some visits with him, and he dines with me. He appears quite satisfied with London. We were together yesterday when your eagerly expected letter arrived. I admire much *your* letters, and the consequent measures are very decisive."

[1] See *ante*, pp. 86-134.

"*March 27th.*

"The Mcuntain Bard[1] will be published here at 7s. 6d., in boards, a price at which we shall be better able to secure its ready sale, and thus prepare for the smaller size, which it would perhaps be proper to subscribe, when wanted, with SECOND Edition upon the title-page, and to advertise it hereafter as such. Your bargain with the author is a very proper one, and if you please I shall take the half, or any share that you intend for me. I waited for Mr. Scott's arrival as the best opportunity for publishing it. Mr. Scott called upon me on Tuesday, and we conversed for an hour. I mentioned *Penrose* to him (the MS.), which he thinks very interesting, although rather too long. He thinks the price out of all propriety, and I shall therefore return the volume, with a letter inquiring if the proprietor be willing to listen to more moderate terms. He appears very desirous that Marmion should be published by the King's birthday: this I conceive it will be impossible for the printer to effect; but he might be amused with proof-sheets, and so be kept perfectly in humour with you. He said he wished it to be ready at that time for very particular reasons, and yet he allows that the poem is not completed, and that he is yet undetermined if he shall make his hero happy or otherwise. He has promised to dine with me before he leaves London, but his time is at present occupied by Rose, etc. I have got some fresh matter for Strutt, which is of importance, as it completes some of the tales, and was much wanted. This I will send down to be transcribed.

[1] By James Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd.

"I sent in your parcel a few days ago the first copies that I could procure of two new epic poems by Southey and Cumberland, 'Saul' and 'The Exodiad,' both taken from Scripture, (may the Lord defend you and me from such things!) for the Edinburgh Review, and I am making an arrangement by which I expect to obtain as speedily as possible every work of note or merit that is published on the Continent, and for domestic literature you may depend upon having everything that is likely to suit you immediately.[1]

"Mr. Hunter is employing his time in a way that will, I am sure, be very serviceable to the house, and he finds every person glad to acknowledge the high respectability to which your firm is raised, and you will be able to make use of great people in a manner that will prove very useful to you, without resigning any share of that activity which is indispensable to every scheme of importance.

"I suppose that your 'British Drama' must at this time be nearly ready to issue from the press. It was a scheme that was well imagined, and which, had yourselves been the managers, would have become grand and productive. Had this been the probable result, I know your liberality so well that I think I might flatter myself with having had the offer of some share. As it is, I will take the liberty of proposing this myself, and if you will do me the favour to give me some idea of the expense, I am desirous of being allowed to have such a part of your share as my means will allow, and at the same time to allow me some

[1] Mr. Murray here refers to the measures proposed by Mr. Campbell in his letter of Sept. 16, 1806.—See *ante*, pp. 185, 186.

scope for selling of yours. We would, if you please, make whatever portion I take of you, and what remains to you, a sort of stock betwixt us, and I will account to you for my sale. To render this as great as possible you should announce that you have parted with some of your share to me, and cause my name to be inserted in the title-pages, in order that when the book is subscribed those persons who prefer me to Longman may take copies from me, and seeing that I am concerned send to me for any additional supply. By this means I may get off more of your share, and quicker than you are aware.

"I was very unexpectedly, and therefore most highly gratified by finding in a case this morning my old friend the Bridge of Kelso, and I must say that you could not have devised a more suitable present to me; and amongst the other pleasing associations to which this view gives rise, you may be assured that your idea will not be wanting. I know not if it will continue, but I declare to you I am every day more content with my lot—neither my wife nor I have any disposition for company or going out; and you may rest assured that I shall direct all my attention to business, and that your concerns will not be less the object of my regard *merely* because you have raised mine so high. Every moment, my dear Constable, I feel more grateful to you, and I trust that you will ever find me your faithful friend, J. M."

It was about this time that it was resolved, with concurrence of Mr. Jeffrey and other parties interested in the Edinburgh Review, to remove that publication from the

care of Messrs. Longman and place it in that of Mr. Murray; the legal authorities, however, having decided that such a transfer could only be made with consent of Messrs. Longman, the question is thus referred to by Mr. Murray, in a letter to my father of April 5, 1807:—

"MY DEAR FRIEND,—The dispute respecting the Edinburgh Review is certain of being as warmly contested by Messrs. Longman and Co. as I took the liberty of prognosticating. They have employed as their attorney my most valuable friend Mr. Sharon Turner. The latter is apt to consider his engagement to them in this cause as some infringement upon his friendship with me, knowing the intimacy which I have the happiness to enjoy with you. He has therefore, with a sense of honour and kindness peculiar to him, mentioned his situation to a common friend of ours, who satisfied him that I could not feel hurt at so proper and indispensable a pursuit of his profession. Mr. Turner is, I find, extremely desirous of preventing any serious law-suit, and has therefore permitted our mutual friend to tell me the result of asking the opinion of counsel. The case, with all your letters and accounts, etc. etc., has been submitted by him and them to Sir Samuel Romilly, whose opinion is decisively in favour of the indisputable right and legal claim of Longman and Co. to one-half share of the Edinburgh Review as long as it continues to be carried on under that title. I am to see Mr. Turner in an hour, and expect to be favoured with a reading of Sir Samuel's Opinion: I write now before I call upon him, fearful that I may not have time to tell you all that I wish afterwards. In the first place, I want very strongly to

press upon your mind the necessity of fixing Mr. Jeffrey irrevocably to yourself, for, as in all hazardous and important cases, we must take in extremes and possibilities. . . .

"I have just returned from an interview with Mr. Turner, who did me the favour to read the opinion of Sir S. Romilly, which he received only on Saturday. This he took to Longman, with a letter for Mr. Jeffrey, which he recommended them to send. As this was not determined upon then, perhaps this will be the first intimation to you. Sir Samuel says that the copyright is the joint property of you and Messrs. L. and Co., and that if either of you carry it on without the other, the other may either after publication of a Number procure an injunction, demand his half share of the profits, or carry on a work under the same title themselves, in which case they cannot have recourse to the other alternatives; that neither party without the other has a right to carry on a work professing to be a continuation of the Edinburgh Review, etc.

"You surely might print 'a new Edinburgh Review' in London, or you might give L. and Co. notice that they may find materials for the next Number, provided Jeffrey will send in his formal resignation to you, and join in the scheme of a new work. It is an old saying, very frequently verified, that 'a man who pleads his own cause has a fool for his counsel,' and perhaps it would have been better for you if Jeffrey had not been a lawyer. In the statement all your letters about the Review are included, in one of which I understand you complain of the expense of the Review; but this was not only before it was become

profitable, but was absolutely a losing concern, whereas L. and Co. came where they were without trouble, putting £800 in their pockets. Let me hear from you very soon, my very best friend, and believe that I shall ever remain, my dear Constable, yours, J. M."

The end of this unpleasant affair, as we have seen, was that the legal claims of Messrs. Longman having been established, a sum of money was tendered and accepted for their retirement; and No. 22 of the Edinburgh Review appeared in London under the recognised auspices of Mr. Murray. His correspondence with my father's firm at this period was voluminous, and its tone on both sides highly cordial. Unlimited confidence is manifested, and each seems equally desirous to promote the interests of the other. On the 1st of June 1807 Mr. Murray writes as follows:—

"My friend Captain Burney, whose valuable work upon the Discoveries in the South Seas is now under my care, was so good as to bring to me a short time ago a letter which Arrowsmith the map-maker had received from the commodore of a Russian squadron, who had been at Japan, and other places interesting to Europeans, in a voyage round the world,[1] informing him that the results of his labours were about to be printed at the expense of the Russian Government, and that in acknowledgment of Mr. Arrowsmith's great talents he would allow him to translate them

[1] Voyage round the World in the years 1803 to 1806, under the command of Captain A. J. von Krusentern. Translated by R. B. Hoppner. 2 vols. 4to. London, 1813.

without any charge, if he thought proper, etc. Mr. A. has his time too much occupied to engage in any scheme not immediately connected with his business, and in consequence he allowed the letter to be communicated to me. I was with him for three hours to-day, and had a great deal of interesting (I might say *interested*) conversation with him. He tells me the navigator is a man of high reputation, and with the second in command he is personally acquainted. It is the first voyage round the world undertaken by the Russians, and he has reason to imagine that it will be compiled with as much general interest as veracious accuracy, and indeed all that I could wish he says in favour of it. I suggested that, as we had a factory at Petersburg, there must be many persons attendant upon it who understood both languages well; that if Krusenstern (the commodore's name) would select a proper person to translate his work sheet by sheet as it is printed in Russia, and would allow, previous to any decisive bargain with such a person, a sheet or two to be sent over as a specimen of his talents, I should be disposed to pay liberally for the translation. The plates, and certainly the charts, will be engraved in England, and we might probably be allowed to take impressions of them at the mere cost of paper and print, etc., so that, in many points of view, it would be an easy, and therefore a desirable, speculation, concerning which I shall write in answer to the commodore's letter, requiring further particulars. The commodore inquires in his letter if an Englishman, Captain Flinders, had yet published his voyages. I spoke of these to Arrowsmith, who told me he was a prisoner

in France, but that his release had been sent out, and that he would secure to me his papers. Mr. A. has MSS. of three voyages in his own possession, which he has long intended to publish, and about which we are likely to make arrangements. We formed some other grand projections, which you shall hear of when they are a little more mature. I spoke much of your highnesses to him, and confirmed him in his satisfaction in having made you his agents for all Scotland, for which, he assured me, he had daily applications from all parts. The map is nearly completed, and will be worthy of its fabricators, which is paying it the highest compliment. Every one acknowledges and speaks of the great knowledge of this man in geography. Sir Joseph Banks, Dalrymple, Rennell, Captain Burney, all think him the first in Europe. All these men, and Arrowsmith also, think very contemptuously of Pinkerton, and his now exploded Geography. They all refused to give him any countenance, and told him he knew nothing of the subject he was about to undertake. Captain Burney they all extol, and his book must eventually sell. I expect some *little things* from my conversation to-day, in all of which you will of course participate. Arrowsmith is to dine with me on Friday, with Burney, Playfair, and Tilloch.

"Your schemes are all anticipating, I think. Do you not remember our conversation about a new edition of the Harleian Miscellany? It is actually begun. I had a sheet of it in my hands yesterday, and who do you think it is undertaken by? By Mr. Joseph Harding. He was consulting me about it, and is to be with me again."

"*June* 2.

"To-day I had a visit from Lord Glenbervie's friend, Mr. Joinville, and had some conversation with him respecting his work upon Ceylon. He told me that one half of his MS. is ready for the press, and that one half of the remainder will be ready in a fortnight, and the whole in six weeks. He thinks it will make in print about 400 pages 4to. The translation he leaves entirely to you. Lord Glenbervie had mentioned to him Mr. Dallas, who translated Bertrand de Merville's MS.; and you may remember in our conversation with his Lordship we thought he would be the proper person. If you do not wish for any other, I shall, when I hear from you, converse with that gentleman respecting terms. Mr. J. is to show me his MSS. and drawings on Friday morning, when I am to call upon him; a portion of each I may bring home with me for consideration, and if you have any desire for them he will not, I think, object to your seeing them. The rival work by a friend of his, which you will recollect to have been mentioned, I inquired after, and he told me that it will be published by Longman and Co. some time this month. I should imagine, from circumstances, that our work will not bear an impression of more than 750 copies, although had it been earlier published it would probably have arrived at a second edition. I shall tell you more of this when I have seen the MS. and plates.

"Dr. Grant is proceeding with his Life of Logan, and wishes you to collect for him all the editions of Logan's Poems, except Anderson's, Cadell's, and Bell and Brad-

fute's, and all that has been written in the controversy about Logan and Bruce's claim to the Cuckoo and other poems. The Doctor is editing Craig's Sermons, of which I recommend no more than 500.

"Pinkerton's book is inevitably damned, and there is now room for a new work, which, if it be done well, will be for ever a standard book. I have a very fair projection of this kind, which I shall hereafter unfold to you.

"Can you not make some arrangement with Sir John Sinclair, now that he is with you, for getting you, or rather to put you in a train for getting—agricultural communications from all the counties in Great Britain, so as to do away effectually the idea of locality which attaches to your Farmer's Magazine? It will be advertised most strenuously by this week in every channel that is likely to be serviceable to you, except the country papers, which you know how to manage yourself. In Norfolk, Yorkshire, and some of the principal counties for farming, it ought ever to be presented to their eyes. Could you not get Sir John to give you some official sanction or recommendation from his Board? You must think upon and effect this with expedition, or Phillips, whose recent connexion with Sir John must give him great influence, will have obtained this; for Young's Annals, and even Barry's Orkneys, form a link betwixt Sir John and Longman, which may be an unpleasant combination in this instance.

"I have received a very obliging letter from Miss Seward since my return, in consequence of a few books which I sent her. The more, however, I consider her

merit as an authoress, the more satisfied I am that it would be hazardous to offer any important sum for her works, either published or *ante*-posthumous; and I trust that you will not betray your usual circumspection, or rather judgment, for the mere honour of carrying the publication of an English poetess to Scotland.

"In the paper of this day I find Blackwood has advertised a new edition of Bion, Moschus, etc., with my name, a civility for which I beg the favour of you to offer my best acknowledgments.

"I have thought proper to send you twenty-five new Canto of All the Talents, and have enclosed a few also for John Thomson, and one a present for Walter Scott."

"*June* 6.

"I am quite delighted with the appearance of Mr. Gunn's work upon the Harp,[1] which is a splendid and honourable specimen of Scotch typography, which I think cannot be surpassed in Britain. I showed the book to Mr. Wright, a printer who stands foremost in the second class, and he admired and praised it greatly, and said that he thought that Ballantyne's *general* style of printing was superior to that of any other printer, and that it was a matter of nicety if Bentley and Bulmer exceeded him even occasionally. I am happy to learn that my Cookery is in request, and thank you for translating the word *illustrative* into *useful* in the advertisement, which is the proper term, but I could not hit upon it.

[1] Historical Enquiry respecting the Harp in the Highlands of Scotland. 4to. Edin. 1807.

"I like your plan of a Botanical Dictionary, and shall be desirous to hear more respecting it. I will tell you of books that may be useful, and would get some advice when I see the nature of it. No book would pay better than a Chemical Dictionary of the same size, if you can find a proper man to do it. I am happy to find that Hogg's book is so nearly ready; you will not make it a dear book, I trust.

"I had a long interview with Mr. Joinville, as I before mentioned to you, and brought with me his MS., which I have since looked over, and sent a portion of it to Captain Burney to examine. I must tell you that whilst I was looking over the drawings with Mr. J., a person came in, who, after some time, appeared to have been invited there purposely—one of those pretending coxcombs who impose, by their verbosity, upon strangers. He talked a vast deal of nonsense, to which I attended no more than the noise of it forced me; but when I was coming away the fellow began to talk about the value of the book, the copyright, and at length that a division of profits would not do without something handsome down. I stared at him for one moment, and told him that the communication to you had originated with Lord Glenbervie, and that any arrangement about other terms must be communicated through the same channel. He then made a very long oration, in answer to which I made Mr. Joinville a bow, and wished him a good morning, with a grace which must have been very gratifying to the orator, whom I had the honour to leave upon his legs, and marched out with the MS. under my arm. I know not if you will be

desirous of seeing the MS., but I suspect that it will be scarcely worth the value (to a bookseller) of its translation."

Correspondence between these London and Edinburgh firms appears to have been somewhat less frequent during the latter half of 1807, not, however, from any failure of cordiality, as the tone of the following extract from a letter dated from Edinburgh in December of that year will show :—

"DEAR SIR,—The hurry of business at this season, and the great additional demands on our time by the publication of the Catalogue, must be our apology for not writing to you so frequently of late; but we shall now mention to you fully the progress of our different concerns.

"In the first place, then, we are happy to tell you that the whole of Marmion is now at press. . . . We have at last got Gerard reprinted, of which a copy accompanies Drury. We send you also a copy of Dr. Coventry's Introductory Discourses. This book has been nearly seven years in the press, owing to the many avocations of the author, and is published on his own account.

"Sir Ralph Sadler is going forward very well. The Royal copies, owing to the thickness of the paper, will make three volumes. It would be a great matter to have this work completed by the birth-day; but that we suspect will be impossible. Queenhoo-Hall is not yet printed.

"The Edinburgh Review, No. 22, is now nearly com-

pleted at press; 4000 copies will, we hope, be ready to be shipped for you by Tuesday first. You have sold a very great quantity of the last No., and we have not a copy left. A new edition of 1000 copies is in the press.

"We have to thank you for the trouble you took in calling on Mr. Maule about Fox's MS.,[1] and are happy to tell you that we feel no disappointment in the matter, as £4500 is a price far beyond what we would have thought of giving for it. When Lord and Lady Holland were here last autumn we saw the MS., and offered £3200 for it, to pay which we calculated on the sale of 6000 copies of a 4to volume to sell at £1, 11s. 6d. in boards. Now to pay Mr. Miller's price would require the profit of 10,000 copies, and we do not see how such a number can be disposed of. Mr. M., to be sure, may print copies on vellum, imperial, and so forth, for which he may charge enormous prices; but we had no such plans, nor, where such a name as that of Mr. Fox was concerned, should we have thought of resorting to such quackery. We did not mention anything of this matter to you formerly, having most positively agreed not to communicate with any person in London on the subject, while, on the other hand, Lord Holland assured us that Longman and Co., Cadell and Davies, and Mawman, were the only persons to whom the work should be offered; and further, that our proposal should be mentioned to nobody. We had

[1] A History of the early part of the Reign of James the Second; with an Introductory Chapter. By the Right Hon. Charles James Fox. To which is added an Appendix. London: Printed for William Miller, Albemarle Street, by W. Bulmer and Co., Cleveland Row. 1808.

an opportunity through Mr. Maule to increase our offer, and to secure a preference, but this we declined. So anxious was Mr. Maule, indeed, that we should have the work, and also that the very greatest price should be obtained for it, as to offer to secure it for us at £5000, he paying the difference between that sum and our original offer, to be indemnified afterwards if the sales permitted our doing so. This was a very magnificent proposal on his part, but we could not possibly think of advising a friend of ours to embark in any speculation which we did not deem a safe one. The credit of publishing such a work, fragment as it is, would, to be sure, have been great; but had a loss of £1800 to a friend been the consequence, we could have no satisfaction from the transaction.—Yours, A. C. AND CO."

On the 24th December Mr. Murray addressed a letter to my father, which I regret has not been preserved; but it must have been of a painful nature, if we may judge of it by the following reply:—

"EDINBURGH, *Sunday morning, 27th Dec.* 1807.

"MY DEAR MURRAY,—I am this moment favoured with your letter of the 24th, the contents of which are, upon the whole, very unwelcome to me and sad; such as when I broke open the seal I did not expect to meet with, or indeed to find, in any letter that could possibly bear my address on the back of it. I know however it was well meant on your part, and I therefore thank you for the candid manner in which you have expressed yourself.

"In communicating your letter to Mr. Scott respecting

Marmion, I did not think I was doing anything improper; on the contrary, I was satisfied my doing it could not fail to make a lasting impression on Mr. Scott's mind of your value as a partner in the book, as well as of the great propriety of your motives in writing it; as I trust it has had the wished-for effect with him, I cannot much regard the inferior consequences which may have resulted from the measure, unless so far as (with the best intentions) I have done a thing which you considered as meriting the severe censure contained in the letter now before me. This is all I mean to say on the subject till a personal discussion may conveniently take place, which from recent circumstances I cannot but feel as truly desirable.

"In your letter there is an allusion to a *Mr. Gunn*, which I declare to you, upon my honour, I do not in any degree comprehend; and further, I do not desire you to take the trouble of explaining it.

"It is very true that I promised you a letter from myself, which, if I mistake not, I implemented several months ago by a pretty long one from Craigcrook—chiefly on business to be sure; but, so far as I can recollect at this time, containing everything that was then in my mind as necessary to be communicated to you.

"I have no desire to continue an unpleasant discussion; and I assure you that I continue to be your friend,

"A. C."

Of a letter addressed to Mr. Murray on the 4th March 1808 I have no copy but it did not close the opening breach. It is painful to me to allude to this misunder-

standing; but I confess that, with my apprehension of the claims of friendship, something more than being "conscious of ample energies"[1] was needed to justify Mr. Murray in his readiness to avail himself of the disturbance in the relations of his friends in Edinburgh with Mr. Scott. Such justification I believe may have been afforded by this breach. Between the date of this letter and April 16, 1808, an unpleasant correspondence and discussion had taken place with reference to the reciprocal relations and position of Mr. Murray's and my father's house. But that the friendly feelings of the former had not been extinguished by it is testified by the following immediate communication of his joy on the birth of his first-born :—

"LONDON, *April* 16, 1808, *Saturday afternoon, 2 o'clock.*

"DEAR SIRS,—Presuming upon old attachments, I cannot resist the satisfaction of informing you that Mrs. Murray presented me with a fine boy a few minutes ago, and that both mother and infant are doing well."

A short letter, dated April 25th, is the last I find from Mr. Murray, until two years later, when the former friendly relations were resumed between him and my father. This reconciliation was brought about by my father having felt it his duty to side with Mr. Murray on the occasion of an irreparable breach between him and the Messrs. Ballantyne, details of which are in my possession, but need not be stated here.

On the 28th April 1810 Mr. Murray writes as follows to Constable and Company :—

[1] See Lockhart's Life of Scott, vol. ii. p. 200.

"LONDON, *April 28th*, 1810, *Saturday.*

"GENTLEMEN,—It is very long now since any confidential correspondence took place between our houses. It is a matter of great regret to me; but I think that circumstances are so arranging themselves now as to admit of our no longer being enemies at least, if there remain in you any of those feelings of ancient regard which have never altogether forsaken me. The uniform respectability of the works from your firm, in which you allowed me to join with you, and their uniform success, are circumstances as I find they are not easily paralleled so are they not easily forgotten by me. Neither can I forget the general comfort and confidence which obtained so long in all my transactions with your house; for I have in vain looked for either since. I can have no desire to infringe upon other arrangements, but I merely write to assure you that it will afford me pleasure to avail myself of any opportunity of transacting business with you, if I may flatter myself with the hope that you entertain corresponding sentiments of cordiality and esteem.

"Presuming upon that liberality, which no differences have allowed us to deviate from, I have enclosed a few bills, which I beg the favour of you, at your convenience, to negotiate for me, and I shall feel happy in any occasion of serving you in return. I beg of you, however, not to mistake as the cause of this letter the *effect* of the sentiments which I have written to express to you; or, to be more clear, I am sure you will not suppose that I have written to you merely because I wanted to send some bills, but that I have enclosed these bills as a mark of the sincerity of my esteem for you.

"I beg you to accept my compliments and sincere wishes for your health and continued success.—I am, Gentlemen, your obedient servant, J. M."

In testimony of the perfect reconciliation between the parties, and that former disagreements had not impaired Mr. Murray's confidence in his friend, I cannot resist quoting a few sentences from communications received at this period:—

"*May* 8.—DEAR CONSTABLE,—It is really not without much compunction that I venture to enclose another bill to you. You have done me Herculean service, and if no more can be done, let no more be tried."

"*May* 14.—MY DEAR CONSTABLE,—I do entreat you neither to wish me at the devil for sending you more bills, nor to send me there by not returning their amount to me."

"*May* 15.—MY DEAR CONSTABLE,—You really deserve the name of *Grand;* your attentive kindness to me is really magnificent. I received the above to-day, which renders me perfectly comfortable for this week."

Same date.—"DEAR CONSTABLE,—You will be so glad to receive a letter from me without an enclosure, that you will very well spare a page of thanks for your magnanimous kindness, which, if the occasion arise, I trust I shall be able to show that I am truly grateful for."

"*May* 19.—DEAR CONSTABLE,—I received the above just now, for which I thank you. I am afraid that you have been put to great inconvenience by me, as you have so heavy a time yourself."

On the 4th July my father acquainted Mr. Murray that he had been informed that during the period of their misunderstanding Mr. Murray had on more than one occasion expressed himself regarding him in unbecoming terms. "True or false," my father says, "I care not. If you have at any time thought unfavourably either of me or of my actions, and may have allowed imprudent expressions to escape in consequence, it can, I hope, make no alteration in our future intercourse, because you have completely explained it and atoned for it."

To this Mr. Murray replied in the following terms :—

"LONDON, *July* 11, 1810, *Wednesday.*

"DEAR CONSTABLE,—In answer to the liberal sentiments of your last letter I have only one or two things to say. If it be natural for any man thinking himself aggrieved by the conduct of another, to express himself freely against him during the period of rage, it was more to be expected from a temper unfortunately so irritable as mine. This, however—as you do me the justice to remark,—I had, previously to the gradual renewal of our connexion, honestly and openly told you, and therefore I do not expect that a man of your liberal mind will be either surprised at or offended by any exposure of sentiments expressed under the veil of unlimited confidence. Having said thus much, I must tell you also that I do not believe that I ever uttered a sentiment unbecoming your character as a man of honour or a man of business. My hasty, unreserved, and uncopied letters may perhaps show me to be irritable and versatile, but this very circumstance

must show the exposer of them to be a villain. Men who are intimate, at a distance from each other, communicate by letter those hasty and unreserved sentiments which would otherwise have escaped in a confidential discourse after dinner, if they had been present to each other; and who shall defend the betrayer of private conversation and the violator of the first law of friendship? I say he may do his best; if he does, we shall certainly prove him to be a rascal; and who would not rather be thought versatile than villanous?"

On the 25th September Mr. Murray tells my father that he has had a proposal from Mr. Blackwood to become his agent in Edinburgh, and on the 29th he says:—

"I wish you would do me the favour to say if you think I have done well in inclining to Blackwood's proposal to be my agent. He does now and then get a book or two to throw in one's way; but really no other person does, except your house, which gets all the rest. We should have had everything, and have done everything, if it had not been for our unfortunate misunderstanding; but I trust that we are to do a great deal of business together yet. I fancy you have had enough upon your mind lately. I had some notion that you would have come up to London. Let me know if you wish to hold a share in Ford, and if it be advancing. It will do very well. Ben Jonson is at press. Beaumont and Fletcher will, I fear, not be done with equal ability. I promised you half my share in it if you liked it. There is no fear of the book doing."

"LONDON, *Nov.* 11, 1811.

"MY DEAR CONSTABLE,—I am really obliged by the great attention which you have shown to my pressing letter, and by the inconvenient exertions which I fear you must have been occasioned in order to comply with its demands. I am very sensible of the change of times as to money matters, and these must be increased to me who have sent so many of my trade bills to your city, and by various hands, to be discounted; but you are aware that I would certainly not have sent them to any other house but yours, had it not been from the too certain fear of overwhelming you by their great amount. It is only last year and this that I have made a serious clearance of my overgrown stock, and it cannot be until next year that I may hope completely to clear myself. I feel, too, that your new partner must think my demands strange, unaware as he is of the intimacy which preceded it.

"Yesterday was the first day that our child's amended health permitted us to see any friends, and your son dined with us. You have most certainly succeeded in the objects of your mode of educating him. He is acute, steady, intelligent, and gentlemanly. He conducted himself extremely well at White's sale, where he was much observed and remarked upon. He will be perfectly competent to assist you when he has done with White.[1]

"I have had a long talk with Miller to-day about you, who speaks of you with great esteem; and you may rest assured that we will both serve you in time of need."

[1] My brother David was at this time sixteen years of age, and had already acquired a wonderful knowledge of old and rare books.

"LONDON, *May* 1, 1812.

"DEAR CONSTABLE,—You will probably have heard that Miller is about to retire, and that I have ventured to undertake to succeed him. I had for some time determined upon moving, and his offer I did not therefore very long hesitate about. I am to take no part of his stock but such as I shall deem expedient, and for it and the rest I have very long credit. How far it may answer I know not, but if I can judge of my own views, I think it may prove an advantageous opening."

Exactly a week later Mr. Miller intimated to my father his retirement in favour of Mr. Murray :—

"LONDON, *May* 8, 1812.

"DEAR CONSTABLE,—For some months past I have revolved in my mind the subject of retirement from trade, and having come to a determination to do it, found no difficulty in meeting with a successor in Mr. Murray, who, at Michaelmas next, will remove into Albemarle Street. This has created some little sensation amongst our brethren on this side, and I suppose it will be unexpected on *your* side the Tweed. But various considerations led me to this resolve, which I will communicate to you in Edinburgh early in August, if I do not see you here before that period, which your son has led me to hope will be the case. Rest assured, my dear friend, this is no hasty resolve, but the result of much thinking.

"Probably you may, in this state of things, wish to alter or annul our engagement respecting the Sutherland book. You shall act as you think proper. I do suppose from the lateness of the season, it will not appear this

year, and as you will have no difficulty in arranging it with my successor (if you think proper), or any other house, it will perhaps be for the interest of the concern that I am out of the question, as my copies on hand would, of course, come upon the market in a short period, probably to the injury of the Scotch sharers.

"My dear Constable, believe me ever truly and faithfully, your sincere friend, W. MILLER."

In the following letter from Mr. Murray there are uncomfortable indications of unsettled weather: How true it is in the moral as well as the material world that "the clouds return after the rain"!

> "What brought the clouds we mourn?
> Was it some truth outspoken—love should hide?
> Some want of reverence in a playful mood—
> Some thought confided and not understood—
> Some chill to feeling, or some shock to pride?
> Enough—they 're risen—grief and tears are vain,
> After the lightning flash, the burst of rain,
> Such clouds as these return!"

MR. MURRAY to MR. CONSTABLE.

"*Private.*

"LONDON, *Oct.* 27, 1812, *Tuesday.*

"DEAR CONSTABLE,—Mr. Blackwood has informed me that when he carried to you a proof of my Sale Catalogue, you expressed some disappointment that you had not been previously consulted respecting the shares which we had together in the same book. I should have been very glad to have done this, and to have consulted you upon many other points, but your altered conduct towards

me lately led me to infer that, if I had mentioned my intention, it would have been considered in any way except for my own interest, and therefore I could not venture. Indeed, this behaviour of yours is perfectly unaccountable, and all that I can say is, that *I* do not see any existing reason why we, who have been so long so very intimate, should now be placed in a situation of negative hostility. I am sure that we are well calculated to render to each other great services, and you are the best judge if your interests were ever before or since our connexion so well attended to as by me. You are made a cipher in advertisements here, and your name is never inserted in title-page or advertisement of any good book. The great connexion which I have for the last two years been maturing here in Fleet Street, I am now only going to bring into action, and it is not with any view to, or with any reliance upon, what Miller has done, but upon what I know I can do in such a situation, that I had long made up my mind to move. It is no sudden thing, but one long matured.

"I made my sale from no other cause than the determination, at whatever loss, to realize enough to cover by acceptances every acceptance that I have out, and this I have effected. I trust that you will not refuse me in the meantime the assistance which I must have until I have time to collect these. I must beg the favour of you to renew the bills I have to pay you this year until the next, when I will either pay them or send you acceptances to cover, and this is all I can do. It is but £1182, 17s., little more than the amount of what I bought

at your sale, and which purchase has proved a most severe loss to me. I mention this as some justification for my present application. I enclose two bills, and on the other side I have stated the order of the bills falling due; and although my large purchases of you have always been made upon your assurance of assistance, I should not, after your recent coldness, have applied to you, but that it is absolutely impossible for me to do otherwise, or offer you longer dated bills of the trade.

"But I repeat, it is in my power to do you many services, and certainly I have bought very largely of you, and you never of me, and you know very well that I will serve you heartily if I can deal with you confidentially. —Yours very truly, J. M."

Again the sun appears, and shines for a brief space :—

MR. MURRAY to MR. CONSTABLE.

"ALBEMARLE STREET, *Nov.* 7, 1812, *Saturday.*

"DEAR CONSTABLE,—I know the scale of your mind too well to suppose for an instant that you would seriously give me inconvenience, and therefore I fear that indisposition or some other cause may have prevented you from noticing my letter. I trust, whatever a momentary feeling may have suggested, that you will do me the service I have asked of you. I am sure there is no need of our living in hostility, and certainly now more than ever I shall have means of showing you effectually how very sincere I am on my part that every recollection should be effaced, except that of the confidence we formerly entertained.—With this sentiment I remain, dear Constable, truly yours, J. M."

"ALBEMARLE STREET, *Nov.* 9, 1812.

"DEAR CONSTABLE,—I cannot send my official acknowledgment of the attention of your house in sending me the bill to-day without accompanying it with my best thanks for your kindness, to which I owe it. I most sincerely trust that this will be the last time of even allusion to any difference between us, which so far as my feelings are concerned, is done away by this unexpected civility in you; but if at any time I have thought you unjust in your anger, I have always known you to be magnanimous in reconciliation. I most sincerely wished to have found a friend in you whilst in London, and to have consulted you about all my plans, but your coldness froze me into sullen reserve, and I am confident that I have lost greatly from not confiding in you; but I will not allow a little to damp my feelings towards you in future, and I do assure you that you may rely upon my faithful and active services towards you as the occasions may arise. It will afford me satisfaction to learn that you are disposed to entertain corresponding sentiments of regard, with which I remain, dear Constable, your old friend,

J. M."

"LONDON, ALBEMARLE STREET,
Thursday, Nov. 26, 1812.

"DEAR CONSTABLE,—The unexpected and awful calamity[1] under which you are now suffering has not been communicated to me without creating in my mind sentiments of something beyond mere condolence. Events of this kind happening so near me make me tremble, for had

[1] The death of Mr. Robert Cathcart, lately assumed by my father as a partner, is here alluded to.

I received this reiterated shock it would nearly have annihilated all my slender plans of advancement. I have already expressed to you my wish that all our animosities should be buried, and I am desirous upon this occasion of advancing one step farther, in the assurance that I shall have pleasure in doing my best to serve you. If you have occasion to go to London I will advise with you upon particular points of business, and I will use my best interests to promote the execution of your views.

"I have the satisfaction of assuring you that, as far as I have yet advanced, every view that I had in my new establishment is in the very best train for being realized. I have had incessant visits from all the leading people here, all of whom have bought something, and have promised their recommendation.

"I cannot write more fully or freely to you until I am favoured with your sentiments, which I will hope to be very soon. In the meantime, I beg you to accept my sincere wishes for your health, and to believe me, dear Constable, very truly yours, J. M."

On the 1st December 1812 I find the following letter from my father to Mr. Murray, and during the years that succeeded I have no record of correspondence on either side until near the close of 1825, and within a month of the catastrophe that involved my father in ruin. Let us hope that the years which intervened between 1812 and 1825 were not passed in hostility. They may, for aught I know, have met and corresponded often, but I find few traces of their intercourse, and our experience of it

hitherto has been so various and uncertain that I am content to leave the veil unraised.

MR. CONSTABLE to MR. MURRAY.

"EDINBURGH, 1*st Dec.* 1812.

"MY DEAR SIR,—Although I certainly could not but consider your conduct towards me during my last visit to London fully as ill-judged and undeserved as it appeared to be systematic, I am quite unconscious of having acted any unworthy part in return, and therefore I can in truth assure you on my part there is no animosity to be done away. I think I have always done everything to serve you that was in my power, and recent instances may, I hope, convince you of my continued good wishes.

"Allow me to congratulate you on your prospects of success in Albemarle Street, and believe, while I duly appreciate your expressions of kindness and regret on the late melancholy event, that I remain, with every feeling of gratitude, my dear Sir, yours most faithfully,

"A. C."

On the 11th October 1825 Mr. Murray writes to a friend at Wimbledon, at whose house my father was on a visit:—

"14 WHITEHALL PLACE.

"MY DEAR WRIGHT,—Although I intend to do myself the pleasure of calling upon Mr. Constable at your house to-morrow immediately after church (for it is our charity sermon at Wimbledon, and I must attend), yet I should be most happy, if it were agreeable to you and to him to favour us with your company to dinner at, I will say, five

to-morrow. Mr. Constable is godfather to my son, who will be at home, and I am anxious to introduce him to Mr. C., who may not be long in town.

"Give my kind remembrances to Mr. Constable, and tell him, if he prove disengaged, he will meet Mrs. Wm. Elliot, whom he knows, and Mrs. Deas (from Edinburgh), whom he at least knows about.—Believe me to be, my dear Wright, your obliged and faithful friend,

"J. M."

On the 26th October my father received the following note from his old friend :—

"14 WHITEHALL PLACE.

"MY DEAR CONSTABLE,—Pray do me the favour of putting up with a beef-steak at *this* house on Tuesday at six, instead of meeting at a tavern as we proposed ; for you did not take me to *taverns* in Scotland, but to your own fireside, and I cannot put up with the notion, dismantled as my house at present is, of receiving you anywhere else. —This from, my dear Constable, your old friend,

"J. M."

Two days later my father wrote as follows :—

"MY DEAR MURRAY,—It made my heart glad to be once more happy together as we were the other evening."

CHAPTER VIII.

The Duke of Roxburghe.

It appears to have been the chief distinction of John, third Duke of Roxburghe, that he was an indefatigable and judicious collector of rare books, a bibliomaniac who had method in his madness, as was undeniably evinced at the sale of his wonderful library. The account given by Dr. Dibdin in his Decameron of that exciting forty-two days' auction, in spite of its abounding and mysterious coxcombry, is interesting even to the uninitiated; while to those who have taken part in similar contests, or who penetrate the *alias* of *Glaucus*, *Atticus*, and other modern Romans, the magnificent rivalry on the occasion, especially between Earl Spencer and the Duke of Devonshire, must have an added charm. Caxton's Mirrour of the World, which cost the Duke of Roxburghe £9, 9s., was knocked down for £351, 15s., apparently to Mr. Nornaville, a Bond Street bookseller, to whom other rare volumes fell at equally extravagant prices, including Caxton's Recuyell of the Historyes of Troy for £1060, 10s., which the Duke bought in Edinburgh in 1792 for £50; but the crowning marvel was when the Marquis of Blandford, in competition with Lord Spencer, acquired for £2260 the Valdarfer

Boccaccio, which had been bought in 1740 for one hundred guineas. The total sum realized was £23,397, 10s. 6d.

The Duke of Roxburghe's correspondence with my father, from 1798 to 1803, though frequent, is for the most part too technical to be interesting to the general reader. The following letter has reference to Mr. George Paton, a humble but assiduous brother-collector, and I quote it chiefly because it gives me an opportunity in the appended note of showing the high estimate entertained of his worth, and the anxiety my father at all times manifested to be useful to his friends :—

DUKE OF ROXBURGHE to MR. CONSTABLE.

"LONDON, *April* 26, 1800.

"SIR,—I have received your letter of the 20th, and am obliged to you for the offer which you make to me of the books mentioned in the list, which came enclosed. It is still more ancient poetry that I wish to collect, and what would give the books mentioned great merit with some people—namely, the music—has none with me. If I meet with any person wishing to have the books, I will inform you of it.

"I received your letter containing a list of the Black Acts, which I have not had leisure to compare with my copies. In answer to what you write respecting Mr. George Paton,[1] I believe him to be a very worthy man,

[1] "Mr. Paton was born in 1721. His father was a respectable bookseller in this city, and his mother a granddaughter of George Mosman, a celebrated printer to Her Majesty Queen Anne. In the early part of his life he assisted his father in his commercial concerns, but about the year 1760, being deeply engaged in a cautionary obligation, which they were obliged to fulfil, both were under the

but from certain circumstances regarding myself, which it is not necessary to mention, I really cannot be of the use to him which you wish me to be.—I am, Sir, your most obedient humble servant, ROXBURGHE."

It is mentioned in my father's Autobiographic Fragment that the Duke of Roxburghe's favourite volume was his copy of The Complaynt of Scotland. In 1800 this volume wanted several leaves, which his Grace was very

necessity of retiring from business, so entirely ruined as to disable them ever after from resuming their former pursuits. In the meantime Mr. Paton, through the interest of his father's friends, obtained the place of clerk to the Customs, with a salary of £30 per annum, on which, by means of the most rigid frugality, he contrived to support himself and his two aged parents. The salary was afterwards raised to £70 per annum, at which it remained for several years, and then, owing to some new regulations, was reduced to £55, which has long been the full amount of Mr. Paton's annual income; nevertheless he, with incredible care and economy, saved £200, which being deposited in the Bank of Bertram, Gardner, and Co., went with the general wreck of their affairs; thus he saw himself, after the age of seventy, deprived of what he had thought would enable him to spend his advanced years in comfort, when he should be unable to discharge the active duties of his office; and, in a manner beginning the world anew, he bore this heavy misfortune with resignation, and was never heard to complain. Notwithstanding all this, with the greatest industry he has collected a library relative to British Antiquities, more particularly those of Scotland, greater perhaps than any individual in the same circumstances has ever made. With the merit and utility of this collection I am convinced your Grace is acquainted, from the assistance it has afforded to the researches of Mr. Pennant, Mr. Gough, Bishop Percy, and many other antiquaries whose names are well known to your Grace. In this laudable pursuit Mr. Paton has employed most of his leisure time. His whole income, as I have said, is only £55, the rent of his house, city taxes, and insurance £20, and his servant's wages, three guineas (your Grace will excuse me for entering on such *minutiæ*); so that he has little more than £30 to supply the necessaries of life in this time of scarcity. He still pays the most unwearied and

anxious should be supplied, and he frequently alluded to the subject in his letters. On one of his flying visits to Edinburgh he writes as follows:—"The Duke of Roxburghe wishes much to see the copy of The Complaynt of Scotland in which there is a leaf supposed not to be in other copies, and as it will take some time to compare it with his own copy, he would be glad to see the copy alluded to this evening if possible."[1] Again: "In looking at some books in my library yesterday, I was surprised

assiduous attention to his office. The goodness of his character is acknowledged by all, and the reason that he has been in the same situation for near forty years is because in those offices there is no room for preferment. I trust your Grace will forgive me for presuming to solicit your interest in his behalf. His great age (seventy-nine years) renders it probable that the burden will not long continue; his extreme delicacy prevents him from importuning any one with his case, and this application is entirely unknown to him. He has survived all his friends, and I am sure there is no one besides myself who is intimately acquainted with the confined state of his circumstances; but if it should please your Grace to procure him any pecuniary addition, however small, I may venture to affirm you will find it has been bestowed on a worthy object."

[1] After examination he writes:—"The only MS. leaves in the Duke of Roxburghe's copy of the Complaynt of Scotland are fols. 84 and 85.

"Fol. 84, recto—Empriour Henry brotht ane grit armye to seige the toune, etc.

"Fol. 85, recto— . . . rous of tribulation allou quhou is justice.

I am afraid therefore that fol. 85, in this imperfect copy, will be the only leaf of use. But as some leaves are misplaced, fol. 84 may perhaps be discovered, though it has escaped my search." The copy of this treasure was at length made perfect, but the fact seems to have been unknown to Mr. George Nicol, for in the Sale Catalogue of the Duke's library it is stated as wanting five pages in the middle, which may account for its having been bought for my father by Mr. David Laing for £31, 10s. As a perfect copy excepting the title-page, which could not be supplied, it was supposed to be unique. It afterwards came into the possession of Mr. Heber, and is now, with the Grenville collection, in the British Museum.

to find a *perfect* copy of the Satyre of the Thrie Estates, the same edition as that which I lately got from you. If you have a chapman for the copy which I got from you, you shall have the refusal of it, and the wanting leaf shall be supplied in MS. from my copy."

In the year 1801 my father had acquired the Gordonstoun library[1] by purchase for a very small sum, and he

[1] "Sir Robert Gordon of Gordonstoun was one of the Gentlemen of the Bedchamber to James I. and Charles I.; Vice-Chamberlain, one of the Lords of the Privy Council, Premier Baronet of Scotland.—His library was principally formed between the years 1600 and 1656. To great natural abilities, improved by an education superior to that of most of his countrymen in the age in which he lived, Sir Robert added a great passion for the study of Antiquities. These advantages, united with the opportunities which his fortune and situation about the Court for nearly thirty years procured him, have contributed to the formation of a collection, which reflects the highest credit on his taste and discrimination. Independent of a judicious selection of the best authors of ancient and modern times, and of many curious and interesting works which relate to the History and Antiquities of Sir Robert's native country, the Library embraces a large assemblage of the Theological, Historical, Poetical, and Political Tracts of his own time. Many of these are of the very rarest occurrence, and several are not to be traced in any similar collections of which Catalogues have been published.

"This Library has the singular merit of descending, nearly in its original state, with very few subsequent additions, to a late proprietor, from whom it was acquired by purchase."—*Advertisement previous to Sale.*

My father's estimate of the value of the Gordonstoun collection having been largely enhanced by careful examination, I have been told that he went one day to Mr. Clerk and offered him £1000 and a pipe of port wine for the recovery of it, that Mr. Clerk accepted the proposal, and that the books once more became my father's property. In the year 1816, the collection was sold by auction in London, and realized £1530. It is believed that before the sale some curious works had been withdrawn.

sold it shortly after for a not much higher price to Mr. John Clerk, afterwards Lord Eldin, who, finding the accommodation in his library insufficient, had placed the new acquisition in an upper room, and had the intention of weeding his collection before its final arrangement. Among the books laid out for dismissal was

> "The Historie of Ariodanto and Jeneura, daughter to the King of Scottes, in English verse by Peter Beuerley. Imprinted at London by Thomas East for Fraunces Coldocke." *n. d.*

Only two copies of it are known. One sold at the Gordonstoun Sale in 1816 for £31, 10s., and the second occurred at Sotheby's in 1856, fetching £30. Mr. Phelps was the purchaser in 1816.

The Duke of Roxburghe was most anxious to possess this volume, and my father sent it to his Grace, informing him, at the same time, that Mr. Clerk had not yet determined which of the Gordonstoun books he would dispose of. To this communication the Duke sent the following reply:—

"LEVEN GROVE, *Dec.* 30, 1801.

"SIR,—In answer to your letter of the 7th inst., Mr. Clerk certainly must take his own time to determine on what books he means to throw out of his collection. But in the meantime I wish you would send me a list of the plays in his collection, whether he means to cast them or not. You will be so good at the same time to mention the dates. I wish also to know which of Shakspere's plays he has in the Collection, and I desire that you will be very particular in giving me the full title of that play which you mention as being bound up with it. Mr.

Clerk shall have a copy of the reprinted Acts if he wants it. Please direct your letter to London.—I am, Sir, your obedient humble servant, ROXBURGHE."

Mr. Clerk of course accepted the copy of the reprinted leaves of the Acts; and with reference, doubtless, to some forgetfulness on the part of my father, the Duke of Roxburghe wrote as follows:—

"FLEURS, *Nov.* 6, 1802.

"SIR,—As *I* always keep a promise, I have ordered two copies of the reprinted Black Acts to be sent to you on Monday by the Kelso fly. One copy is for Mr. Clerk, the other for yourself. If you have occasion to write to me, direct for me in London, as I leave Fleurs this day.—I am, Sir, your obedient humble servant,

"ROXBURGHE."

Mr. Clerk having at length decided to retain the entire Gordonstoun Collection, my father was reluctantly compelled to require the restoration of the prized volume. The Duke replied:—

"LONDON, *Dec.* 2, 1803.

"SIR, . . . I am not only vexed but much surprised at the latter part of your letter respecting the little volume of poetry, which is a translation from Ariosto. Upon the good faith of the book being mine, I had it bound and my coat-of-arms put on it. I now should be sorry to part with it, and I should hope that Mr. Clerk would yield it to me. I am very willing to pay the fair price that you will put on it, or give him any book of equal

value in lieu of it. Possibly I may have some duplicates of some books in my library that may be equally agreeable to him. I know that I have some duplicates of Hearne, also duplicates of old Plays, and perhaps some of old Poetry, but of this I cannot be certain, from memory. Any modern book I can easily procure. But it is unnecessary to say anything farther on the subject until you have conversed with Mr. Clerk, which I desire you will take an early opportunity to do.—I am, Sir, your obedient humble servant, ROXBURGHE."

The above is the last communication from his Grace which I find among my father's papers. The Duke died in 1804, and was succeeded by William, seventh Lord Bellenden, who was also called away from his temporal honours only one year later, when the Dukedom became an object of competition between Major-General Walter Ker, heir-male of the first Earl, the Right Hon. W. Drummond, heir-male of the second Earl, and Sir James Innes Norcliffe, Baronet, in whose favour the House of Lords decided in 1812. From him, the fifth Duke of Roxburghe and father of the present Duke, my father in 1817 received a letter which contains interesting reminiscences of troublous times in which his infancy and early life were passed.

CHAPTER IX.

George Chalmers.

If it be true that George Chalmers was, what in a letter now before me he claims to be—"the best antiquary and not the worst historian that Scotland has produced"—he deserves ample notice in a work like the present, professedly illustrative of the authors and literature of his country; though it was manifestly unnecessary that he should be included in such petitions as that offered up by the pastor of a congregation who were oppressed with disquieting humility, that they might be "blessed with a better conceit of themselves." It is doubtful whether he would have stood first in a competitive archæological examination at the present day, or have been admitted to the front rank among our historians; but it is certain that in either department he deserves to be honourably mentioned.

Mr. Chalmers has another claim to tender and respectful treatment at my hand, as having been among the earliest, most active, and most constant of my father's patrons, always ready not only to show kindness to himself, but for his sake to befriend those whom my father's helpful disposition led him to recommend for notice. He has been accused, and not without reason, of discourtesy

and unwarranted contempt in his treatment of those who opposed his theories and presumed to controvert his views; but there was little upon either side of the charity that "endureth all things," and although he may not always have endeavoured to fulfil the Divine injunction by overcoming evil with good, he was sweet as summer to his friends, and in his thirty years' uninterrupted intercourse with my father, I find no action nor expression save of perfect kindness.

Mr. Chalmers was born at Fochabers in 1742, and was educated partly at King's College, Aberdeen, and partly in Edinburgh, where he studied Law. Twelve years of his early manhood—from 1763 to 1775—had been passed in America, where he practised in Baltimore as a lawyer, and he was only driven back to this country by the strength of his royalist tendencies, which rendered him obnoxious to those among whom his transatlantic lot was cast, and led him to sacrifice professional prospects for the attainment of a more congenial atmosphere. He had been more than ten years at home when, in 1786, he was appointed to the office of Chief Clerk to the Committee of Privy Council for trade and foreign plantations, the duties of which he continued to discharge until his death in 1825. Although sixty-two of the eighty-three years of his life were thus passed out of his native land, Mr. Chalmers's love for Scotland was unimpaired, if indeed absence did not make the heart grow fonder; and his principal literary undertakings were all in illustration of the history, literature, and topography of his country.

Mr. Chalmers's acquaintance with my father began in

1795, and in his earliest written communication to the young bookseller he orders *thirty-three* articles from his first printed Catalogue, and in conclusion, wishing him success, and commending himself to Mr. George Paton, who, I believe, had the credit of making them acquainted, he adds,—"Say nothing about my writing to you; 'the still sow eats up the draff.'" From each successive Catalogue some rare volumes are commissioned; my father is more and more warmly thanked for literary intelligence imparted; the formal "Sir" passes through "Good Sir," into "Dear Sir," and ere long the correspondence concludes in accordance with its uniform tenor, as from an "affectionate friend." It contains much that would be interesting to lovers of bibliography, but it is far too voluminous to admit of anything beyond a selection of passages which may be presumed to have a more general interest. This, therefore, I shall now proceed to make.

Mr. Chalmers was a great admirer of Allan Ramsay, and his zeal appears to have extended beyond the poet's reputation, to the success and respectability of his commercial position and relations. With reference to his Life of Ramsay, published in 1800, and for which my father zealously assisted in collecting materials, he says, 4th October 1799: "The authority for Ramsay's bankruptcy is very bad. Lord Gardenston, and his crony Callander, were both unprincipled men, without regard to truth or propriety. I conceive it impossible that Ramsay could have had any hand in the Critical Club lucubrations in 1738. He had left off writing some years before, as you may remark in his letter to Smibert, and was only busy

with his shop. I think Ramsay's relatives are right in denying that the poet ever was a *barber;* it is demonstrable that he never was; he was only a wig-maker; and the two trades were not in that age coincident."

In a letter of a later date Mr. Chalmers writes:—"After washing my hands of Lyndsay, I shall employ a week or ten days in giving a lift to my History of the Poetry of Scotland. I have made a great progress, and some curious discoveries. I agree in opinion with you, that we have of late too much neglected our old poets, and paid too great attention to the moderns. I am sorry to see a sort of sacrifice of Ramsay at the shrine of Burns. The Gentle Shepherd has never been equalled, and some of Ramsay's songs are unrivalled." The past was usually superior to the present in the estimation of our antiquary, and in this instance posterity has not indorsed his decision.

In 1800 Mr. Chalmers also published his conviction that Hugh Boyd was the writer of the Letters of Junius—a theory never very widely entertained, and long ago abandoned. In this matter also my father appears to have taken some trouble; for in a letter of May 23, 1800, I find Mr. Chalmers writing thus:—"I am particularly obliged to you for your information about Mr. J. P. Wood's knowledge of the handwriting of Junius. If you be sufficiently acquainted with him, I wish you would borrow Dr. Stenhouse's copy of my Appendix, which contains the facsimile of Boyd's hand, which I am assured is very like—as indeed it must, having been taken from a real letter of Boyd's—and show it to Mr. Wood, in order to

hear what he says. I cannot be persuaded that the copy of Junius sent to Woodfall was in the real handwriting of the author. I shall be glad to hear what Mr. Wood thinks upon the point." In a letter of January 20, 1801, he adds on the same subject:—"Mr. Wood may be assured that I would make no bad use of what he may say from his recollection, as the controversy is decided in favour of M'Aulay Boyd."!!

On the 12th February 1802 Mr. Chalmers tells my father: "Among other matters I have published a new edition of my Estimate.[1] In it I have given very free opinion about corn, the scarcity, and the depreciation of money, which applies to both. What I have said on those topics would do well for your Agricultural Magazine; and I have no objection to your taking them from my Estimate, if you will do it fully, accurately, and thankfully to the book and person. I received your parcel of books the day after your letter. I cannot say that I looked with much satisfaction on your books. The times do not warrant such publications, either in expense or doctrine. If you will send me a copy of The Complaynt, in 8vo—which I prefer to a 4to if the price were the same—I shall return the other. I shall keep the *scandalous libels* on Mary Stuart, which might well have remained in the obscurity wherein their demerit had consigned them. I see you allow your editors to garble your

[1] "Estimate of the Comparative Strength of Great Britain during the Present and Four Preceding Reigns."—One of the publications subsequently referred to probably was Scottish Poems of the Sixteenth Century, edited by Sir John Graham Dalyell.

MSS., and then sell them to me as ungarbled. One of the most curious passages in the Rollement is published by Mr. Leyden among his notes. I shall rejoice, however, if you make anything by your publications, as the labourer is worthy of his hire."

Before the 17th July 1802 Mr. Chalmers had been completely won, and I find him writing thus :—"If I come to Scotland—and I think it likely—your shop must be my Temple of Minerva." He did visit Edinburgh, and his friendship for the bookseller was not diminished by their intercourse on the occasion.

On February 8, 1803, my father writes from Edinburgh : —"DEAR SIR,—A particular friend and customer of mine has a copy of the first edition of Shakespeare in folio, *London*, 1623 ; it is in fine condition, but unfortunately wants some leaves. I need not inform you of the value of this book, if perfect. I have been told that some London bookseller has an incomplete copy, which he has cut up, and sells by the leaf. If this is really a fact, I have no doubt you must know who the person is, and if it should happen that he has the leaves mentioned in the enclosed paper, my friend would not grudge sixpence or even a shilling (!) a leaf to have his book completed. Could you manage this for me ? I am sensible that by proposing such trouble to you, I am using great liberty, but your attention to me on former occasions induces me to hope that you will forgive it." To this Mr. Chalmers wrote in reply :—"I lost no time in executing your commission. There certainly were, as I have heard, some booksellers who retailed the pages of Shakespeare at a

pretty high price; but, though I put your commission into the hands of Egerton, whose coadjutor Harris knows more of Shakespeare than anybody, we cannot learn that there is any bookseller who retails the pages of the first edition. What you want for a customer, therefore, can only be obtained by some lucky hit."

October 4, 1803.—"I am pleased with the Edinburgh Review (No. 1); and I was gratified with the review of the work on the Vindication of the Celts: pray, which of your friends wrote this?"

October 27, 1803.—"The friends of Ossian are infatuated. The last publication of the Highland Society promises something by way of the result of their inquiries very soon. Mr. (Henry) Mackenzie has a large collection of mine upon this subject. John Mackenzie, who had a thousand pounds to print the Gaelic Ossian, is dead, without saying a word about either the publication or the money. His son, who acts as his executor, is now called on by George Nichol the bookseller to pay for the paper which was bespoken for the work.

"Both old John and this boy have been so infatuated by their avarice that they could not be persuaded that they may do their duty to the public and serve themselves by leaving the matter to the bookseller.

"I shall keep an eye on poor Ritson's Remains;[1] and if I can retrieve what I fear is gone you shall know. I would give more for the MS. than any bookseller, because I would make it a groundwork.

"I was surprised to learn from you that I should have been considered by anybody at Edinburgh to be

[1] See *infra*, p. 502.

the author of the Vindication of the Celts, which is so unlike anything that I ever wrote. If I had written on that subject, I would have beaten Pinkerton's brains out in one half the space. Pinkerton's Goths is a tissue of interpolation and falsehood, fiction and impertinence; but I have never published anything upon the matter. The Vindication is the hasty production of a man who writes many books. I have heard the reviewer laughed at for the logic in his conclusion that because Pinkerton has been convicted of falsehood and interpolation, honest men should be suspected, and not Pinkerton disbelieved, even when he does write truth, according to the common maxim about liars. But there seems to be a Pinkerton mania in Scotland. I am glad that I had influence enough with Dr. Jamieson to get him to collate Barbour with the MS. in the Advocates' Library, when he found what I told him was true, namely, that there is some falsehood in every line. The same is true of every other book of Pinkerton's, though I think his History is his best book. I should thank you, if you would say to everybody that I have nothing to do with the Vindication of the Celts."

In the following letter of the 27th December Mr. Chalmers again alludes to Ritson's Bibliographia Scotica, and mentions his intention to edit the works of Sir David Lyndsay, and to write a Life of the author :—

"You have heard of the fate of Ritson's Bibliographia Scotica, which was said to have been burnt, but appeared in his Catalogue. I wished for it, that I might have com-

pleted it, and given it to you, as Ritson intended. I offered upwards of forty guineas for it; and Longman and Rees bought it dearly either for you or Mr. Walter Scott. If they find it a dear bargain they have themselves to blame by not acting in concert for the good of the whole. Longman and Rees must at last come to me for help.

"But of this enough! I write you now about a new and complete edition of the works of Sir David Lyndsay of the Mount. I obey the call of your Edinburgh Reviewers. I am so powerful when I set to work that I have already almost completed my task.

"It will make three small crown 8vos, I think. The first will be Prolegomena, with the Life, criticisms on his works, etc. The second will contain his Poetry, comprehending his Drama, whereof I have a fine copy. The third volume will be a copious Glossary, with a Concordance of the old English poets. Such is my plan. Would you like to be the proprietor of such a work? Every curious library must have it.

"In the meantime I want some help. Leyden, in his Complaynt of Scotland, often quotes an edition of Lyndsay by Henry Charteris, 1592. I would give the world for a sight of this edition, for the purpose of collation. Try to buy it for me, or try to borrow it for me. Surely if my design be avowed, nobody at Edinburgh would refuse to lend it to me. If you can get it in either way, pray send it to me by the mail-coach. I have a great many editions of Lyndsay of the very oldest. But this edition of 1592 I specially want. Let me beg your activity in procuring me this, either for love or money.

"Mr. G. Paton has a MS. History of Scotland, by the Rev. Mr. Row of Perth, wherein Lyndsay and his poetry are mentioned. Pray, could not you borrow this History of Mr. Row, and send it up with the other; and anything else you may have for me?

"I know not if you could think of anything else that would be of use to me in this arduous work. Pray send, or say, what would be of use."

Mr. Chalmers appears to have laboured concurrently upon this edition and on his Caledonia, but Lyndsay was published fully a year before the first volume of that, his greatest work. He writes to my father with reference to both on July 17, 1805:—

"After laying Lyndsay on the shelf for a twelvemonth, I have at length determined to send him immediately to the press, upon rather a more contracted scale. Mr. Longman is to dine with me on Friday on this subject, and others. I wish you were of the party, in order that we might concert the matter properly. My object is to give two small volumes, such as Ellis's Specimens, or his Romances, crown 8vo I believe you call them. What you may have to say on this, write to Mr. Longman or to me.

"I mean on Friday to consult him about sending two volumes of my Caledonia to the press immediately. But I do not wish it to be talked of, far less published, till the matter is more mature.

"My grand effort is the *Ancient* History of Scotland, from the Settlement till the accession of Robert Bruce,

1306. I have always wished to keep this Ancient History within one volume quarto, but the subject is so great that I fear the volume will be also great. What is your opinion as to the public wishes? Would they rather have two volumes of 500 pages, or one volume of 700 pages? I wish to do justice to the subject; and my difficulty is to keep within bounds.

"Pray, does anybody at Edinburgh trouble himself about Ossian except Mr. Laing? Except the Bible and Shakespeare, there is not any book that sells better than Ossian. This sale seems to me to arise from the intrinsic merit of the book, and not from the talk about it."

On September 2, 1805, Mr. Chalmers writes to Mr. Hunter:—

"I envy you the discovery you lately made in Mr. Maule's library. This History of Alexander the Great is unique. I never saw or heard of this book before. We know when Alexander Arbuthnott lived; but we did not know before that he had printed such a book. I thank you for the specimens of it.

"You talked of a new edition of Mr. D. Herd's Songs, to be edited by Mr. W. Scott. Is this almost ready for the public? I hope Mr. Scott will not *touch the text.* I am sorry that I have nothing which could be of any use to you. My collections are all of a different kind. I see you are to have a superb selection of Jacobite Songs. I shall be glad to see them. The Jacobite songsters sung the best. George II. did not pay for song, nor, indeed, for anything else."

On November 23d he writes again to Mr. Hunter as follows :—

"The only repayment I can make you for all your literary information is to tell you, with congratulations, that Mr. Arrowsmith, under the protection of the Parliamentary Commissioners for making roads and canals in Scotland, is busy on a new map of the Land of Cakes. He has, of course, obtained a facsimile of Roy's vast map of that country, which is in the King's library. He has the benefit of all the science and knowledge which can be obtained. I have given him all my collections on this interesting subject. Would not this make a good article of literary news for your Magazine? This will give the hard face of old Caledonia quite different features.

"I come last, but not least, to your question about my Caledonia. I have for some time suspected that Messrs. Constable and Co. were under some delusion about it, and now from your intimation I see what that delusion is. You suppose that it is intended to be in eight volumes in quarto. Now I have never spoken of more than four volumes, and have never thought of more than four; namely, one volume of the Ancient History of Scotland, extending from the Aborigines to the accession of Robert Bruce in 1306; two volumes of County History, being a sketch of the history of each shire under distinct sections; and the fourth volume to contain a Topographical Dictionary, with a large Introduction, giving the history of all the languages which have ever been spoken in Caledonia. I now enclose you a prospectus of the whole, so that if you will throw your eye over that, you

must have a very distinct idea of the whole plan which I have adopted and nearly executed for illustrating the history, the antiquities, and even domestic policy of Scotland. Neither do I think that such a variety of objects can be comprehended in less space; and indeed it has been one of my great endeavours and embarrassments to keep my vast body of useful matter within reasonable bounds. Such is the excellence of my plan for obtaining those useful and desirable ends, that, though the four volumes comprehend one whole, they may be separately published in three parts as so many distinct works. For example, the first volume may be published by itself as the Ancient History of Scotland, without any relation to the other three volumes. The two volumes of County History may be published by themselves, and the Topographical Dictionary, or fourth volume, may be published by itself, so that my Caledonia may be published altogether in four volumes, or separately in one volume, in two volumes, and in one volume.

"Such is my plan for the benefit of Scotland, which I am resolved to execute immediately. I have capital sufficient for executing my purpose by publishing my four volumes, so that I need not go *in forma pauperis* to any bookseller, and I am determined to apply my capital to execute my purpose without delay. Yet should I be glad to hear, as soon as may be, whether Messrs. Constable and Co. wish to have any concern in such a work. I mean to lay this information before Messrs. Longman and Co., and as we have had much talk about my Caledonia, to put the question fairly to them, whether they

wish to be concerned in or with the publication, which must be as soon as may be, as I have a thousand applications about it, and the public hope must not be disappointed. I wish for the sentiments of your house and their house on this interesting subject, that I may be clearly released from anything like an engagement.

"My original purpose was to publish the four volumes together. But my present and final resolution is, to publish the *three* several parts separately. For this effect I mean to put the first volume in the press at Christmas, and get it out as soon as I can."

"OFFICE FOR TRADE, 11*th January* 1806.

"The Polychronicon came safe to hand without the least rub in his box. It is a very curious book. I see Caxton calls Sir William Wallace a *harlotte*. This word was *male* then, as well as female. You may depend on my care and attention. You wish me to write something on it. I will.

"Caledonia begins to move. I had the proof of B this day week; but on Monday last I went to Cadell and Davies to remonstrate against the old type wherewith it was printed. Since I came down here I have got a revise in a different letter, I think, which I now enclose you.

"This sheet will show you the disposition of the work, and it will give you a sort of taste of the matter. You will see what a wide range I make before I come to the conclusion of the chapter of the Aborigines of Caledonia. You have, in few words, the peopling of Europe, the history of Greece, the history of Rome, the history

of the Celts, and some of the history of the Goths. Then, in the subsequent sheet, will come the peopling of South Britain by the Gauls, the peopling of Ireland from Britain, and the peopling of North Britain from South Britain, with a vast elaboration of proofs. I will venture to prophesy that those who have gone over the same ground before me will sink in the comparison, and no one will talk hereafter any nonsense about the first people of Scotland!"

The disagreement between my father's house and that of Mr. Longman was now at its height, and so strong was Mr. Longman's feeling that he declined to take a pecuniary interest in the first volume of Caledonia, then about to be put to press. In a letter of 16th December 1805 Mr. Chalmers writes:—"Messrs. Longman positively decline to be concerned with my Caledonia. The principle on which they decline they avow to be that you are to have a share of it. Upon this head Mr. Longman seems to have lost his natural moderation.

"Mr. Cadell and Mr. Davies dined with me yesterday. They willingly take two-thirds of the whole. On this we immediately agreed, upon the principle mentioned in your letter to me, of bringing out the several volumes successively, and dividing the profits, according to the usual practice of the trade. They agree with you that 750 copies should be printed; but they added that there ought to be some large-paper copies for those who delight in splendid books. They are to take the management of the concern upon them, and to write to you very fully upon the whole. We mean to push, to have the first volume out by the *birthday*, the 5th of June."

Messrs. Constable considered it due to themselves, as well as to Mr. Chalmers, to submit to him their correspondence with Messrs. Longman on the subjects in dispute, and in January 1806 they received a long letter in reply, from which it is only necessary that I make the following quotation :—"I am very much obliged to you for the deliberate perusal of your correspondence with Messrs. Longman, Hurst, Rees, and Orme. I wish that it had been quite complete, by including a letter or two of yours, which you seem to have mislaid. I have seen enough, however, to satisfy me on which side the balance of justice turns."

The following letter from my father, relating to Sir Ralph Sadler's Papers and other matters, may be read with interest :—

"EDINBURGH, *4th June* 1806.

"DEAR SIR,—I was truly happy to learn by a letter from Longman, Hurst, Rees, and Orme, received some days ago, that Lyndsay is now published. I therefore look for the pleasure of a sight of him by and bye. They write that the selling price is fixed at 32s. in boards, which by some of our money-gathering countrymen will I suspect be considered high. But of this I shall be better able to judge when I have seen the bulk of the work.

"When Dr. Somerville of Jedburgh was in town last week attending the General Assembly, I had a good deal of conversation with him on various topics. He showed me a catalogue of copies of State Papers and Letters, chiefly towards the latter end of the seventeenth century,

from the Shrewsbury MSS. belonging to Her Grace the Duchess of Buccleuch, and which the Doctor had transcribed from the original some years ago. In the list I observed a letter said to be relative to Cunningham the historian, which I supposed would be a curious article for you, and if you have not already got a copy of it, you would at once get one by applying to the Doctor. It might probably afford some new anecdote of a literary Scotsman, whose life you have already done so much to illustrate.

"I do not know if Mr. Hunter ever mentioned to you that we some time ago had the inspection of a most valuable and various collection of Original Papers in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, preserved since the time of Sir Ralph Sadler, chiefly addressed to himself or connected with public or official matters in which he was concerned. They begin just at the period where the printed volume of Sir Ralph's Letters ends. They are the property of Mr. Clifford of Tixall, in Staffordshire,—one of the Chudleigh Cliffords, and whose younger brother has them at present in Edinburgh. They descended to this family through the Lords Aston of Forfar, one of whom married Sir Ralph's granddaughter. We have got leave to publish either the whole or part, and for that purpose they are now in the hands of Mr. Walter Scott, from whom we expect a valuable selection, to make (perhaps) two respectable quarto volumes, to be printed by Ballantyne, embellished with portraits, autographs, etc. There are among the papers a good many particulars about Queen Mary when in confinement (I think) in Tutbury Castle, some extracts from which Mr. Clifford informs me will be

found in a recent History of Forfarshire, by a Mr. Shaw. This book you no doubt have already in your library, or can easily command. What think you of this for a speculation? Mr. Clifford has projected a work to be executed by himself, which I feel an equal anxiety should be brought forward. This work would make a quarto volume, and would be embellished with portraits, views, ancient funereal monuments, etc. Are you acquainted with Mr. Todd, the editor of Milton? I am told he has a volume of MS. unpublished poetry of my namesake Constable, whose history I am disposed to believe would fall to be illustrated in this work, as I hope to find him a noble author of Scotland, the first 'Viscount of Dunbar,' a great friend and favourite of King James, of whom Ritson has published some scanty particulars. Would Mr. Todd be tempted to part with this volume? I should not grudge the value of a good many tomes in the acquisition of it; but how that can be brought about is a difficult matter. Can you assist me?"

MR. CHALMERS to MR. CONSTABLE.

"*9th June* 1806.

"DEAR SIR,—I have had the pleasure of receiving your obliging letter of the 4th curt. I was, I will avow, grumbling in my gizzard, that neither you nor our friend Hunter would write me a word about Lyndsay, though I had written to him of its speedy publication. But from you I learn that Longman and Co. have informed you that he is now published.[1]

[1] Poetical Works of Sir David Lyndsay of the Mount, Lyon King at Arms under James v., with Prefatory Dissertations, and a Glossary. 3 vols. crown 8vo. 1806.

"I presume Dr. Jamieson will wish that the Glossary had never been conceived in the brain of your humble servant, for it leaves not an inch of ground to support his two quartos of Glossography. But he has been cutting the ground from under my Caledonia, so the hardest head might fend off! But, according to your rule, of bulk, his two quartos will beat out the brains of my Lyndsay, three crown 8vos, at only 32s. My whole Life of Lyndsay, Dissertations, and Glossary are such slaps in the face to the scholars and critics of Scotland, that I am already like the fly on the wheel, crying out, 'What a dust we make!' One of the greatest lawyers and orators (Sir W. G.)[1] has written me on the occasion, 'that I have made a very valuable present to the scholars and antiquaries of our country.' This is exactly as the said scholars and antiquaries may take it. If they take it by the right handle, my Lyndsay will certainly give an entirely new turn to the modes of thinking in Scotland about the vernacular language there.

"You have quite dazzled my eyes with the splendour of the quartos—of Shrewsbury Papers—of Sir Ralph Sadler's—of Cliffords and Constables. Happy, if they were all out, that I might enjoy the voluptuous feast! How can I help you out with them?

"Yes, you say: the Rev. H. Todd, the editor of Milton and Spenser, for the last of which he was so scolded by the Edinburgh Reviewer, has a MS. of Henry Constable's poetry. If he has, I think it likely, I presume to believe,

[1] Perhaps Sir William Grant, born 1754, Master of the Rolls from 1801 to 1818, died May 25, 1832.

that you will get this MS. I will go to him to-morrow upon this business. I know him well to be not only one of the most ingenious but most worthy of men; and I am sure he will not hesitate a moment to gratify me, if he have no special purpose to answer.

"I think you may venture to give it as a piece of literary news in your next Magazine:—The Rev. Mr. H. Todd; the editor of Milton and Spenser, has it in contemplation to favour the public with an octavo volume on the Life and Writings of Chaucer."

MR. CHALMERS to MR. CONSTABLE.

"12*th June* 1806.

"MY DEAR SIR,—I have already written you a few posts ago, that I would speak to the Rev. Mr. Todd about Henry Constable's MS. poetry.

"I met him in great tribulation, for there had been the night before a fire next door to him, which had put his all in jeopardy. He told me he had such a MS. collection of poetry; that he had refused pretty large offers for it; that I was very welcome to the use of it; but that this rare MS. was finally destined for the Marquess of Stafford's library, to whom he owed so much. Such, then, seems to be the decision of Mr. Todd with regard to the MS. of Henry Constable. It is for you to consider how I can serve you in the business, knowing your own project, and seeing what is disclosed by my communication with Mr. Todd. You perceive that I may have the use of the MS., and of course may take notes from it for your use in any work you may have in contemplation.

I can only add, that it will give me great pleasure to be of any use to you.

"I ought to have thanked you for the Journal of Ballendyne.[1] I was amused with an observation of the learned editor: that the criminations and inquiries of two hundred years had not proved Mary Stuart guilty of the murder of her husband; yet he wished she were proved innocent. I have been applying this to Lord Melville. No crime is proved against him, yet some folks think him guilty.

"Before this comes to hand, you will have heard and seen that he was yesterday found *not guilty* of all the charges and matters of the impeachment. I never saw so much joy expressed by all ranks as I witnessed yesterday on Lord Melville's acquittal. It seemed to be the avowal of the public sentiment on the discharge from persecution of a man who has served his country.

"Health and success attend you! Such are the wishes of your friend and servant,

"GEO. CHALMERS."

MR. CHALMERS to MR. A. G. HUNTER.

"3*d Decr.* 1806.

"MY DEAR HUNTER,—I owe you many thanks for two kind letters, and to Constable for two obliging notes, and for some books, magazines, etc.

"You both do well not to doubt my inclination to promote your views on all occasions, when I can. I sent a message by my nephew to Arrowsmith, desiring that he

[1] Richard Bannatyne, Knox's secretary—published by Sir John G. Dalyell in his "Illustrations."

would employ your house in selling his new map of Scotland. He very readily assented to my proposition of getting your help; and he desired that you would begin to take in subscriptions for him and it. It is to be a four-sheet map, of such a sort as the world never saw before. Such is the elaboration of it that it will require all April to finish it. I suspect it cannot be sold for less than £4, 4s.

"Pray tell Mr. John Murray that it would give me pleasure to be of any use to him, on any occasion, and he has only to come to me, without hesitation, when I can do anything agreeable to him."

MR. CHALMERS to MR. CONSTABLE.

"*23d Decr.* 1806.

"I feel myself very much obliged to you for sending me, from the grasp of Messrs. Scott, and Dalyell, the Historie of Callenthrop and Lucilla. The fact is, that I have *a perfect copy* of it in my library, which I purchased at Ritson's sale, for 50s. or 60s. Of the ingenious author I know nothing but what I learn from the book itself. In return for your kindness I send you back your imperfect copy, with the title-page supplied. It wants much in the middle, and four pages at the end. You guessed pretty right, that it had been printed by Wreitton. Send it to the Advocates' Library, that it may remain there of record that such a book *is*, and that such a poet *was*.

"I thank you also for the 'trash' which you sent me in your last. I set a great value on such *trash*, which, as you say, will have its value hereafter. Send me Carmichael's volume of Poems, which I doubt I have not, and

the other poetical labours of Geo. Galloway. I am, as you know, ambitious of giving a *complete* list of all who ever wrote poetry in Scotland, and you must *continue* to help me when you can."

To Mr. Hunter.

"14*th Jany.* 1807.

"The Oxford Review, so puffed, is what I expected from it, when I heard that it was a job of Phillips, with Dr. Mavor for his engineer.

"The Athenæum was sent to me by Longman and Co. Dr. Aikin *will* be Dr. Aikin! When he was telling what he had to tell of new publications, he forgot *Caledonia*. This amused me, and I never sent thanks for the communication of the Athenæum. I think with you of the Monthly Magazine, as being on the whole the best.

"I am glad to hear that Mr. Walter Scott is to outdo himself soon in a new poem. I shall be glad to see it in 8vo, not quarto. He certainly has great facility, and has obtained great fame and great profit. As for us matter-of-fact men, we must be content to spend a great deal, and to get very little." [1]

To Mr. Constable.

"22*d Jany.* 1808.

"I have successively your three parcels, without any rub. I mean to give the Gordon,[2] not to Mr. Todd, but to the Marchioness of Stafford. It has been mentioned to

[1] Vol. i. of "Caledonia, or an Account, Historical and Topographic, of North Britain, from the most ancient to the present times; with a Dictionary of Places, Chorographical and Philological," was published in 4to, early in 1807.

[2] Genealogical History of the Earldom of Sutherland.

her as in my possession; but, like a fine woman, she said she would not deprive me of anything that gave me any pleasure. Yet she shall have it. Already she has Ross's account of her own family, which is now in my hands by her favour.

"Beloe and Todd[1] dined with me yesterday. Beloe, who is publishing more *Anecdotes of Literature,* constantly kept crying out 'Oh what a rare book!' But Todd knows books better. *Apropos* of these two knowing men, I said a friend of mine had some thoughts of reprinting the *Palace of Pleasures,* would it do? Beloe said Yes; Todd said No. I concurred with Todd, as republications seldom take. Scarcity is valuable, but plenty is cheap. This, then, is our answer to a question of *our* Hunter.

"I am still very busy. But I must steal an evening to write you about Floddon Field, and to show you and H. a fine castle in the air.

"Yesterday I had a letter from my friend the Rev. Dr. Muter at Kirkcudbright, who had got, at length, Caledonia,—from Mr. Creech,—who had delayed to send the first volume, as he supposed the Dr. would not buy the subsequent ones. This is a *folio* to you and me. Creech dislikes Caledonia and me, because I have never known him. My kindest wishes always attend you and our friend H. God bless you both. GEO. CHALMERS."

[1] The Rev. W. Beloe was a Prebendary of St. Paul's, and Rector of Allhallows, London; the Rev. Henry John Todd, editor of Spenser, and Milton, and also of Johnson's Dictionary, afterwards Archdeacon of Cleveland, Yorkshire, was a Minor Canon of Canterbury, and Librarian at Lambeth to the Archbishop of Canterbury. He died in 1845.

To Mr. Constable.

"30*th Aug.* 1808.

"My dear Sir,—I have had several kind notes from you, as well as some poems, for all which I know not how to thank you sufficiently.

"I now write to you about Caledonia. The time is come when I must hasten to the press with my second volume, or lose the next season of publication. I have employed many months in writing the Parliamentary History of Scotland, and now find that it is by far too voluminous to form a part of a volume; it would occupy nearly three-fourths of the whole of my second volume. Seeing this, I gave it up entirely for the present, and reserve it for a distinct work, to be called the Parliamentary History of North Britain. Yet must it be posterior to Caledonia, to which everything else must be sacrificed at present.

The second volume must then consist of what was originally intended,—an introductory chapter, to be followed by as many county histories as a volume of 900 pages will hold. I estimate that it will contain eleven of the southern shires, beginning with Roxburgh and ending with Ayr. The series then will be—1. Roxburgh; 2. Berwick; 3. Haddington; 4. Edinburgh; 5. Linlithgow; 6. Peebles; 7. Selkirk; 8. Dumfries; 9. Kirkcudbright; 10. Wigton; 11. Ayr. The third volume will of course begin with Lanarkshire."

Mr. Chalmers's next letter to A. Constable, from which I shall quote, refers to Mr. Henry Weber, over whom my

father is elsewhere reported about this period[1] to have "'tyrannized," and to the Life of Mary Queen of Scots, which was already in progress, but did not appear till 1818. Weber had undertaken to assist Lord Glenbervie in his edition of Gawin Douglas.

"*9th Aug.* 1809.

"I am glad that Mr. Weber undertakes to relieve Lord Glenbervie from his distress. I presume that my Lord has agreed upon the plan which Mr. Todd, you, and I thought the only one: taking Ruddiman's copy as *the text* to be collated. A factitious text like Tyrwhitt's Chaucer will never do; but, taking the matter up on the other plan, Mr. W. may get through in a month or two. It will give me pleasure to be kind to Mr. Weber, and to give him every assistance in my power. You may say to him that he will be the more welcome if he bring with him a scrap of old Scottish language of the reign of David II. I shall be glad to hear from you on your ultimate plan of Gawin Douglas, and I shall be the better enabled to help you forward.

"As to Mary: I am not quite prepared to give you the plan for publication in the Review. My clerk is going on with the transcription, and I have, by that means, an opportunity of seeing how much of Whitaker must be cut down, owing to his frequent excursions from the private life to the public history. This will, of course, require of me more trouble to prepare his text and to collect supplementary matter. The object must be to

[1] See Life of Scott, vol. ii. p. 215.

amuse the ladies, and not to show,—what he is fond of doing,—his own learning.

"Meantime, Caledonia, of which there are 630 pages printed, and the map in hand, stands in Mary's way. Caledonia is the primary object, the other things but secondary. You know I work hard on what I take in hand, and Mary is a subject *con amore*."

To Mr. Constable.

"*4th Oct.* 1809.

"I thank you for a sight of the Sadler MSS., and my curiosity is already gratified, so I must send them back in the same box. The good that you will derive from this communication is, that you may say to any sceptic that I had seen them, and will warrant the authenticity of the papers, being acquainted with all the hands. I do not warrant all that is said in the papers; that is a different question.

"I think that the publication does you great honour; it is very creditable, and will be very useful.

"As to the editors: how could Mr. Clifford, in his Dedication, talk of the Imperial Parliament? This is Irish slang. The Parliament is, neither in law nor fact, more imperial than it was before. It may be allowed as dedicatory language.

"No print of Sir Ralph, and but an indifferent one of Queen Mary. You cannot help this.

"Now for W. S. The Life is but indifferent. It is not true that Sir Ralph had any hand in the treaty of Edinburgh, 1560. It is not true that Queen Mary was arrested as a criminal at Carlisle, or deemed such at the inquiry

in York. He speaks in the text, and in the index, of the notorious letters as really Mary's, though he knows them to be forgeries. He might have said the *supposed* letters. His notes are loose, and unlearned, as they generally are."

TO THE SAME.

"*7th Nov.* 1809.

"Weber will tell you better than I can write, in what a state of mind he left Lord Glenbervie on the subject of Gawin Douglas. My belief is that you will never see Gawin Douglas from his Lordship's hand. He seems to me to sink under the work, which was and is too heavy for his anvil. He feels this, yet is ashamed to confess that he is unequal to the task, and he is too high-minded to be advised.

"His dissertations on the Douglases, which might be spared, he finds a *bore*, now that a friend of yours has cut short the line of that assuming family. He grumbles in the gizzard when he thinks of this, and, like his great progenitor Bell-the-Cat, he carries about a concealed dagger,—'Willing to wound, yet afraid to strike.' All this while your friend has been trying, as you may have heard from your H. and W., to help him in every possible way. But help and instruction are alike unwelcome to him. He has not yet made up his mind whether the language of Gawin Douglas be from the Anglo-Saxon or the Gothic of Scandinavia, and we tried in vain to convince him. He will make a new Glossary, without any previous preparation, instead of taking Ruddiman's, or allowing W. to make him one. If he worked as hard,

morning, noon, and night, as your friend, he could not make such a Glossary in less than seven years. But, considering his avocations, I believe his task is hopeless. In saying all this, I endeavour to act with a proper regard to him, and my usual kindness to you.

"I must write you very soon upon several other points, and I must send a note of condolence and thanks to H. Meantime I am, with true attachment, your afft. friend,

"GEO. CHALMERS."

In a letter of 28th March 1810 Mr. Chalmers writes, —"Let me request you to place in the front of the Poetry department of the Scots Magazine the following epigram, by the same writer as the verses on Lord El——:

THE WALCHEREN COMMANDERS PORTRAYED.

Lord Chatham, with his sword undrawn,
Kept waiting for Sir Richard Strahan;
Sir Richard, eager to be at 'em,
Kept waiting for the Earl of Chatham.

"*P.S.*—I see, on reading your letter again, you say you will be most happy to hear of what is doing with Queen Mary.

"The truth is, another elegant and dignified woman has withdrawn my affections, for a while, from Mary. After some hard working, I have almost finished my history of Sutherlandshire, which is finishing another chapter of Caledonia, chapter vi. of the last volume; so you see I have been working on Caledonia, volume the last.

Most confidential.

"I mean to submit to Lady Stafford, in return for her

Ladyship's goodness in communicating her most private papers, that she may print my history (not publish, otherwise than by giving it away) as a supplement to Sir Robert Gordon, with an addition of charters, if she think fit. She may take this as a compliment, if she please so to do.

"What do you think? My way of thinking is, that it is a dignified compliment to a dignified lady; and she may be induced to talk Caledonia into some vogue.

"Now for Mary, the queen of our idolatry. The MS. of Whitaker is all transcribed, except a small matter at the end, which required my eye. I have seen enough to perceive that I must cut down Whitaker very much, to make it a readable book for ladies. I must supply a good deal in the form of notes; as, for example, I have discovered Mary's Nurse, and the lands she had for her milk.

"I mean soon to write you a long letter on the whole subject."

Enclosed in the above Mr. Chalmers sent also a letter addressed to himself by Captain Robert Dalrymple of the Foot Guards, a gallant officer who fell at Talavera. This letter, with an introductory notice of its writer, appeared in the Scots Magazine for May 1810.

In the following letter, dated April 5th, 1810, my father acknowledges receipt of vol. ii. of Caledonia, and announces the Chronicle of Fife, which he himself had edited:—

"EDINBURGH, *5th April* 1810.

"MY DEAR SIR,—I have received your very kind letter and interesting enclosure. Caledonia, vol. ii., arrived about a week ago, and of our share (287 copies) not more

than *thirty* now remain; 'very well in so short a time, surely.' I have not yet had an opportunity of hearing the critics on this volume, but I am sure it must be universally well received. I have only yet read the History of Edinburgh, and I need not add, with as much delight as astonishment. What a valuable mass of matter in so few pages! You have given our *Lexicographer* a proper dressing, which I don't suppose he will like, and, I daresay, will attempt to reply to in his work on the Culdees—now going, I understand, to press as a *quarto volume.*

"This will be accompanied by a copy of The Chronicle of Fife, the matter of which will, I doubt not, amuse you. The freedom used with your name at the beginning, and *the theft* committed on your most appropriate motto to your second volume, will, I hope, meet with your forgiveness, in the true spirit of antiquarian philanthropy. Some of the good people may perhaps accuse me of vanity in associating my name with yours in the way I have done. Whatever may be their opinion of this, I ought to care but little, feeling, as I sincerely do, much honest pride in thus recording my veneration for the author of Caledonia. To you, my dear Sir, who can so well estimate the value of everything connected with the History of Scotland, I need offer no apology for having given to the world without abridgment the whole of Mr. Lamont's Diary. It certainly contains some trash, but still what may appear so to me may illustrate to another what I am not aware of. I wish we had a score of such publications.

"The manuscript was copied for the press by John Nelson, clerk to our friend the Deputy Clerk-Register, and I believe has been accurately printed. Revising the proofs was to me a source of much amusement, the scene of the principal actions recorded by Mr. Lamont being particularly familiar to me; Largo, indeed, being almost the adjoining parish to that in which I passed the early and least anxious days of my life.

"I am binding a copy for the Marchioness of Stafford, which I shall forward when ready. I hope you will not think I presume too far in offering myself to her Ladyship's notice in this way; she is a delightful woman, and entitled to all the respect her countrymen can show her. The work contains some curious anecdotes of her maternal ancestors, the family of Wemyss. When you have looked over the volume I shall be very anxious to know what you think of me in my new employment. I shall write to you again very soon, when I will tell you what I think of your very liberal idea of printing the History of Sutherland separately for her Ladyship; and in the meantime I remain, with the greatest regard, my dear Sir, your faithful friend and servant, ARCHD. CONSTABLE."

MR. CHALMERS to MR. CONSTABLE.

"OFFICE FOR TRADE, 16*th April* 1810.

"MY DEAR SIR,—I cannot delay to thank you for your last letter, and for Lamont's Diary. The first is very obliging, and the last is very important.

"Lamont is most ably edited, and admirably well brought out. It was a very wise judgment to have it

well printed, and not shabby in any respect. I will mention that it is more valuable as to the history of Scotland than Dr. Robertson's History of Scotland and Mr. Laing's put together. What more can you wish me to say? Yes! I can say more. I found in it four or five facts in Lady Sutherland's history that I had searched for in vain everywhere else. There are in Lamont some Parliamentary notices, which are not in Laing!!! mark that! The whole of Lamont is most curious. Let us persevere in collecting similar MSS. You know I have some such. Is there no getting a copy of Brodie's Diary? I must write to the two Brodies for this scarce book, if you despair of fishing it up.

"I feel, as I ought to do, your goodness in dedicating Lamont to me. The terms of it are without flattery or folly of any kind. I have had books and maps dedicated to me; but this is the only public attention which has been paid me from Caledonia on Caledonian account. I was bred at the King's College, Aberdeen. But the Masters are not sensible that some honour is conferred on their seminary by such a writer. He who may claim to be the best antiquary and not the worst historian that Scotland has produced, well deserved some public notice. But they are dolts, who know not what they lose by their silence.

"The best return I can make you is to dedicate Caledonia to you, if we both live till the last volume is ready.

"I return you, with a million of thanks, some of Sir Ralph's MSS. I could not send the whole now, without being too bulky. They are all ready to come.

"Pray send the enclosed, for Dr. Stenhouse, by one of your boys. I must write you again soon. My kindest wishes attend Hunter; and you may always count upon me as your affectionate servant, GEO. CHALMERS."

MR. CHALMERS to MR. CONSTABLE.

"JAMES STREET, 13*th July* 1810.

"MY DEAR SIR,—Some time ago I finished my chapter of Caledonia which is to be occupied with the History of Sutherlandshire. My respect for the worthy Marchioness, who supplied me with many documents, induced me to elaborate it into a curious morsel, which illustrates several obscure passages of the Scottish annals.

"I was afterwards solicited by some directors of the Bank of England to revise my old Estimate, and to discuss the various topics of Coin, Circulation, Commerce, Exchanges, etc. etc.[1] I assented, and I brought down my historical sketches to the present year. You will have seen how it has been announced, as if it were a new book!! I expected nothing for my pains but the pleasure of doing good, by propagating useful truths. I spoke to young Stockdale to get it out of his father's hands; and I showed him how to separate the chronological table and the life of Gregory King, so as to tell them distinctly. After printing four or five sheets of the continuation, I perceived that this *father's son* contrived to appropriate my labours to his own profit, without regarding my purpose of good, so I clapped a tailpiece to what was in the press, and detained for a future publication what I had

[1] "Considerations on Commerce, Bullion, and Coin, Circulation and Exchanges, with a View to our present Circumstances."

written on ,the commercial topics before mentioned. Such are the diversities of life, which is nothing but a tissue of disappointments and chagrin!

"We are thus led on to the main subject of this epistle. My mind being thus freed from all thoughts of Commerce and Caledonia, I am disposed to go into the more agreeable subject of the Private Life of Mary Stuart,[1] a never-failing subject of discussion and inquiry, which has engaged some of my thoughts and labours ever since I threw the Estimate out of my hands and head.

"The transcription of the Life is made, the plan is formed, and the question for your consideration is, whether you be at present disposed to join issue upon all the points of this business, wherewith you are already informed, so as to lead on to publication upon some settled bargain. May I beg the favour of your answer to this question frankly, as a man of business? For it depends on your answer whether I go forward with Mary's Private Life or return to Caledonia, which I certainly wish to finish, as the pillow whereon I might rest my little fame as a writer.

"I am willing to take the title-page as you handed it to me. 'The Private Life of Mary, Queen of Scots. By the late Rev. John Whitaker. With Prefatory Illustrations, and Additional Letters throughout. By G. C., etc. etc.'

"My plan of the whole work I submit as underwritten:—

"1. A short Preface, stating how I came by the MS.

[1] Life of Queen Mary, drawn from the State Papers, with six subsidiary Memoirs; 2 vols. 4to, 1818; and republished in 3 vols. 8vo.

after the death of the author, and concluding with this sentiment:—'I would sooner cut my hand off than I would publish such a life of such a personage, if I thought her guilty of the crimes imputed to her.'

"2. This sentiment naturally leads on to section 2: An Account of the Calumniations of Mary Stuart, from her Cradle to her Grave. You see herein the full extent and labour of this section. But, you know, it may be enlarged or curtailed, according to circumstances. The book would be imperfect without this dissertation.

"3. From this disquisition it is easy to diverge to section 3: A Chronological Account of the Controversies about the Guilt or Innocence of the Queen of Scots. You will observe the extent of this. But you also see how such a writer as I am, I trust, can enlarge or shorten according to the topics as they arise.

"4. It is easy to glide from such thorny ground to the primrose path of Mary's person, in section 4: Showing that the writers of her history did not know her features; that an attempt has been made to ascertain what is so interesting in a female reign; and this will end in giving a facsimile of Lord Orford's letter to Sir Jos. Banks, as to the standard of her portraits. Other analogous topics might be introduced into this section.

"Such, then, is the outline of the Prolegomena, which by some labour may be made very interesting.

"We now come to the Private Life. It must be much cut down; in parts of it the text must be thrown down into notes; and many parts must be filled up by me which Whitaker has left imperfect. You now perceive

what work! The whole I submit must be compressed into two 4to vols., such as Sir Wm. Forbes's Beattie, which women read with avidity, not finding them too bulky or tedious.

"Come we now to the ornaments, which I submit in the following manner:—

"1. There may be a coin of Mary in each title-page, which may be copied from Anderson's Diplomata Scotiæ, as Sir William Musgrave referred to the coins of Mary as the best standard of her face. I would take from Pl. clv., No. 5, gold coin, 1555; and same Pl. No. 7, 1558, Francis and Mary.

"2. There must be a facsimile of Lord Orford's letter before mentioned. A facsimile of Mary's writing and signature. A seal of Mary may be added, on the same plate.

"3. There must be the three portraits of Mary:—(1.) The medallion, while she was yet in France; (2.) Lord Morton's original, from my copy; (3.) Paillou's miniature, in my cabinet. Under this division there may be added, from the Symbola Heroica, No. 3, Pl. clxxvii., and No. 27 in Pl. clxv.—perhaps one other.

"4. Her tomb in Westminster Abbey, by a great hand.

"5. Other portraits. Darnley. None of Bothwell to be found. Rizzio—from Jones's original. None of Regent Murray. Qy. The tomb of Francis II., from the Mon. Fran.?

"6. Landscapes. Linlithgow Palace, where she was born. (2.) Inch Mahome in Callander, where she was sheltered and educated. (3.) Dumbarton Castle, where she was sent. (4.) Lochleven, where she was imprisoned.

"Here, then, are ornaments enow, which I submit for curtailment or augmentation.

"Such is the outline of this work, and its appurtenants, which I will leave to your judgment. You will easily recollect the communications which have passed between us on this interesting subject, and you will also call to mind the letter which you wrote me on it, and which induced me to cause Whitaker's MS. to be transcribed.

"If we were even ready for the press, I doubt whether I ever can be induced to comply with your intimation as to printing the work at Edinburgh, which to me would be terribly troublesome, and greatly inefficient. And I suspect that your proposal of giving me £300 at the end of a twelvemonth after the epoch of publishing such a work, will always hang upon my spirits, as a payment of no great matter to my executors or administrators. But of this enough!

As it is of great importance to me either to return to Caledonia or to go forward with Mary, I beg that you would be so good as to write me fully as soon as you conveniently can. When you do, and I have made my reply of acceptance or declinature, we may soon come to a final agreement. In the meantime, I shall continue to make preparations either for the one event or the other.

"With every kind wish to you, Hunter, and other friends, I remain, with unalterable regard, my dear Sir, your faithful and humble servant,

"GEO. CHALMERS."

"31*st Oct.* 1810.

"I have just purchased Essays on the Art of War,

Ancient and Modern. By Sir Ja. Turner, in 1670-71, and pub. in folio. London, 1683.

"I expected from the Preface something of his history, but I only see that he says he has been urged to write and to publish by his friend General Dalzel. Sir James speaks of his being then old. This book is at your service; there is no doubt of the identity.

"You will be glad to hear that I have lately got a most extraordinary curious MS. 4to, which seems to have been prepared for the press,—the Quotidianary Journal of Tho. Cunningham, the Scots Agent at Campvere, in Holland, from 1640 to 1654; very prettily written, and containing, as you may suppose, much curious and new matter.

"I have been thinking what a valuable volume in its way this, with Hamilton of Kinkell's MS., Glencairn's Campaign, 1652-3,[1] and some other MSS. in my library, would make, in 8vo, to range on the shelf with Dalzell's Illustrations, and Laing's old History of King James VI., from the MS. which Crawford bedevilled.

"You and I agree that this is the true mode of cultivating Scots history."

On the 19th December 1811 my father wrote as follows:—

"EDINBURGH, 19*th December* 1811.

"It is a very long time since I had the pleasure of hearing from you. I trust you are now completely restored to good health, but for the sake of it I hope you will be a little less laborious than formerly. Is Caledonia advancing? We have many inquiries about the succeed-

[1] Afterwards published by Sir Walter Scott.

ing volumes, which I should wish to have it in my power to satisfy. There is little going on here at present. You will have received the Life of Knox; it contains some curious facts—but the author (a Seceder minister) has travelled out of his way to attack you, about which, however, you need not care. . . . Dr. Cook's History of the Reformation has sold extremely well. The extracts from the Buik of the Universal Kirk are curious. Did Brown, the bookseller at Aberdeen, send you a copy of this MS. of the Buik of the Kirk? I recommended his doing so.

"I continue to send you poetical trifles as they come in my way; nothing very curious however has lately cast up. I beg to offer my best compliments to your nephew, and remain, my dear Sir, yours most sincerely,

"ARCHD. CONSTABLE."

MR. CHALMERS to MR. CONSTABLE.

"OFFICE FOR TRADE, WHITEHALL,
25th December 1811.

"MY DEAR SIR,—I have had the pleasure of your kind letter of the 19th curt., for which I owe you a million of thanks. Yes, it is long since we have had any direct correspondence, owing to my bad health and to your engagements.

"Since the middle of May I have remained till now (having only returned last Saturday) at Ramsgate, expecting every day to be quite well; my bodily health is perfectly restored, but my nervous complaints, though infinitely better, still continue to tease me.

"I have just placed the Life of Knox on the shelf, caring very little what the author of it says of me. Dr. Cook has also reprehended me for the way in which I speak, in Caledonia, of their Reformation. I am equally careless about this from my old correspondent.

"No; Brown of Aberdeen did not write me about the MSS. of the Universal Kirk. Some historical MSS. would be more to my purpose. I shall write him.

"I am glad to find that there are good people who inquire about Caledonia, and I have private letters to the same effect. Yes; Caledonia is fast advancing, and another volume will be in the press ere long. Even you, who know my habits and perseverance, will be surprised at the discoveries which I am making in my researches. It will be a book of novelties.

"I thank you for what you have sent me of poetry, etc., yet I begin to be overwhelmed with the quantity of modern poetry. I must stop somewhere, and 1801 is my bound. Let me therefore entreat you not to send me any more of that kind—I mean poetry published after 1801. Before that year I should be glad to get what I still want. I am even inclined to dispense with the Edinburgh Review and the Farmer's Magazine; but of historical matters I shall never have enough, while I mean to confine myself more and more to Caledonia, as enough for any one man.

"I am very glad to learn that you are so easy under your new firm and engagements. That you may do well, and live long, the delight of your many friends, is the sincere wish of, dear Sir, your affectionate servant,

"GEO. CHALMERS."

In the letter to my father of 30th April 1812, from which I make the following quotation, Mr. Chalmers proposes a republication, in three volumes crown 8vo, of his Biographies of Various Eminent Persons. The project does not appear to have been carried out.

"I now come to submit to you a matter of more consequence. I have written in my time various Lives and Biographical Sketches, some of which have been allowed to be masterly. No biographer in Scotland has yet surpassed the Life of Ruddiman, for matter or manner.

"I enclose you a list of the whole, with the years when they were written, that you may see distinctly what I have composed.

"I have some thoughts of republishing them in three small vols., such as Lyndsay's Poems, or what I believe is called crown 8vo, of about 500 pages each volume.

"I submit to your judicious eyes the title-page proposed, and also the arrangement into volumes; all which, you know, is subject to amendment. But such seems to me to be the best. There must be some corrections and amendments to each Life.

"Let me beg your opinion of this project, and how far you would like to be concerned in it. I have not yet mentioned it to any one; and you may, for the present, keep this matter to yourself. But of this enough!"[1]

[1] The arrangement proposed was as follows:—

Vol. I.—The Life of Ruddiman, and of Charles Stuart, the brother of his son-in-law, James Stuart.

Vol. II.—The Life of De Foe; of Commodore Philips, the first Governor of Botany Bay; of Leonardo da Vinci, the Painter; of Sir

"I rejoice sincerely at your prosperity. But such a man as you must prosper. I am glad you are getting such heavy matters as Swift off your hands.

"I shall be very glad to be of any use to your friend Mr. Napier, on the score of Raleigh's history. I suppose what he wants is for the Life of Raleigh, who was a great but guilty man.

"You are anxious for the Duke of Roxburghe's Catalogue. The Nicols are busy on it. They say the sale will be in May. I despair of getting anything of value, as I suppose Lillie [?] will be there, who has more money than wit, and no more judgment than a soused gurnet. I shall let you know about what time in May the sale will be, perhaps towards the end of the month."

Mr. Chalmers, in the letter from which I have just quoted, expressed his deep sympathy with my father in the death of their common friend Mr. Hunter of Blackness; and on the 22d December he was again called upon to sympathize on the loss of the excellent Mr. Cathcart,[1] of which

John Davies; of Gregory King, the great Political Arithmetician; of Charles Smith, the author of the celebrated Corn Tracts; of Sir James Stewart, Bart., the author of the Pol. Œconomy, etc.; of Thomas Paine, Age of Reason; of Hugh Macaulay Boyd, the writer of Junius,(?) etc. etc. etc.

Vol. III.—The Life of Sir David Lyndsay, etc.; of Allan Ramsay, etc.; of William Shakespeare, his studies, the chronology of his dramas, etc.

[1] "My son, to whom you are too kind, would inform you of the great loss I have sustained in the death of Mr. Cathcart, my valued friend and partner. The event was quite unlooked-for, Mr. C. having been a most healthy and regular man in every way. There is no staying the hand of Providence. You will be glad to know that our concern

he had been informed by my brother David, then with Messrs. White and Cochrane, for education as a publisher, and a very frequent visitor of Mr. Chalmers. Mr. Chalmers at once perceived and appreciated the high qualities, both of head and heart, possessed by his young friend, my brother warmly returned his affection, and their zeal for bibliography rendered them thoroughly congenial companions. Mr. Chalmers writes:—

"*Decr.* 22*d*, 1812.

"Yes; David told me of the unfortunate death of your friend and partner Mr. Cathcart. I felt much, both for you and for his widow and family. I am glad, at the same time, that your capital is not deranged by withdrawing speedily any part of it.

"Yes; your son is very kind to me. He takes a Sunday's drive and dinner with me, which contributes to the health of both. He passes, in this manner, Christmas Day with me. He is a youth of the finest disposition, temper, and talents, for his profession, of any young man I have met with.

"I shall be happy to see you next month, when we may talk over many literary matters."

My brother, during the years he passed in London, spent many of his leisure evenings and very many Sunday afternoons with his old friend; he visited him frequently for weeks in summer at his retreat in Ramsgate, and was treated by him at all times with as much affectionate

is not likely to suffer inconvenience in a pecuniary point of view, but the loss of so valuable a coadjutor is very great."—A. C., *Dec.* 19, 1812.

consideration as if he had been his son. Mr. Chalmers writes on 6th December 1814:—

"As I had something to do in the Strand, I delivered the letter for David with my own hand. The more I know him the more I like him and feel disposed to serve him.

"When he dined with me last, he told me that you had some curious Black Actis in your private collection. You would greatly oblige me, as well as serve the Record cause, if you would state to me briefly when and where and by whom printed. The sooner you can send me this the sooner I can obey a command of Lord Frederick Campbell, who is really doing much, and wishes to do more, for the lacerated Records of Scotland. At his time of life he requires help, and help I will give him.

"You know, I presume, what a MS. collection we have got out of the library of Berne, in Switzerland, for the Register Office. Every effort must be made, and I have contributed my share, to fill up with valuable matter the first volume of the Acta Parliamentorum. Such a work cannot be in better hands, but every friend must help, and I regard you as a good friend to such a national work.

"I need not tell you what valuable matter I have got from the Register House by my nephew's efforts of diligence."

My father having conceived the design of a Geographical Dictionary, and knowing the intimacy of Mr. Chalmers with Arrowsmith, the greatest geographer of that day, applied to his friend to use his influence in persuading that

gentleman to lend his aid in the execution of the work. On the 17th May 1814 he writes as follows:—

"MY DEAR SIR,—I take the liberty of addressing you on the subject of my project of a Geographical Dictionary, and to solicit the great favour of your using your interest with Mr. Arrowsmith in behalf of the design. When I first conceived the plan, I certainly reckoned no small share of its éclat and usefulness would arise from the countenance and support which that most eminent geographer might feel disposed to give to it. Being aware of Mr. A.'s liberality in everything for the advancement of his science, I perhaps reckoned too much on the circumstances of its really being possible for Mr. Arrowsmith, from other avocations, to undertake the construction of the maps; and in making all my calculations of expense, and arrangements with the contributors, I proceeded upon the liberal idea that my work in all its parts was to be conducted in the very best way. I accordingly addressed two letters to Mr. A. early in the year, communicating my plan, and I have had the pleasure of seeing him twice since I came to London. On the last occasion I was much concerned to find his health rather indifferent, and that he was not willing then to come under any engagement on the subject. It was with much pleasure that I learnt the other day that Mr. A. had returned to town in better spirits than when I saw him, and I would have waited upon him again before now, only that I feel a delicacy in pressing a subject of such interest to myself when it may be quite out of his power to assist me; but

perhaps if I could ask the favour of your speaking to him on the subject, he might be prevailed upon to allow some of the young gentlemen (his nephews) in his house to do what is wanted, for which I am ready to comply with any terms Mr. Arrowsmith may name. I am aware from what he said to me that he has several very important works in progress, engrossing much of his time; but as the maps I require would only be needed in portions, at intervals of months, within three years from this date, I should fain hope that he may still be prevailed with. My whole project, which besides being, I hope, one of some credit to the country, and of no mean importance in a scientific point of view, is completely interrupted till I can arrange about the execution of the maps, and is the subject indeed which now detains me in London. I may be asking too much, even of you, my most kind Sir, to expect that you will take any trouble in this affair; but perhaps Mr. James Chalmers, in passing Soho Square, might converse with Mr. Arrowsmith on the subject, to every effect I can desire.—I have the honour to be," etc.,

"ARCHD. CONSTABLE."

MR. CHALMERS to MR. CONSTABLE.

"WHITEHALL, *Wednesday.*

"DEAR SIR,—In pursuance of your desire to speak to Mr. Arrowsmith about your work, I rode up to him yesterday with bleeding eyes and a bad cold.

"I tendered to him your wishes, and the importance annexed to them, with regard to the public, himself, and you.

"He acknowledged this; yet he said that he was so occupied with so many works of his own of more profit and celebrity to him, that he could not readily enter into such an undertaking. We had some other talk, but I did not perceive that I made much impression on his prepossessions.

"I have done the best I could for you, and beg you will consider my best endeavours as so many tributes of the regard with which I ever am, dear Sir, yours faithfully and obediently, GEO. CHALMERS."

"11*th March* 1816.

"David spent the day with me yesterday. He acknowledges that he has received many lights of the bookselling business since he has been in Paternoster Row.[1] Of books he knows as much as any of them. The time allotted to him, to be where he is, will make him a complete bookseller. I need not tell you how much I interest myself in his welfare."

In the year 1817 my father had been applied to by a friend in Glasgow with reference to a library proposed to be instituted there by the legal Faculty of Writers. Mr. Chalmers alludes *inter alia* to that scheme in the following letter;—

"WHITEHALL, 20*th June* 1817.

"MY DEAR SIR,—I received your letter of the 25th curt. amidst a thousand avocations, pursuits, studies, businesses of various kinds. I have been pestered these two months with the distracted affairs of the Bahamas—

[1] My brother had been kindly received for a time by the Messrs. Longman into No. 39 Paternoster Row.

for whom I am agent, owing to the villany of an Attorney-General, the folly of a General, and the blockheadedness of a Chief-Justice, who are supported by the great men whom I have endeavoured to enlighten by various representations of facts and law.

"I see by your said letter that the writers of Glasgow are disposed to be wise themselves, and to make others wise also. They have abundant funds for the said ends, and we writers and booksellers must make as much out of said funds as we can. I have sketched out a scheme of some books for them, as well as the spur of the moment would allow; and which, for the first heat, may answer their purpose tolerably well. I submit the same to your better judgment. At your request I can make a supplement some other time. But enough of this.

"I thought to amuse myself with *Churchyard's Chips*;[1] but not to make a fortune. As our friends go on with the publication, I suppose I shall have the bag to hold. I naturally expected, as you are one of the publishers, that they would send you a proportion of the work for sale at Edinburgh. I must find a leisure day to go into the City on this unpleasant business. I told them they might have the whole in their own way, but they seem not to care for it any way. I cease to growl.

"I see you have been making *discoveries*, which is one of the great distinctions coveted in life. A piece of plain prose, in the vulgar tongue, of good King Robert's reign, is a discovery. Why won't you send it up in one of our

[1] Churchyard's Chips concerning Scotland; being a Collection of his Pieces relative to that Country, with Historical Notes, etc. 8vo. 1817.

office franks for a day, an hour, or a moment? I would forget the Bahamas and the scoundrelism of their government, to throw my eyes on such a piece of old *Scotch.*

"Then the MS. Session-books of St. Giles's; what shall I give you for it?

"Then the Royal Charters of Robert II. and James I.; how happy you to bring such a reinforcement to our worthy friend Thomas Thomson! You seem even to go beyond my Berne MS. of the *Leges Burgorum,* which convinced the scepticism of the sceptical Ritson of Gray's Inn, who died at Hoxton; and who would not believe Maister Jhone Skene, that St. David ever made any *Leges Burgorum,* till he saw the Berne MS. with his own eyes.

"I shall be glad to see the recorded anecdotes of Bassendine the printer. Happy! if we could discover something of the latter days of his brother, Lekprewik! which is very darksome.

"I hoped to have written to dear David a fortnight ago, but the Bahamas still stood in my way. Pray remember me to him, and to your daughter, who has equal merits."

"WHITEHALL, *9th Feby.* 1819.

"MY DEAR SIR,—Give me leave, amid the variety of your engagements, to trouble you with a small matter of mine.

"You know, I believe, that I am in the press with my Life of Mary Queen of Scots, at my own expense, and without a publisher.

"I now beg to enclose you a proposed title-page, and I should be obliged to you for any observations thereon.

"Would you like to have anything to do with such a work at Edinburgh?

"What part would you like to act?

"Would you like to have your name, that is, of your firm, in the title-page?

"If yes—how many copies, out of the 500 printed, would you like to have sent you? that is, how many copies of such a work are likely to sell in Scotland?

"If you will do me the favour to answer those questions, in which you have or may have some interest, you will oblige him who always is, my dear Sir, your faithful and obedient servant, GEO. CHALMERS."

As an instance of the importance with which the antiquary invested his own researches, even where they had failed, the following narrative of a hunt on a false scent for the grandfather of Sir Isaac Newton, may be read with some interest now, though perhaps scarcely worthy of the notice he suggested for it in a contemporary journal:—

"19*th Oct.* 1820.

"I took up by accident your Scientific Journal, No. VI.,[1] in order to read the article on the Discovery of New South Shetland, when I perceived the letter of my old master, the Rev. Dr. T. Reid, on the genealogy of Newton, as if it had been derived from Lothian.

"I was surprised, and hesitated; and I sat down to satisfy my own doubts, if there ever were a family of Newton in Lothian. I very soon discovered that there was a family of Newton of Newton in East Lothian,

[1] Edinburgh Philosophical Journal, July 1820.

which flourished at the two epochs when Dr. Reid's letter required them—at the accession of King James and at the accession of Queen Anne.

"My next inquiry was, whether any Newton followed King James into England; and this ended in discovering that Adam Newton followed King James—in the character, indeed, of preceptor to Prince Henry. This Adam, according to the theory of Dr. Reid, ought to have been the grandfather of the great Newton.

"These circumstances led to an inquiry: who were the grandfather and father of the great Newton? And having discovered both, who were not, in any manner, connected with Lothian or Scotland, I closed my researches.

"I now enclose you a copy of them; and if you should be of opinion that such an answer to such a letter would be agreeable to your philosophical readers, you may publish it in your next Journal."

In the year 1821 my father fell into bad health, and was recommended to retire for a time from the conduct of business. After spending a few months at Brighton, he settled himself at Castlebeare Park, near London, where on the 24th January 1822 he writes to Mr. Chalmers. My brother had some years previously given up the intention to become a publisher, and was now at the Scottish Bar, with more than ordinary prospects of success:—

"CASTLEBEARE PARK, EALING, *24th Jan.* 1822.

"MY DEAR SIR,—I have been here upwards of three months, and without troubling you with a long detail, I am sure you are one of those friends who will be well

pleased to know that my health has been improving. I am living a quiet and secluded life, and I propose continuing to do so for some time to come. I am yet far from well, but much better certainly than when I had the pleasure of seeing Mr. James Chalmers at Clapham, in August last. I sincerely hope, my dear Sir, that your health continues as usual. I long much and often to have a shake of your friendly hand once more, but I must not flatter myself with that just yet. I do not know if you hear anything of my son. I believe he is studying his profession with ardour. Had his career been as originally chalked out—and naturally so, to have followed my own trade, I might probably have been spared much anxiety which ill-health has brought upon me; but with all his knowledge, taste, and general acquirements, which would have fitted him in an eminent degree for the first rank in my profession, Nature had denied him certain requisites absolutely necessary for a man in trade—in other words, a dealer in pounds, shillings, pence, and farthings. He would not have assimilated well with many things which I have had to encounter. He is himself, I believe, satisfied of this, and for his happiness—my chief aim,—there is probably no great reason to regret a change of his destiny. When I speak of the requisites I conceive deficient in him, I am aware of the imperfection with which I have possessed them, and mean to pay myself no compliment. I have been long most actively engaged in business, and had many successful undertakings, with not a few discouraging blanks; and just as I had arrived at what I might call the turn of the post of a very productive trade,

requiring no future speculation, it has been the will of Providence to set me aside from the enjoyment of it at no very advanced period of life. I have had many reasons for happiness, and suffered under many sorrows. I used sometimes to think, my dear Sir, that you are occasionally mistaken as to my conduct to my son; my error was, too much anxiety about his welfare, and I had better opportunities of estimating his fitness for trade than his friends. He will always be respectable, and will not misuse anything which fortune may cast in his way. He will be a more cautious man than his father has been. I hope he will be more careful of his health.—Believe me to remain, with the greatest respect and regard, my dear Sir, yours sincerely, ARCHD. CONSTABLE."

This letter was replied to by a kindly visit in the country, and my father addresses another letter to his learned correspondent on the 8th February :—

"I wish you may not think me a troublesome correspondent, but you will make some allowance for an idle sick friend.

"I mentioned to you, when I had the pleasure of seeing you here, that I was anxious to get some information respecting Margaret Hartsyde, who was tried, if I mistake not, for stealing the jewels of Anne of Denmark from Whitehall, shortly after James's accession to the English throne. I have no book to refer to. I think there must be something about her in the State Trials. If you can help me to anything of this sort I should feel particularly

obliged.[1] Have you any book on Virginia, excepting Smith's Voyage, that could give me an account of Queen Pocahontas, whom Smith brought to this country, and who figured along with the Duchess of Richmond at the Court of James and early part of Charles?

"There are three little books I am anxious to see. If you happen to have them, and would lend me them for a little, I would take it kind :—

"Regales Aphorisimi, or a Royal Chain of Golden Sentences, by King James. London, 1650.

"Apophthegms: Sayings, etc., of King James. Lord Bacon, (if I mistake not) printed about 1650.

"Idæa Jacobi. By Rose. A small volume in Latin, printed about 1600.

"I find you have got a MS., that, if it were not asking too much at a time, I should like to borrow from you. It is the account of the duel between Lord Ray and Ramsay. How very odd that the Duke of Norfolk should have parted with Lord Scudamore's very curious library;

[1] This gentlewoman was tried in Edinburgh, 31st May 1608, for stealing a pearl, worth £110 sterling, with other pearls, jewels, and goldsmiths' work, pertaining to the Queen's Majesty. She pretended that she retained these jewels to adorn dolls, for the amusement of the royal infants, and believed that the Queen would never demand them; but it appeared that she used "great cunning and deceit in it, and disguised the jewels so as not to be easily known, and offered them to her Majesty in sale." The doom pronounced against her by the King's special warrant was to be declared infamous, to pay £400 sterling, as the value of the jewels abstracted,—to be imprisoned in Blackness Castle till she pay, and to be confined in Orkney during her life.—"Dec. 1619, compeared the King's advocate, and produced a letter of rehabilitation and restitution of Margaret Hartsyde to her fame, who was convict of theft in August 1608, as his process instructs." *MS. Abst. Justiciary Record.*—Memoirs of George Heriot by A. Constable, 1822, p. 207.

but such things it would appear will happen, and I believe all of us who possess matters of curiosity should rather wish for their ultimately landing in the Advocates' Library of Edinburgh to the risk of their being scattered. The British Museum contains too much already, and the University of Oxford has also got more than its own share. Thorpe told me he had bought those MSS. and curious books in lots, which fixes a point about which I had long entertained doubts—that Mr. E—, the auctioneer in Pall Mall, is an ass."

MR. CHALMERS to MR. CONSTABLE.

"*9th Feby.* 1822.

"Touching Mad. Hartsyde, I tried on Saturday to get at the best evidence with regard to her theft. I sent to the Privy Council for the Registers of that office during James's reign, but I received for answer that the Registers of that period had been burnt by the great fire at Whitehall some time ago. Camden has been searched for her with no better success. I shall look into the State Trials, wherein I shall probably see something about her.

"Of the three books which you ask for, I have two of them ready for your messenger, viz., Idæa Jacobi and Flores Regii, with three volumes of Virginian history, wherein you will see the whole story of Pocahontas and Mr. Ralph, her husband. Having read these, you will be quite master of everything about the Virginia Queen.

"I have not got the MS. containing the account of the duel between Lord Ray and Ramsay, or you should have it, with any book or MS. which belongs to me.

"As to the Duke of Norfolk parting with Lord Scudamore's library, there is no disputing about taste, even when the parties have some taste; but when they have none they must be allowed to wear their *ears* as long as Mr. E.'s.

"You certainly cannot place your rare books in a more efficient library than the Advocates'. I wish they had chosen a more skilful librarian."

On the 13th April 1822 Mr. Chalmers officiated as godfather at the baptism of one of my brothers. On the 7th May he writes as follows :—

"Since I wrote you some account of George Heriot, I have seen that there has been lately published, at your shop, Edinburgh, a Life of him. I have seen this advertised, but not the book.

"Dr. Balcanquel[1] was one of the eminent Scotsmen of his age; and, strange to tell, died at Chirk Castle, in Denbighshire, in 1645, having with great difficulty made his escape into that obscurity from his persecutors, during that terrible reign. I doubt if the Doctor were a writer of verses; at least, he is not in the elaborate list of Scots Poets which I have collected. Neither do the Biographic Dictionaries which speak of him say anything of his being a writer of verses."

MR. CONSTABLE to MR. CHALMERS.

"*8th May* 1822.

"Your information about Dr. Balcanquel is very

[1] The Rev. Dr. Balcanquel was named by George Heriot as one of his executors, and was also a legatee. The Statutes of the Hospital were composed by him.

curious. We live in better times, thanks to the preservers of our liberties. I am preparing a Life of Heriot, which is what you saw advertised. He was a man of great worth, and his Hospital has done an immense deal of good. I don't believe that anybody connected with the establishment, however, ever thought of making any inquiry after Balcanquel.

"Heriot followed James to England, and he has made one of the prominent characters in a forthcoming work of the Author of Waverley, and I just want to put the world in possession of a little matter of fact as to his real history.

"If you have any book that could assist me to Balcanquel's history, I would be much obliged to you for a sight of it, and my secretary will call at the Board of Trade on Friday. Heriot's second wife was daughter of James Primrose, grandfather of the first Earl of Rosebery. Who was David Primrose the poet? Gilbert Primrose, minister of the French Church in London, was Heriot's brother-in-law. Can you help me to any account of them?"

MR. CHALMERS to MR. CONSTABLE.

"21*st May* 1822.

"Heriot was too unassuming a man to be noticed by poetry. No doubt you would be very glad to discover a broadside elegy on such a man. No; I do not suppose that Heriot's Hospital has ever much attracted the notice of poets. That poets were bred under Heriot's roof, we may easily suppose. The wonder is, that none of them raised their voice in his praise. Scarcely any of the

founders of hospitals in London are ever mentioned. That a man who amassed much wealth by his industry and saving should be—like the late banker, Coutts, is not strange. But Heriot will be longer remembered by his liberality and munificence; and of course is more praiseworthy. There are men, such as the Man of Ross, who are more praised than either.

"*May* 23.

"I now enclose you a copy of the Parish Register of the burial of George Heriot, Esq., and yeoman of King James, 20th February 1623.

"After finding this record of the burial of George Heriot, I went to Doctors' Commons, where I expected to see his recorded will, but I was disappointed. I saw, however, the will of George Heriot, of St. Martin-in-the-Fields, shoemaker, dated the 22d of April 1623, 21 Jac. VI. His wife to be executrix. This is so far important, that you may perhaps think it necessary to record that there was such a George Heriot living in St. Martin-in-the-Fields at the same time with the richer George Heriot, for preventing mistakes of the one for the other."

MR. CONSTABLE to MR. CHALMERS.

"*May* 24, 1822.

"I am infinitely obliged to you for the extract of the Register of George Heriot's funeral. It is very singular that there should have been another George Heriot in London, and whose death happened the same year as that of the worthy yeoman. The shoemaker must of course have been a Scotsman. The number of our countrymen

in the metropolis would no doubt increase greatly after James's accession. Honest John Stow, I think, it is that tells us the number of Scotsmen in London in Elizabeth's reign was somewhere from eighty to one hundred."

On the 6th July 1824, by which time the third volume of Caledonia had been published, and the indefatigable old man was busy with a Life of David King of Scots, he writes as follows to my father :—

"*6th July* 1824.

"MY DEAR SIR,—It gave me great pleasure to receive your last letter, as it informed me of your being all pretty well and of my godson being a stout boy.

"It gave me satisfaction to learn that the three volumes of Caledonia had been well received at Edinburgh.

"My friend David is working on Bishop Burnet; but Burnet has been lately published at Oxford, with notes of great men on his life.

"I have been working hard on another volume of Caledonia, which will begin with Stirlingshire and end with Nairn. I have got to the end of Aberdeenshire; and so have only three shires to write. Mr. Cadell must decide when he will go to press with this vol. iv.

"Some of the last volume is done, and by next midsummer, I think, I shall finish the whole.

"In the meantime, amidst all those labours, I have some time ago finished a Life of David King of Scots, and have been lately amusing myself at the office, where I have nothing better to do, in revising it.

"Allow me to ask if you would like to have anything to do with such a work.

"In forming your judgment, permit me to hope that you will not, like some other good people, forget that I wrote the Life of Ruddiman.

"At the end of this month I shall go to Ramsgate for eight weeks, and I shall take my various works with me. I am still unbroken, and only wish for some recreation.

"Pray remember me to your wife and your girls, and believe me ever, my good Sir, your faithful and obedient servant, GEO. CHALMERS."

Mr. Chalmers was scarcely correct in saying, "I am still unbroken," as his handwriting had begun to testify; and the following letter from my father, of 9th April 1825, in expectation of an approaching visit from his venerable friend, is the latest record I possess of a friendship which, during thirty years, had been uninterrupted:—

MR. CONSTABLE to MR. CHALMERS.

"EDINBURGH, *9th April* 1825.

"MY DEAR SIR,—David Laing has just called, and I learn from him, with no small pleasure, that you have resolved on visiting us this summer. Allow me to say how happy all your friends will be to receive you. There is nothing within my reach that can in any way add to the comfort of your stay that it will not give me the highest gratification to be permitted the opportunity of tendering.

"I reside at Polton House, seven miles from Edinburgh, in the immediate neighbourhood of Hawthornden, which I hope you would make your head-quarters. You should have a conveyance at your pleasure daily to town;

and you could have David for your guide in any excursions you might wish to make in the country. I need not say you would find him an intelligent and willing attendant. I hope to hear from you, and to learn what day you fix for setting out. Our summer can hardly be said to commence till the middle of June.—I am, with great respect and regard, my dear Sir, yours sincerely,

"ARCHD. CONSTABLE."

The visit to Scotland was not realized. Mr. Chalmers died on the 31st May 1825.

It had long been believed that Mr. James Chalmers, who had been for many years devoted to his uncle, would be his heir, but on the death of the old gentleman no Will was found, and strong suspicions were entertained that the document, which was known to have been executed, had been maliciously destroyed by a dependant of Mr. Chalmers, who was ill-disposed towards the intended beneficiary. The library, which was curious and extensive, would probably have been purchased by the Edinburgh Faculty of Advocates, had Mr. James Chalmers had power to dispose of it. As it was, it remained under his care until he died, when it was sold by public auction. It is thought that it had at one time been the intention of Mr. Chalmers to bequeath his books to the Faculty of Advocates, but that he was so much dissatisfied by the election of the late Dr. Irving as librarian, instead of one or other of two of the candidates he thought much better qualified for the office, that the learned body forfeited his good-will. His library was sold in London in the year 1841.

CHAPTER X.

Dr. Duncan Forbes.

AMONG my father's numerous dependants, to some of whom the synonym of hangers-on might fitly be applied, was one who in a Valhalla of human oddities would certainly claim, and probably occupy, a distinguished place. It is true that in a life of more than average length and of self-assertion far beyond the average, he failed to obtain recognition by his fellows for the superlative gifts and excellencies of which he believed himself possessed. But if the intellectual light of which he boasted were really in him, it was hidden under a darkening bushel; while his title to the moral eminence he claimed was not seldom marred by forgetfulness of his neighbour's interest in pursuit of his own, and even by an occasional confusion of *meum* and *tuum* when the works of a favourite author had found a resting-place on the shelves of his library. Withal, however, I believe he was perfectly honest in self-appreciation, and that he regarded appropriation of books—in my father's case at least—as a justifiable spoiling of the Philistine. On the 5th January 1810 our Doctor addressed a letter to the Rev. Mr. Flem-

ing, the minister of Colinton, from which, as the transaction to which it refers connected him pecuniarily with my father during the last sixteen years of his life, I shall here make a quotation :—

"SIMON SQUARE, *Jany.* 5, 1810.

"DEAR SIR, . . . I have to inform you that Mr. Constable and I had come to some understanding touching my *Three Hundred* previous to his going to London; but the final arrangement was put off until his return, owing to the pressure of business preparatory to his departure. He is to allow me an annuity of £40 during his own life, and to grant a personal bond; but if I should survive him my claim on his heirs will be reduced to £30. I am perfectly satisfied with this proposal, and do indeed consider it very liberal, and such as perhaps would not be agreed to by any other individual. Our days are, no doubt, numbered, and the lives of us both are in the hands of the Almighty. It is impossible, therefore, to foresee the casualties to which either of us may be exposed in the providential dispensations which may await us; but when my years and constitution are taken into consideration, his lease of mortality must, according to every view of the *doctrine of chances*, extend to a much longer period than mine; and I do not hesitate to admit that his life is of infinitely more value to society.

" . . . Suppose you were to advance another *hundred pounds?* He then would perhaps consent to allow me a *pound*, or a *guinea* per week, and I would then struggle in my own way to make the two ends meet.

" . . . My only apology for making this proposition arises from the circumstances of my life, and to these you are no stranger.—I remain, yours very truly,

"DUNCAN FORBES."

This Reverend Doctor died a bachelor nearly half a century ago, and I am not aware that there is any one now living whose feelings would be wounded were I to use the extremest freedom of speech with regard to him. I doubt if any man ever existed who was more determined to win the favour of Fortune than Dr. Forbes, but though her faithful follower throughout life, she does not seem ever to have granted one of the smiles he sedulously courted. He had studied at the University of St. Andrews, and had been licensed as a preacher in connexion with the Church of Scotland; but in distrust of a judicious exercise of patronage, and thinking it well that his bow should have a second string, he attended medical classes in Edinburgh, and obtained the degree of Doctor of Medicine there. In mind and manners he was an unhappy compound of Dominie Sampson and the Rev. Duncan M'Dow, without the loveable qualities of the one or the self-serviceable qualifications of the other. Like the Dominie, he had depths of unavailing scholarship, and he was as awkward and ungainly as insignificant proportions would permit; he credited himself—I believe in all sincerity—with more than Mr. Sampson's devotion to my father, and conceived himself of important use in advancing his professional interests. Like his prototype in *Destiny*—though he could scarcely be said to be "an

easy, good-humoured, sensible, moderate, man, who troubled nobody," as Miss Ferrier represents Mr. M'Dow, —he certainly excelled in "minding his own affairs;" and had the untiring effort been crowned with equal success, he would assuredly have followed Mr. M'Dow's example in making instant demands for augmentation of stipend, enlargement of glebe, and additions to the manse. He was not, however, like Mr. M'Dow, "possessed of that sort of callous good-nature which rendered him invulnerable to all rebuffs," for he was delicately, though not sweetly, sensitive on personal matters, and ready at all times to render railing for railing.

At what period my father became acquainted with him I do not know, but the earliest letter in my possession is dated in 1797, while he was pursuing his medical studies at Edinburgh University, and he seems subsequently to have contributed occasionally to the Scots Magazine and other periodicals with which my father had concern. In 1802 the Doctor requested him to bring under the notice of Mr. Longman a work whose name I do not find recorded, and which, though at first favourably considered, finally failed of acceptance—to the annoyance and indignation of its author.

In 1804 my father had introduced him to the acquaintance of Lord Buchan, who, believing himself entitled to make appointments to Chairs in the projected University of Wilna, presented Dr. Forbes to that of Logic, but, as it proved, without effectual result. Disappointment encountered the poor man at every turn of Fortune's wheel, and his social experiences were not brighter or more

encouraging than those professional. His temper was hot, and he was very sensitive to ridicule, an infliction to which his eccentricities offered strong inducement.

He made strenuous efforts to obtain an appointment in the Institution founded in Calcutta by the Marquis of Wellesley, for the instruction of the junior servants of the East India Company, and when he failed in that, he vainly besought the Directors to send him to India in any situation whatever. He endeavoured afterwards, with no better success, to find an opening as a physician in some county town in England. In 1806, however, his hopes were kindled and raised very high by the accession to power of the Liberal party, of which he deemed himself a deserving member, and he wrote to an influential friend a letter which begins thus:—"Jam nascitur ordo novus rerum," and concludes as follows,—"I commit my future destiny, as far as the affairs of this world are concerned, into the hands of your political friends. This surrender I make with some confidence; and if it shall please them to place me in a situation where any little ability I may possess shall have scope, brand me as one of the unworthy if I act not true to my principles, and be always found ready to evince my gratitude. Let me yet again assure you that my predilection for the Church has not been effaced, or indeed weakened, by frequent disappointments, and that a situation in it would be congenial to the best dispositions of my heart. My attention and my hopes were early directed to the functions of a clergyman, and first impressions are with difficulty obliterated."

How frequently, previous to 1806, he may have pre-

serted himself as a candidate for vacant benefices, I do not know; but he had certainly applied for Moulin, Dunkeld, and Little Dunkeld, and loudly blamed the Duke of Athole and others for their blindness in passing him by.

It were too tedious to give a detailed account of the energetic measures taken by him during the last twenty years of his life to obtain what he was wont to term "a resting-place for the soles of his feet;" but in his letters now before me I have a record of the following unsuccessful applications, in which he had claimed my father's help, viz., for the parishes of Cathcart, Creich, Kilconquhar, Tealing, Inchture, Flisk, Glencairn, Abbotsrule, and Kells! Besides these, there was one in Angus and another in the gift of Lord Lauderdale, which he made vigorous efforts to secure; and in the year 1815 he was a candidate for the Chair of Moral Philosophy at St. Andrews, vacant by the death of Mr. Cook. How many other posts he coveted I know not; but so fully was he aware of the trouble he caused, that he used to say that were he to try for Ultima Thule, he should be sure of earnest support, and on one occasion he promised to "burn the bond" should his application prove successful.

In all his difficulties and trials, and on his own showing they were great and frequent, he seems to have come with confidence to my father as to an earthly Providence, and his persistent solicitation must at least have been tolerated if not encouraged, for until the close of life he never allowed many months to pass without assailing him, either for the books which he pedantically calls his

intellectual desiderata, or to use his influence in securing a parochial charge or professorial chair.

With my mother Dr. Forbes was the reverse of a favourite, though very anxious to cultivate her favour, and he was imprudently fond of obtruding medical advice, which her low opinion of his skill did not lead her to encourage. One scarcely ever failing mode of pleasing parents he liberally practised,—by praising her children on all occasions in her hearing, as "the sweetest little cherubs in town or country;" while to my father he expatiated on the charms of his mother, to whom her son was devotedly attached. When this old lady was eighty years of age he writes as follows:—"I never saw your mother looking better; the roses are in full bloom on her cheeks, notwithstanding this fading season of the year, and the very advanced period of her life." Let us hope these raptures were sincere.

Dr. Forbes frequently reproached my father for his coldness towards him, dwelling by way of contrast on the warmth of his own attachment—an attachment which he conceived entitled him to expect that his friend and patron's time and money and influence, and—above all—his books, should be entirely at his service. Acting upon this impression, he had been in the habit of visiting the establishment at the Cross whenever he stood in need of any article its stores could supply, and was so much startled on one occasion, in 1811, when he was not permitted to carry off the paper he had chosen without leaving an equivalent in money, that he wrote an indignant remonstrance to my father on the subject. He

says:—"Is it really so? is my credit now so very low with you? have you actually directed one of your menials —a base-born fellow—educated in a charity workhouse, and whose sole importance is derived from his standing behind your counter, openly to insult me, whom you have known these twenty years?" Not long after, he was both startled and *alarmed* when an account of nearly £20 was handed to him for books and stationery which he had carried off from time to time. I do not think he himself regarded such appropriations as theft, but they were certainly unwarrantable, and my father's affairs having about this time come under more vigilant superintendence, the worthy Doctor had become an object of careful attention whenever he came within the premises.

I remember to have been told by Mr. Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe of another frequent visitor of the establishment at the Cross, a noted bibliomaniac, and a man of good position in society, whose conscience, like that of Bryce Snailsfoot,[1] was a timorous creature, apt to retire at sight of an *editio princeps*, insomuch that whenever he appeared my father received this warning, "The gentleman with the brown great-coat is in the gallery!"

Our Doctor had so long regarded it as a prescriptive right to call for any work of which he conceived himself to stand in need, that I find him writing to my father in the following terms of indignation on meeting a refusal:—

[1] "My conscience," he said, "is as tender as any man's in my degree, but she is something of a timorous nature, cannot abide angry folk, and can never speak above her breath when there is aught of a fray going forward. Indeed, she hath *at all times* a small and low voice."—*The Pirate.*

"On calling at 10 Princes Street on the 26th ult.; to inquire after the recently published Number of the Medical Journal, I was not only refused that Journal, but rudely and insolently treated before a number of people and all your shopmen by that popinjay and pert pragmatical coxcomb who stands behind your counter, who asked me in a very uncivil and impertinent tone 'If I were a *subscriber* to that work?'—a very gratuitous question surely, as he well knew that I was not a subscriber to it. He said, moreover, that he would not give me the Journal without Mr. Cadell's orders or permission, and desired me to apply to Mr. C. on Monday. You may suppose I feel no disposition to make such an application, and that I choose rather to forego the use of the Journal. Here the matter stands awaiting your decision, and let me earnestly entreat you to give effect to your liberality in as far as you intend to supply the *desiderata* mentioned in my last, before I start on my autumnal pilgrimage."

Finding that he was no longer to be allowed to help himself at will, Dr. Forbes betook himself to almost peremptory supplication of the principal, and did not hesitate to demand copies of the most expensive works when fancy prompted, or he believed that he had need of them. Pride of a certain kind he had in abundance, but to obtain a book he coveted he would threaten, wheedle, beg, borrow, or appropriate. The plea of poverty was his favourite argument, but one way or other he had collected a very considerable library, and I remember hearing my father say to him one day, when he complained of wholesale plunder that had been committed in it during his absence

in the country, "Ah, Doctor! I suspect if we all had our own, your library would be still smaller."[1]

I know not to what extent my father's influence was used in promoting the professional views of Dr. Forbes, but I am sure he cannot have done much with a clear conscience, for I find him on one occasion saying of an unreasonable author that "he ought to be put to death without benefit of clergy,—even Dr. Duntikin." Our Doctor was certainly a man rather of ready acceptance than of acceptability, and although his attainments were considerable,—he indeed stood so high in the estimation of some of his clerical brethren that he was strongly recommended for preferment by such eminent persons as Principal Baird and the Professor of Logic and Rhetoric in Edinburgh University,—their united testimony in his favour proved unsuccessful. In the Rev. Mr. Wightman of Kirkmahoe, in Dumfriesshire, he also had a faithful and most hospitable friend, in whose house he was accustomed for many years to spend the autumn months.

Wherein our Doctor's power of fascination lay I have failed to discover, but with my father and Mr. Wightman it certainly was strong,—for the long-suffering hospitality of the one was never-failing, and to the other he applied with the confidence of affiliation in every difficulty until the close of life. The occupation by which he earned what he was wont to call his *pittance* was "grinding" youths while preparing to take a degree in Law, Medicine, or Theology, and I am inclined to believe that his labours

[1] I have been told that on the sale of this collection there were found an unusual number of odd volumes!

yielded him a very sufficient livelihood; but in applying to my father for his half-yearly dividend he usually represented his finances as reduced to half-a-crown, and in his annual pilgrimage to Kirkmahoe he avoided what he termed the expense of "wheels and hoofs," and trudged over hill and dale along "Cheapside" with knapsack on his back. It was his wont on such occasions to favour my father with a narrative of his adventures by the way, although he generally expressed a doubt whether his friend would read the letter. These communications were always characteristic, and sometimes amusing. On the 21st August 1811 he writes from Kirkmahoe :—

"I hope you will, after all, be pleased to hear that this serener sky and more southern climate, the refreshing breezes from the Solway, with the cordial and warm reception which I experienced, and continue to experience, not only from my friend, but from many worthy individuals among his people—indeed, I may say, almost from the whole of them,—have operated the most salutary change upon my health. But notwithstanding, my adverse destiny has inflicted a wound on my constitution which the balsam of friendship and of hospitality has not yet cicatrized; and, truth to tell (and let not my well-founded complaint be poured into a heedless ear, or to an ear disinclined to listen or to remove the causes of it), my literary speculations have been so unsuccessful, I have been so long kept in the background of life, while I daily witness so many others, some of whom I would once scarcely deign to number with the dogs of my flock, occupying the very front of the scene (witness *Harry*

G——, first minister of the Canongate: the most barefaced and shameless stretch of patronage which the annals of corrupt influence can perhaps furnish—*Proh pudor! O tempora! O mores!*), that my heart is broken and excoriated, not only on account of the evils which have hitherto whelmed me, but from the apprehension that I am doomed by Providence, as a punishment of my sins, to drag out the short remnant of my days in the same obscurity and poverty in which the more vigorous portion of my chequered life has passed away; as I have long felt, and still feel, but too conscious that I have not those *worldly* qualities and accommodations in my nature, which push their author into notice. But you are my sheet-anchor, and surely you will not suffer these gloomy apprehensions which prey upon my mind in the hour of solitude and reflection to be realized. A better prospect occasionally opens before me, and I cannot help soothing myself with the hope that, under Providence, you will be the means of lifting me up nearer to my due level in society. Old Cook, in St. Andrews, is on the very verge of superannuation. Let me hope, then, that your aim will be to get me fixt within the precincts of *Old Alma Mater;* and I promise you—I will redeem my pledge—to strain every nerve to discharge with distinction the duties of my situation; nor will I be the ungrateful man that a certain Professor has proved, whom you so essentially helped to his seat."

Each year, before leaving Edinburgh for his autumn holiday, he enumerates, and almost demands, a list of books required, as he says, for an "intellectual viaticum,"

and bitterly complains when any of the number are denied him. Those were not the days of cheap books, and he was never restrained by the value, but only by the weight and bulk of the publications. The Encyclopædia and Supplement he reserved for winter demand; these also he succeeded in obtaining.

In the autumn of 1825, destined to be his last, we find him again at Kirkmahoe with his long-suffering friend, his hopes of preferment not yet extinguished, and manifested in urgent appeals to my father to exert himself to secure a presentation, either to Abbotshall, Glencairn, or Kells, all of which had become vacant. He expresses high approval of my father's project of the Miscellany, and mentions the subjects he desires to undertake in connexion with it!

I hope I have not presented too cruel a view of my subject. He was kind to an aged sister in Dunkeld, and his last letter to my father shows warm interest in a young relative whose career he entreats him to promote.

Early in March 1826, my father hearing that Dr. Forbes was seriously ill, requested the excellent Dr. Abercrombie to give him a report upon his case. The following note, dated March 7th, was the result:—

"DEAR SIR,—I have seen Dr. Forbes several times, and you may depend upon me paying him every attention in my power. He is affected with great depression and a degree of fever, bad sleep and impaired appetite, and his strength is considerably reduced. I have sent him some wine, but have found difficulty in ascertaining the state of his pecuniary resources. I have reason, however, to

fear that they are very deficient. I shall mention to him your kind inquiries after him.—Sincerely yours,

"JOHN ABERCROMBIE."

On the 11th April Duncan Forbes breathed his last, and two days later my father addressed the following letter to the gentleman who had undertaken to arrange the funeral :—

"*Confidential.*

"3 PARK PLACE, 13*th April* 1826.

"SIR,—The interest which I understand you took in the late Dr. Forbes, of whose death I heard yesterday with much real regret, must be my apology for the freedom I use in addressing these few lines to you.

"I have not heard who takes charge of the funeral, but under the presumption that you are to be kind enough to undertake that duty, I request leave to say that I shall consider myself as answerable, at a future day (not very distant, I hope), for the amount of the expenses which may be necessarily incurred on that occasion.[1]—I have the honour to be, Sir, your obedient servant,

"ARCH. CONSTABLE.

"R. W. Niven, Esq., Writer to the Signet."

On the next day my father received from Mr. Thomas Thomson, who had also been a patron of this eccentric man, a note which contained the following announcement, for which my father was altogether unprepared :—

[1] The crisis in my father's affairs had occurred two months earlier.

"Poor Dr. D. F.! I daresay the charitable world are charitable enough to think that he has died of hunger. It may be so; but our queer friend will cut up for nearly £1500, of which £1000 is on heritable security! On the Sunday before he died he dictated a Will which he did not live to execute, containing minute directions for the disposal of his body, in lead, timber, earth, stone, and iron!! and directing myself and two other executors to establish a Bursary at St. Andrews, to be in all time coming called Dr. Forbes's Bursary!"

CHAPTER XI.

Sir John Graham Dalyell.

JOHN GRAHAM DALYELL was the second son of Sir Robert Dalyell of Binns, Baronet, and was born in 1774. He was a man of very various acquirements, a diligent student of history, and devoted to antiquarian pursuits, an admirable classical scholar, a distinguished naturalist. His character was strictly honourable, and, in spite of an irritable temper, he was not an unloveable man. I find him described on the back of an old letter as "a cankered carle, but not false-hearted." In the autobiographic fragment at the beginning of this work, my father tells us that he had been indebted to Mr. Dalyell for many acts of kindness in the earlier years of his career; and it is certain that gratitude for these inclined him to bear with and condone all offences offered in their later intercourse.

The unhappy temper above alluded to was aggravated, if not induced, by a morbid physical constitution, and the weakness and suffering it entailed. In a medical statement now before me, dated "Edinburgh, 24th October 1788," when Mr. Dalyell was in his fourteenth year, and a student at the University of St. Andrews, Dr. James Hunter has recorded that the "Moffat mineral waters saved his life."

While cherishing an ample estimate of his own personal importance and mental ability, Mr. Dalyell was not, in ordinary circumstances, inconsiderate of the claims of others; and while eminently suspicious and jealous of interference with, or criticism of, his work, he was not unwilling to render a helping hand to labourers in his own departments. In a letter of 1801 he writes, in allusion to a specimen of the work,—"Observe to whom you show Richard Bannatyne,[1] for I will not suffer any person to peculate or fatten on my labours; neither would I wish any one to know it is in my possession, as I will on no account whatever show it." In another, alluding to a portion of the first dissertation on "the Gude and Godly Ballads," he says,—"I beg you will not let any person see it; I have particular reasons for mentioning this."

Although there is no notice of Mr. Dalyell in Lockhart's Life of Sir Walter Scott, there must at this period have been some intimacy between them, as I find in one place "a very kind letter from Mr. Scott" recorded; and in another,—"Perhaps we may see you on Saturday, but I am not certain if we can give you a bed, as Walter Scott is here." On the 3d October 1801 he writes as follows:—"I will thank you to transmit the enclosed to Mr. Scott. I had a letter from him containing some hints concerning several of the unexplained words in the Scottish Poems, but I perceive my friends are more easily satisfied with interpretations than I am myself. . . . You need be under no apprehension of Mr. S. anticipating

[1] The Journal of Richard Bannatyne, secretary and amanuensis of John Knox. It was published in the volume of Illustrations, etc., 1806.

us, as his collection, as far as I can learn, is very heterogeneous. Besides, he has examined nothing but the common histories for notes."[1] Mr. Dalyell seems to have shared the interest so generally felt in John Leyden. In one letter he writes: "Let me know if Mackintosh is to do anything for our friend Leyden." In another: "As I expect to go to London in two or three days, let me know if I can do anything for you there. It occurs to me that Mr. Leyden may wish some collation of The Complaynt of Scotland with the copy in the British Museum. This I could easily do."

Mr. Dalyell was sensitive, and resentful of criticism. He had abundant self-respect, but was somewhat deficient in the sentiment of reverence where other and even higher interests were concerned. His Dissertations on the Scottish Poems of the Sixteenth Century appear to have been rather more freely handled by contemporary critics than was agreeable to him, as the following letter amply testifies:—

"Binns House, 27 *Oct.* 1801.

"Dear Constable,—I have carefully considered the passages in the Dissertations on the Scottish Poems, which seem to have offended the illiberal, and I am now very doubtful whether any of them ought to be castrated. The meaning is so clear, and the application so distinct to a period more than 250 years ago, that to misunderstand them can arise only from the grossest ignorance or inten-

[1] In preparing the "Scotish Poems of the Sixteenth Century" for publication, Mr. Dalyell had carefully examined nearly seven hundred MS. collections.

tional perversion. The passage of the miracle I have no objection to alter by inserting the word *monkish;* but the others, by taking the sense *complete,* seem to me unexceptionable. And as to the manufacturing of gods, a schoolboy knows there were as many shops in ancient Rome for that purpose as there are in Edinburgh for gingerbread. Besides, it would be truly hard if I was obliged to cut and carve my writings, and mutilate the sentiments or expressions till they exactly corresponded with the opinions of every illiberal person who chose to pervert them or say they were wrong. Believe me, if I chose to write against religion, I should screen myself behind no equivocal sentences, but attack it where it might be attacked. I am not afraid, and if the Church of Scotland dare to call my writings in question, only let them do it; I say, only let them do it. I am a gentleman, and I will be treated as such; and if any person presumes to pervert my meaning in any way whatever, if his rank is not equal to mine I will kick him; and if it is equal I will shoot him. Let people be cautious of what they advance, more especially if it may tend to affect any man's situation in life. My studies have been bent to Scottish history; if in time they are fortunate enough to assist the elucidation of it I am not benefited, it is the public. I have not only the command, but am intimately acquainted with the only real collection of literary antiquities—the Advocates' Library. I have access to all the public offices, and my station in life will afford me equal access to the records of families. I have advantages that few, if perhaps any one person in Scotland, can boast of for cultivating these studies. I do culti-

vate them, and, after infinite labour, produce the results. What is the consequence? An infamous narrow-minded slanderer exclaims, 'Here is a man who writes against religion!' So extraordinary an assertion, I can hardly credit my senses. I confess myself deeply hurt by it, and every member of my family is much more exasperated than me. I beg you will procure me the names of those who industriously propagate the report, and if you do not see unexampled punishment, I speak false. And so far from not avowing my sentiments, I desire you will subjoin my name the first time it is advertised. I am not ashamed of it; I am not ashamed of the family from which I am sprung, or my illustrious relatives, nor am I ashamed to acknowledge the employment of my time. Notwithstanding all this, my eyes shall never be so far shut to conviction as to reject the counsel of a judicious and liberal critic, and if he points out an error or an impropriety, however unconsciously it has escaped me, I will not obstinately refuse to correct it. You know well enough my anxiety not to push myself into notice as an author, and that this was the only reason for not submitting my labours to the inspection of a friend. But whoever inspects them now, I beg in particular that you would select a man on whose judgment you can depend, and one, if possible, to whom I am a perfect stranger. This little occurrence, trifling as it may seem, I cannot deny offends me, and I much fear will for ever tie up my pen, at least in Scotland and on Scottish affairs.—I am, dear Constable, yours very sincerely,

"JOHN GRAHAM DALYELL."

From the tone of the following, the poor man seems still to be in ill-humour with the world in general:—

"BINNS HOUSE, 3 *Nov.* 1801.

"DEAR CONSTABLE,—Lest you should wish to advertise K. Charles's Escape, I enclose a letter from him to my ancestor the General, which is the only one I can find. I am sure there were several formerly, but they seem to be either lost or mislaid. There are some, indeed, to foreign princes, recommending the General for his skill and fidelity. However, these are not appropriate to the publication. I shall give you materials for his Life if ever the work you plan should be put in execution. You can get some one or other to put them together, as I don't think I shall meddle with Scottish history again in a hurry.

"We have it in contemplation to lay our claim to the Earldom of Menteth before the House of Peers. I should wish much you would cause the publishers of the almanacs insert—1056-1135. Menteth, Earl of Menteth; dormant. Sir James Dalyell, Bart., of Binns, is the representative.

"I am not absolutely certain whether 1135 is correct; it should rather be 1115. I have it in my papers in town, and sincerely wish I had paid more attention to complete that title before, instead of attending to other things, for all the public gratitude I am likely to receive. Let me know by the bearer if you get the letter safe; otherwise another copy might be taken from the original.—I am, dear Constable, yours very sincerely,

"JOHN GRAHAM DALYELL."

The friendly confidence of Mr. Dalyell, like his reverence, was of a limited character; but for nearly fifteen years it appears to have remained unshaken in my father. On the 18th May 1809 he thus addressed him :—

"My dear Friend,—As you are one of the few persons in whom I can repose any confidence, I am induced to request your interposition where I think you of all people have any chance of success. Our friend George Chalmers has a very valuable manuscript, the *Chartulary of Glasgow*, which I have a great desire to acquire for the Advocates' Library, and which would truly be a useful acquisition to the country, because it is a historical record. I hinted to him, when I was last in London, that we should be glad to make him any valuable consideration if he would part with it; but his answer to that was that he did not consider it his own property. I have since understood that the manuscript in fact belongs to nobody; that it was carried to France by Archbishop Beaton between 1540 and 1560, and kept in the Scots College ever since. At the French Revolution it was brought to this country, though I cannot discover by whom, and *lent* to George Chalmers. He gave it to me to carry down here to Mr. Thomson, to get a transcript made for the Library; but as that gentleman's operations are rather tardy in general, I believe the transcript is yet to begin, or nearly so. Don't you think Mr. Chalmers would allow the chartulary to be deposited in the Library? If so, we should make him a very handsome consideration, either in *solid cash*, or perhaps, what would be more agreeable, in books. The first time you see him I wish you would contrive

to introduce the matter. It is now no object for him to keep the manuscript, and it would be useful to many here.

"I hope all your concerns are flourishing in London. Your lists of literary property must surely astonish the gentlemen of the South. We understand that it is now possible to have some communication with Holland in the book way. Perhaps De Boffe or Dulau may be able to get some of the Dutch Catalogues. I got a sight of Denley's from Blackwood. It is quite unknown here, and many curious things are in it. The Londoners have given us very few Catalogues this year. Is there no possibility of getting foreign publications of the scientific class? Try if you can pick up a few of the Naufragia for me, for though I have a considerable number of copies I should like the originals. I believe Lane published two or three. I have originals of the most common, such as Cartan, Mackay, Fellowes. The others will chiefly be found in collections of tracts. Mr. Weber tells me he has something on the subject in German; so with the research and opportunities in our power I have no doubt but we shall be able to excel all hitherto published. It must be a future consideration whether it would be expedient to engross everything, or only make a selection.

"Observe not to mention a syllable of the Chartulary of Glasgow to any of my fraternity; and the matter must be delicately managed with Mr. Chalmers. I know you are on the best habits with him. I have full confidence in your ability; and should this matter succeed I shall certainly state to the Faculty at large their obligations to

you. You will hardly be able to read this scrawl. With many wishes for the prosperity of all your undertakings, believe me, my dear friend, yours ever sincerely,

"JOHN GRAHAM DALYELL."

In the year 1810, Mr. Dalyell became a candidate for an office under Government, and requested my father to become surety for his intromissions with the public money, to an undefined amount. This request my father found it prudent to decline, assuring his friend, that while willing to guarantee four or even five thousand pounds, he did not feel himself entitled to assume an indefinite liability:—

"There is no favour that I could bestow on any man that I would not feel pleasure in conferring on you; and had the security required amounted to a fixed sum of four or five thousand pounds, it would unquestionably have been at your command; but I expressly told you that I must have the nature of the obligation properly explained. It has been so, and proving to be to an unlimited amount, I cannot see that I am chargeable with any breach of promise in withholding it, particularly under such overwhelming circumstances as might arise from such an obligation, and for all the reasons so candidly expressed in my former letters,—reasons which I doubt not any friend of mine, disposed to be at all reasonable, would have received as in every respect satisfactory.

"I again repeat my reliance on your integrity; but I do not conceive myself as at all entitled to put my name to a cautionary obligation, *under any circumstances*, in-

volving a responsibility far exceeding my industriously acquired means."[1]

The following letter evidently has reference to this declinature:—

"EDINBURGH, *Feb.* 10, 1810.

"DEAR CONSTABLE,—From your letter I regret to learn that you are indisposed. You say that you fear I have taken some offence; is there any wonder that it should be the case? I was your sworn and steady friend, too disinterestedly so I apprehend, for a period little less than fifteen years; but to speak plainly, we shall never again be on the same terms that we have been. On a careful retrospect I can discover few prominent indications of reciprocal friendship. I scorn either to indulge in reproach or to make unfavourable predictions, but I hope that at the end of a similar period you will find those equally steady on whom you may have bestowed more regard. My expectations of some of them, I confess, are different.—Yours truly, JOHN GRAHAM DALYELL."

The breach thus created would seem to be irreparable. Not so; for on the 13th December of the following year, I find Mr. Dalyell, on occasion of the publication of Some Account of an Ancient Manuscript of Martial's Epigrams, writing as follows:—

"MY DEAR CONSTABLE,—I particularly regret the cause of our not seeing you to-day: the cares of the world are

[1] It had been well for my father had he continued to act in accordance with this principle.

sufficient harassment without indisposition; and were it not for your superior talents above thousands of others, you would never be able to conquer them.

"The vellum being damped, and the satin of the tract prepared for taking the impression, reduces me to the necessity of throwing it off immediately. The latter is the first that has ever been done here, and I cannot be averse to the name of one of my friends standing along with my own, especially when I consider that more creditable publications have been brought forward by him than by all the booksellers in Scotland for the last twelve years put together. Therefore, as the whole impression is thirty copies, which will not admit of profit by retail, and the credit of standing on vellum must come in lieu of it, I shall put your name, my good friend, on the title-page, providing you allow me £5, 5s. each for the vellum, and half a guinea each for twelve paper copies. You are the only man in Edinburgh who either deserve such an offer, or who can take it, because I think none other could indemnify himself. The tract is a little larger than the last, consisting of 78 pages.—Believe me, ever yours faithfully, J. G. DALYELL.

"Do you think we could yet get any of the Shipwrecks in Murray's possession? There might be some novelty. If you have any intimate connexion with Johnson, St. Paul's Churchyard, he might aid us to procure a Shipwreck published by him in 1785—Boys' Loss of the Luxembourg Galley, which I have sought elsewhere unsuccessfully."

Ominous clouds frequently returned throughout the whole period of their intercourse, but gleams of sunshine always intervened, and the personal regard mutually entertained by Mr. Dalyell and my father, though often in abeyance, was never extinguished. In the "autobiographic fragment" there is a list of his published works, and some allusion to a serious misunderstanding that arose, in consequence of Mr. Dalyell's contributions to the General Gazetteer not having given satisfaction to the editor. After this period it does not appear that there existed any direct literary connexion between the parties, but that Mr. Dalyell did not willingly relinquish claims on his old friend is evident even in the sensitive allusion in the following letter to the diminished frequency of my father's calls at No. 54 Hanover Street:—

"27*th Sept.* 1825.

"MY DEAR SIR,—It would be very presumptuous of me to anticipate the probable reception of a work (Constable's Miscellany) conceived and digested by infinitely more able counsellors. Interesting subjects, suitably discussed by the candid, intelligent, and honourable, will always command public attention. But, to own the truth, the farther my researches are carried the less reason do I find to consider myself an adequate judge of literary matters. . . . You are embarking in a great adventure, however, more easily commenced than concluded.

"It gives me much concern to learn from yourself that you are still an invalid. Infirmity magnifies distance; but when I had first the pleasure of knowing you, which

I observe in my Memoirs belongs to the year 1796, you enjoyed such an admirable share of health and spirits, that even triple the space between the Register Office and Hanover Street would have seemed short on emergency. I wish I had left room to transcribe the passage.—Meantime, believe me, yours always,

"J. GRAHAM DALYELL."

This letter is so singularly devoid of tenderness, that I have pleasure in quoting one of two years' later date, when my father's misfortune had come to the aid of his persistent endeavours to "overcome evil with good," and had called forth the latent regard of his friend into expression, with something akin to an implied admission of fallibility:—

"*24th June* 1827.

"MY DEAR SIR,—I feel quite at a loss how to express my sense of this new testimony of your friendship, in sending me your valuable Miscellany. I can only offer my sincere wishes for all that success which the work deserves, and for your own prosperity alike.

"But it gave me much concern to understand that of late your health had been somewhat precarious, for I have made many inquiries; and indeed I should have done so in person, had I thought it would have been agreeable for you to have seen me.—Believe me, my dear Sir, yours faithfully, J. GRAHAM DALYELL."

They did not meet again. My father died on the 21st of the following month, and on the 26th July Mr. Dalyell wrote the following kindly letter to my eldest brother, in

which he at length gave free expression to the feelings of his heart:—

"My dear Sir,—Words could feebly express my regret for my early, my worthy friend, your father. No one possessed my regard more sincerely. His loss awakens all the reminiscences of former years. I should have gone far to pay the last tribute to his memory, but unhappily the intelligence had reached me too late. With the warmest wishes towards you for the sake of him who is gone, believe me, etc. etc. J. Graham Dalyell."

Mr. Dalyell received the honour of knighthood in 1836, and in 1841 succeeded, on the death of his brother, to the family title and estates, as Sir John Graham Dalyell, sixth Baronet of Binns.

CHAPTER XII.

Joseph Ritson—John Pinkerton—Robert Jamieson.

SOME years ago a friend of mine, when visiting at Fulham Palace, enjoyed the honour, not often vouchsafed to Scottish laymen, of passing a night under the same roof with five prelates of the Church of England, and witnessed the departure next morning of two of the right reverend gentlemen, in the brougham of their host, who quaintly expressed a doubt whether one horse would be able to draw so great a load of dignity. My friend remarked that he believed horse-power alone could draw together two prelates so diametrically opposed in politics, both lay and clerical.

A faculty exists, however, of wielding and welding, for a time and end, the powers of very various minds; and by no one has this faculty been manifested in more eminent degree than by Sir Walter Scott. Mr. Lockhart tells us that in the preparation of the Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border, he enlisted the united services of Richard Heber and the Ettrick Shepherd, George Ellis and William Laidlaw, John Leyden, Robert Jamieson, and Joseph Ritson, individuals whom perhaps no other man could have associated in a common cause. Even among the "happy families" that earn a living for themselves and their con-

ductors by a public exhibition of mutual forbearance—if we may not say agreement,—there is frequently a perverse monkey in disgrace for abstracting feathers from the peacock's tail, and apt to bring the exemplary community into disorder by his malicious freaks. Such an one—but for Scott's controlling, sweetening influence—Mr. Lockhart would have us believe that Ritson might have been. He tells us that "this narrow-minded, sour, and dogmatical little word-catcher had hated the very name of a Scotsman, and was utterly incapable of sympathizing with any of the higher views of his new correspondent. Yet the bland courtesy of Scott disarmed even this half-crazy pedant; and he communicated the stores of his really valuable learning in a manner that seems to have greatly surprised all who had hitherto held any intercourse with him on antiquarian topics."[1] The biographer elsewhere[2] dwells with evident complacency on the eccentricities of the "half-mad pedant," as he calls him, and details an invasion of them by John Leyden, in devouring, merely for the horror of the rigid vegetarian, a raw beef-steak. On the authority of Mr. Robert Pierce Gillies, whom he designates as "a gentleman of the Scotch bar, well known, among other things, for some excellent translations from the German," Mr. Lockhart also tells us that on another occasion, Ritson had "expressed himself in such outrageous terms" to Mrs. Scott, in consequence of that lady having offered him a slice of cold beef, that Leyden threatened to "*thraw his neck*," and thus "frightened him away." I confess my utter disbelief of the whole story, the more so

[1] See *Life*, vol. i. p. 330. [2] *Ibid.* vol. i. p. 358.

as Mr. Lockhart describes the "Recollections of Sir Walter Scott," wherein it is related, as "a set of papers in which many inaccurate statements occur."

My father's correspondence with Mr. Ritson was uninterruptedly friendly, and his Life and Letters, published by Pickering in 1833, ought to have restrained Mr. Lockhart from presenting him as an object of ridicule and dislike. He was a man of warm heart and honourable principles, and if he unhappily neither made the most of this world nor hoped for one to come, if his temper was irritable and his faith was weak, while yet he exerted himself strenuously in what he believed to be the cause of truth, and was kind and considerate to his friends and his dependants, he surely rather deserves compassion than reprobation at the hands of Christian men. If we are to credit the narrative of Mr. R. P. Gillies, his temper must have been far from unforgiving, for in letters written to Mr. Scott after the events therein detailed, Ritson mentions Leyden as their "inestimable friend," declares "there are no men in the world I am so desirous to see as your friend Leyden and yourself," and says, "Though I can hardly flatter myself with another pleasant and interesting visit to Lasswade Cottage, the stay [in London] of our amiable and accomplished friend Dr. Leyden is some atonement."

As a critic Ritson was certainly severe, and often repented of his severity, but he was always desirous to be just, and never hesitated to make the *amende* where he felt it was required of him. In his earliest letter to my father (1801), already printed in 1833, there occurs a characteristic passage, which I shall here transcribe :—"I

am sorry to say that I have looked over (for it is impossible that any one should read) your publication of Scotish Poems of the Sixteenth Century,[1] with astonishment and disgust. To rake up the false, scandalous, and despicable libels against the most beautiful, amiable, and accomplished princess that ever existed, whose injurious treatment, misfortunes, persecution, imprisonment, and barbarous murder will be a lasting blot on the national character to the end of time, and which were, as they deserved, apparently devoted to everlasting oblivion and contempt, —to stuff almost an entire volume with the uninteresting lives of such scoundrels as Regent Murray and the laird of Grange,—to publish, in short, such vile, stupid, and infamous stuff, which few can read, and none can approve, is a lamentable proof of a total want of taste or judgment, a disgrace to Scottish literature, degrades the reputation of the editor, and discredits your own. I must be free to tell you that I will not suffer such an infamous and detestable heap of trash to pollute and infect my shelves; it is therefore under sentence of immediate transportation. I confess, at the same time, that the libel against the Tulchan Bishop, though excessively scurrilous, has much merit, and would have been admissible in any collection of a different description."

In the following extracts of letters from Mr. Ritson, I shall preserve the peculiar orthography. The correspondence mainly refers to a publication of Select Scotish Poems, which he had intrusted to my father's care, of which, at the time of the author's death, only two sheets

[1] Edited by John Graham Dalyell, Esq., advocate.

had been printed, and which, I believe, was never completed. The correspondence is unimportant, unless in so far as it tends to redeem the character of Ritson from the imputation of acrimony, so liberally attributed to it by Mr. Lockhart and others, and to show that Leyden's offence, if ever offered, had been soon forgotten. In the earliest, dated December 19, 1801, after a kindly message to that *bête noire*, he offers my father the publication of another work:—

"My annals of the Picts, Scots, Strath-Clyde Britons, Cumbrians, Galwegians, and men of Murray, in Latin and Englissh, with which i have takein great pains, and which is certainly a very cūrious book for that sort of learning, is now ready for the press.[1] If you think it would answer for your shop, it is at your service; but i do not wish you to venture upon it, if you are not perfectly satisfy'd, though we should likewise have the name of a good bookseler in London. Think on this and tel me your mind."

In a letter of March 1, 1802, Mr. Ritson writes of "our amiable and excellent friend, Mr. Leyden," and expresses a desire for a copy of Pinkerton's—which he elsewhere calls "the *Goth-pik's*"—History of Scotland.

On Sept. 25, 1802, he writes as follows:—

"In consequence of two serious paralytick shocks, my physician has recommended me to go to Bath for a month, which is all the time i have to spare. If I hapen'd to

[1] It was eventually published by his nephew, in 1828; two vols. crown 8vo.

make use of any improper expressions in my last letter, i sincerely beg your pardon, as i have and shal ever retain for you the utmost regard and esteem; but unhapyly my mind is liable to be irritateëd by trifling circumstances.—Dear Sir, earnestly and sincerely, your ever faithful friend, and obedient humble servant, J. RITSON."

Ritson's horror of animal food, and the diminutive *egotism* of his peculiar orthography, were eccentricities that could give no offence to others, while his many fine qualities of head and heart attracted the regard and admiration of such men as George Chalmers, Mr. Surtees of Mainsforth, and Walter Scott. The latter wrote of him after his death:[1]—"I loved poor Ritson, with all his singularities; he was always kind and indulgent to me. He had an honesty of principle, which, if it went to ridiculous extremities, was still respectable, from the soundness of the foundation. I don't believe the world could have made Ritson say the thing he did not think. I wish we had his like at present. . . . I always received from him the readiest, kindest, and most liberal assistance in the objects of our joint pursuits."

In allusion to Mr. Ritson's dislike of animal food arising from a principle of humanity, Mr. Surtees says:[2] "I could mention a hundred instances of Ritson's unaffected feeling for the sufferings of the brute creation —their groans entered his soul. It is easy to ridicule such feelings, but I own I had rather possess them than

[1] See Memoir of Joseph Ritson, by Sir Harris Nicholas. Lond. 1833.
[2] *Ibid.* p. lxix.

laugh at them;" and again, "In whatever singular habits or speculative opinions he might indulge, his deep and serious feelings were neither morose nor unsocial; his attachments were steady and disinterested; the associates of his youth were the friends of his age, and he lost the regard of no honest man whose good opinion he had once acquired. He neglected no natural tie of blood or connexion, and to an only nephew his attention was parental. In society with those in whose characters he had confidence, Ritson was a lively, cheerful companion, frank and unreserved; and, if tenacious of his own peculiar opinions, he was at least most tolerant of those of others, and would permit every one to . . . jingle his bells to his own tune."

Like Charles Lamb and Sydney Smith, and other Englishmen who have disparaged Scotsmen and their country, Ritson counted many of my countrymen as his most valued friends, and to one of these, Mr. William Laing,[1] evidently in *badinage*, he thus expresses himself in a letter dated Jan. 25, 1793:—"Shoals of Scotchmen are arriving here every day; the difficulty, I should imagine, would be to find one going back. Edinburgh, at the same time, is so very small a place, that you may be easily acquainted with the motions of every individual from your shop-door. Formerly, I have been told, when a Scotchman intended a journey to the South, he used to ring the cryer's bell for a quarter of a year beforehand, in order to indemnify himself against the enormous expenses of the Newcastle waggon, by the packets and

[1] See Ritson's Letters, vol. ii. p. 9.

parcels he got the charge of from his neighbours; but at present, I suppose, the neighbours go too—not in the Newcastle waggon, but the mail-coach!—*Tempora mutantur.*"

Mr. Ritson's ailments had been more serious and deeply seated than any one except himself supposed; a crisis came, and on the 4th October 1803 George Chalmers wrote as follows to my father:—

"I know not if you have heard of the sad fate of poor Ritson. He was sent from Gray's Inn to Hoxton, sadly deranged, a fortnight ago, and from Hoxton has been sent to that bourn whence none return. He died last Saturday. Before he was sent from the Inn he was seen burning his papers a whole night. I hear nothing is left, except his copy of Shakespeare, which he had been long preparing for the press. This leads me to ask if you ever got from him the biographical work on the historians and poets of Scotland, which he put into my hands, and intended for you. I intended to have corrected it for him and for you. But before I could do much he sent for it, in order to show it to Mr. Scott, when he was up here lately. Happy if he sent it to you by Mr. Scott; if he did not, it is gone—for ever. If you should happily have got it, I am still more ready, now that Ritson is gone, to do what I can to make the book as perfect as possible. The subject, and charity, demand this of me, amidst my many labours."

On the 27th of the same month Mr. Chalmers writes:—"I shall keep an eye on poor Ritson's Remains; and if I can retrieve what I fear is gone, you shall know; I

would give more for the MS. than any bookseller, because I would make it a groundwork;" and again, on the 27th December in that year :—"You have heard of the fate of Ritson's Bibliographia Scotica, which was said to have been burnt, but appeared in his Catalogue. I wished for it, that I might have completed it, and given it to *you*, as Ritson intended. I offered upwards of forty guineas for it; and Longman and Rees bought it dearly either for you or Mr. Walter Scott. If they find it a dear bargain, they have themselves to blame by not acting in concert for the good of the whole. Longman and Rees must, at last, come to me for help."

The coveted MS. was, I understand, eventually presented by Messrs. Longman and Co. to Mr. Chalmers, in acknowledgment of some literary service rendered by that gentleman.

In the third No. of the Edinburgh Review Mr. Ritson's foolish crotchet on "Abstinence from Animal Food" is very severely dealt with by Lord Brougham, and the author held up to contempt on account of it, and even to execration for a graver fault; but in the fourteenth No. of the same journal the genial reviewer of his Metrical Romances takes a more lenient view, and sums up his notice in the following words :—"Upon the whole, it occurs to us, from a careful perusal of his Essay, that Mr. Ritson's talents were better adapted to research than to deduction, to attack than to defence, to criticism than to composition; and that he has left us a monument of profound industry and extensive study, undirected by any attempt at system, and tarnished by the splenetic pecu-

liarities of an irritable temperament. Still, let it be remembered to his honour, that without the encouragement of private patronage, or of public applause, without hopes of gain, and under the certainty of severe critical censure, he has brought forward such a work on National Antiquities, as in other countries has been thought worthy of the labour of Universities and the countenance of princes."

The true Ishmael among archæologists of that day was John Pinkerton, who seldom praises others, and of whom no one seems to have a good word to say. Neither shall I enter on his defence. My father's literary connexion with him, in so far as I am aware, was limited to the Iconographia Scotica, or Portraits of Illustrious Persons in Scotland, with Biographical Notes.[1] Mr. Pinkerton was notorious as well for suppression as misquotation of authorities, for *suppressio veri* and *suggestio falsi.* In his collection of Scotish Ballads, 1783, he inserted as ancient a Second Part of Hardyknute, etc., which were proved to be modern; yet, in the Preface to his Dissertation on the Scythians or Goths, he says: "In Germany or Scandinavia, if an author were to quote falsely, he would go near to incur the character of a scoundrel and a liar." He must have presumed too confidently on the greater lenity of his countrymen in estimating his own productions. Sir Walter Scott says of him that "he understood in an exten-

[1] Pinkerton ordered eleven articles from my father's first printed Catalogue, and thus concludes his letter:—"Your Catalogue is curious and valuable, and I wish you great success."

sive sense Horace's maxim, *quidlibet audendi*." In his Recollections of Paris in 1802 to 1805 we have abundant evidence of the low level of his moral standard. He died there in 1825.

A very different and far higher man was Robert Jamieson. Of genial heart and honourable mind, he thought of himself not more highly than he ought to think, and was liberal in his esteem and consideration for others. Materials are slender for biographic illustration of Mr. Jamieson; he was a native, I believe, of Elgin, and must have received a classical education, for in 1800, the time at which his correspondence with my father began, he was usher in the school at Macclesfield in Cheshire, conducted by the Rev. Dr. Davies. His earlier communications have reference to the Popular Ballads,[1] published at Edinburgh in 1806,—a work which, according to Sir Walter Scott, "was not greeted by the public with the attention it deserved." Sir Walter describes Mr. Jamieson as "a gentleman of literary and poetical accomplishments," and was afterwards instrumental, by means of an arrangement with Mr. Thomas Thomson, Deputy Clerk-Register, in bringing him back to this country, from Riga, where for some years he acted as tutor in the family of a merchant. Scott's kindly feeling for Jamieson was warmly returned, and it is pleasing to observe the interest that each felt in the literary work

[1] Popular Ballads and Songs, from Traditions, Manuscripts, and Scarce Editions, with Translations of Similar Pieces from the Ancient Danish Language, and a few Originals by the Editor. 2 vols. 8vo.

and reputation of the other. Jamieson writes to my father on 6th June 1801 :—

"Send me Scotland's Complaint, and the other Collection, if there are many things in it which have not been edited before. Mr. Scott tells me he is hard at work scouring the rusty panoply of Sir Tristrem. Pray let me have him as soon as he has got his new *claiths* on. Will you have the goodness in the meantime to present my kindest and most grateful respects to Mr. Leyden, who, Mr. Scott tells me, has had the politeness to undertake to transcribe some things for me in the Advocates' Library; tell him how sensible I am of the kindness he does me, but that I am ashamed to think he should have such drudgery on my account. It would be particularly agreeable to me if Mr. Leyden would have the goodness to point out any lyrical pieces yet unedited in the Bannatyne MS., or elsewhere, worth preserving, to commit them to some careful transcriber, and glance over the copy, allowing for the writing out whatever he may think reasonable and an amanuensis may agree to do it for. I will immediately, and with much thankfulness, transmit the money to London, to be paid as you shall direct; and may I hope that you will do me the favour to be my banker in Edinburgh! As I am a poor *school-fag*, he may perhaps be disposed to labour for me out of charity. But I am not so very poor; my income this half-year being fifty and a half guineas, with board, lodging, coals, candle, attendance, etc. This, though not opulence, is comfortable for a poor minstrel, and I mention it to take off the delicacy and reserve which an apprehension of my incapacity

to pay might occasion on the part of my good friends in your quarter, in letting the copies be taken for me at my own expense. I do nothing in the ballad way at present, nor have had leisure to do this half-year; but in ten days our six weeks' summer vacation commences, and I must 'fecht like a Turk and work like a man' to bring up my lee-way. I only wait for a few things from Scotland to set to. I begin every day to feel more and more reluctance to publishing by subscription, but have not yet finally determined. My paper has been bought some time —wove, cream-coloured, etc. I believe I shall give few prints, if any;—I must have so much music. Tell Mr. Scott I'll write to him forthwith. I have not yet got the complete copy of the Baron of Brakely from Scotland. The third stanza of his fragment of it made the tears start into my eyes."

On the 29th of the same month Jamieson writes as follows to Scott himself:—

"Sorry I am, my dear friend, that you should have had such reasons for your long silence. Under such circumstances I know how irksome a task writing at all must be, and I value as I ought your kindness in making such sacrifices on my account. All the things you have had the goodness to send me are to my purpose. The third stanza of the Baron of Brakely brought the tears to my eyes. I have got a complete copy of it, but much inferior in its dress to yours, which I would give a great deal to have complete and genuine. Pray, is the music of it come-atable? If I remember aright (for I have not heard it

since I was a boy) the music of Lord Roslin's Daughter is very decent. Could you procure it? I am much pleased with that piece, of which I remembered the greater part. Some of the readings, as I learnt it when a boy, are preferable, I think, to Herd's MS., *e.g.*—

'Whan the cherry is in the *flirrey*,
I wat it has nae stane,
Whan the chicken is in the *egg*,
I wat it has nae bane;
And sin' the flood o' Noah
The dow she had nae ga' :
Sae we 'll baith lye in ae bed,
And ye 'se lye neist the wa'.'

"You know the tradition in Scotland, that the dove which Noah sent out of the ark in search of land, flew till she broke her gall before she returned, and that that bird has never had a gall since?

"I am exceedingly obliged to you and Mr. Leyden for all your kind endeavours in my behalf; and am only sorry that my situation should not only oblige me to be troublesome to my friends, but preclude my making them any suitable return. On this head I lately gave a commission to Mr. Constable, which I presume he has delivered. By the bye, I have lost all hope about the books which I ordered of him. Why does he not write me, either to say that I shall or shall not have them? Will you have the goodness to ask him when you see him? You 'll please tell Mr. Laing when you see him, that I have not yet received the Euripides, which has been at the binder in London these four months; but I shall transmit the money to Cuthil in eight or ten days.

"Did you ever hear Gregor's Ghost? I have heard it, but I remember nothing of it. I should like much to have it as a companion to Fair Annie of Lochryan, if it has any reference to that story, which I do not remember. Did Dr. Anderson receive a hasty scrawl from me, accompanying Lady Jane and The Gude Wallace? What says he of them? What have you made of Jellon Graeme? You have two copies, concluding differently. Could you take the other, and leave Mrs. Brown's for me? This is a very bold request; but if the other is good also, both might be preserved, and I am very fond of it. Do you take The Wells of Slains? There is a fine old ditty which I wish much to procure—do you know it? The story is nearly the same with that of Glasgerion in Percy, It begins in some such way as this :—

'Glenkendie was ance the best harper
That ever harp'd on a string;
He 'd harpit fish out o' saut water,
Or water out o' a stane;
Or milk out o' a maiden's breast,
That bairn had never nane,' etc.

"In Ritson's Robin Hood, Notes and Illustrations, p. lxxv., he mentions 'an old book in black letter in the Advocates' Library, sent to the Faculty by a gentleman from Ayrshire in 1788,' in which 'are fourteen leaves of *fits*, etc., of Robyn Hood.' Ritson could not get at the book. Pray is it still in the Library? and what does it contain? What are these *fits?* Are they fragments of 'A Lytell Geste of Robyn Hode, in 8 fittes,' reprinted by Ritson? You 'll much oblige me by inquiring.

"As it is at present vacation-time with us, I am quite at

leisure, and wish to get my materials together as soon as possible, in order that I may work upon them before the labour of next session begins. Are there any interesting variations from the printed editions in your copy of May Colvin and False Sir John?

"How does Sir Tristrem come on? Is the good old knight's panoply genuine antique, or has some of the true mold of the rust been brushed off in passing through different hands? I long uncommonly to see him. When may we hope for the publication?

"How does Dr. Anderson come on with Drummond? And Dr. Jamieson with his lexicographic work? Please remember me kindly to them.

"With best wishes for all health and happiness to you and Mrs. Scott and family, I am, my dear friend, your most obliged friend and servant, R. JAMIESON."

In illustration of the considerateness of Mr. Jamieson, I shall quote the following passage from a letter to my father, in which he seems to have good reason to accuse his correspondent of neglecting his commissions :—"Pray let me hear from you *immediately.* I hope you have no sufficient excuse for your neglect. If it has been owing to ill-health, or any other disagreeable circumstance, I have only to beg pardon and be sorry for my impatience, and to assure you that I am sincerely yours."

In August 1803 I find Jamieson writing as follows from Epsom :—"Your last I received here, where I shall remain for some time with my friend Mr. Boucher,[1] assist-

[1] The Rev. Jonathan Boucher was a learned clergyman and philologist, born in Cumberland in 1738, and died in 1804.

ing him with his Archæological Dictionary." Was this work ever completed? In 1805, on the 10th August, Jamieson writes from London :—

"I have sent my Ballads, but in a miserably ragged state, to Mr. Scott. If you think that, even as they are, they may sell, I will, at the end of two years, indemnify you to the amount of £30, but no more, if you should publish a handsome edition of them, and be out of pocket by it. Let them not be printed at all, if it will be too great a risk to publish such an edition as that of the Border Minstrelsy. Cadell and Davies lately made me an offer, through the medium of Bulmer the printer, of publishing at their own risk, and sharing profits, if any.

"I have hardly time to tell you how sensible I am of the handsome manner in which you have behaved towards me on various occasions, since I had the pleasure of seeing you at Edinburgh."

Not long after this I apprehend that Mr. Jamieson must have gone abroad, for in 1806 we find Walter Scott already negotiating for his return, though it will be seen from the following correspondence that in June 1808 he was still at Riga :—

MR. WALTER SCOTT to MR. JAMIESON.

"EDINBURGH, 16*th Decr.* 1806.

"Robert Jamieson, Esq., Riga.

"MY DEAR SIR,—I was yesterday surprised to find by a letter of yours, dated on the 15th November, that you have not got two of mine, written since the publication

of your book. In the last I mentioned what I now have the pleasure to repeat, that the Ballads have been very well received by the public, and Constable is pleased with the sale. Since that time there has been a pretty rough attack from the Critical Review, arising, I suppose, from the connexion which Mr. Pinkerton has with that Journal. He is returned from Paris, and probably was not particularly gratified with the notice taken of him in your Preface. This, however, is but a conjecture of mine. Constable long ago shipped for you the books you wanted, from Leith. The vessel was driven back, and the books re-landed and shipped in another vessel. There were also several sets, four or five I think he says, of your own work, and I am truly surprised and sorry to find that the package has not reached you. I cannot but hope you have ere now received one at least of my letters. I wish with all my heart you were safe in Scotland. Mr. Thomson, who has been lately named deputy of the Lord Register, has great occasion for assistance from some person as well acquainted as you are with old hands and Scottish antiquities. He is a noble-minded fellow, and would strain a point to make your situation comfortable, if you would think of assisting him in his department, which is the Ancient Records and Diplomata of Scotland. I suppose that as this sort of labour is very well paid, you might be sure of from £150 to £200 a year to begin with, and every effort would be made to place you on a more permanent footing. When I say £150 or £200, I mean that as this is a kind of piece-work, Mr. Thomson would put it in your power to

execute work to that amount. You could easily combine this labour with that of teaching a scholar or two, if you were so disposed. We would, of course, keep the Library in our eye, as it must open one day. In short, you would be on the spot; and although my friends are not at present in power—so that, like Noodle in Tom Thumb, I am on the side of the malcontents,—yet things may turn round again, when I will have some chance of being listened to. I am sensible this is a very small thing, but it gives you a footing in your native country, and connects you with a most excellent man, whom I am sure you would have every reason to be pleased with.

"I must not omit to mention that your Norse translations came safe, and are printed in your collection. The principal blunder in the work was the mutilating the battle of Belrinnes, which has not been discovered by the Critical critic. As I am very uncertain as to this letter's fate, I will rather repeat what I have said in another than prolong it at present. All your friends are well, and the country is *one and all.*—Believe me, yours most truly,

"WALTER SCOTT."

MR. JAMIESON to MR. CONSTABLE.

"RIGA, *June 7th*, O.S., 1808.

"MY DEAR SIR,—Having never heard a word about my collection of Ballads since about a month after they were published, I am totally in the dark as to their fate, and the reception they have met with. Willing, however, to do justice to you, to such as may have purchased the

work, and to myself, as soon as I knew that it was to be published I resumed my labours with the utmost zeal and industry. I have now by me, fairly transcribed for the press, nearly thirty romantic ballads, etc., translated from the Icelandic, Danish, Swedish, and German, all of them curious, and all of them, so far as I know, perfectly new, in any form or language whatsoever, to my countrymen. These, with the notes, etc. (which I hope will do me some credit, as they have cost me much pains), and glossary, will make a third volume, larger than those already published. As sixteen of the ballads from the Danish are now in Mr. Scott's hands, he will be able to give you some idea of what may be expected from the volume. I have given him leave to let them all be inserted in the Scots Magazine, with my signature. If the unfortunate volumes already published have been sold, the third volume will, I hope, redeem my character for accuracy and industry, and make my peace with the purchasers; if they have not sold, the third volume will make them sell; and I have it now in my power to prepare the work for a second edition, in such a manner as will make it a necessary appendage, and less unworthy companion, to the Border Minstrelsy. In the meantime, my dear Sir, if it has sold, and if you owe me so much money, you will oblige me very much by writing to Mr. Isaac Forsyth, bookseller in Elgin, and authorizing him to pay my poor old mother in Westfield, for me, the sum of £10 sterling. He can give the money to Mr. Buchan, the Episcopal clergyman in Elgin, who will give it to the good old woman; and let him tell her that I got it for

old ballads, which she often thought it very silly in me to be so fond of. I can at present devise no other possible means of conveying money to her; and there was so much blundering and so many delays before she got the last, that I am very anxious that she should receive this, which, in these trying times, I fear she wants. This is the fourth attempt I have made within these six months to transmit it, and all have failed. On this account, my dear Sir, whether you owe me so much money or not, if you think me deserving of so much credit, I hope you will trust me so far. If I live, you will certainly be paid, and if I die, at all events, thank God, my gear, though little, will be aboon my debts—I shall leave you ten pounds' worth of books and ballads, and my blessing. I shall be with you as soon as I can possibly get away from this wretched place, but I despair of that being sooner than next summer, by which time Buonaparte will probably drive us out *vi et armis.* Have the goodness to tell Mr. Scott whether you have done me this favour, as he may find means of having a letter conveyed to me, *via* London, according to the instructions I have given him.

"It does me good to hear that Mr. Scott continues to grow up and flourish like a green bay tree, and that the poet gets rich and the bookseller gets fat upon it—lang be 't sae! Be sure to scold him well when you see him for his unmerciful neglect in not writing me a single line these eighteen months, while I have written volumes to him. But perhaps that is the reason why he has not written to me, for fear of increasing the evil and provoking me to further trespasses upon his leisure and his patience; and certainly his

time has been much more profitably employed. I've sent him two more very curious ballads, which you will see or hear of. I have in meditation to translate for you a very entertaining and interesting work in four duodecimo volumes, of travels among the Calmucks; and as the author is a clergyman in Livonia, I shall procure such notes, drawings, etc., as will make the translation more valuable than the original, and will secure the property of it to the bookseller as certainly as if it were an original work. I'll bring it with me, and we must get rich and fat upon it. If we do, I shall go to Sweden with £600 in my pocket (if I can raise so much), stay at Lund, Upsala, Stockholm, etc., ten or twelve months, and return with a cart-load of books, MSS., antiquities, observations, translations, etc. etc.; then visit Orkney, Shetland, the Hebrides, write a book as big as Johnson's folio Dictionary, and astonish the world with the *greatness* of my works. Adieu; God bless you! R. JAMIESON."

The exact time of Mr. Jamieson's return to this country I do not know; but in 1811 and 1814, I find him on such cordial terms with our family, that he was a frequent and welcome visitor at Craigcrook, and invites himself to dine at my grandfather's house on New Year's Day. In 1820, on the occasion of his candidature for the office of Librarian to the Faculty of Advocates, he refers to Walter Scott, Thomas Thomson, and my father, as the best judges of his fitness for the post. He was unsuccessful, the appointment having been conferred on the late Dr. David Irving. It may be mentioned here, to

Mr. Jamieson's honour, as well as that of Dr. Benecke, Professor and Librarian in the University of Göttingen, who was proposed by Sir William Hamilton to succeed Mr. Manners on this occasion, but who declined to be nominated, that Mr. Jamieson stated, in his letter of application, that he could not offer himself as a *rival* of Dr. Benecke, though he would gladly accept a smaller salary as his *colleague.*

In his latter years Mr. Jamieson appears to have been unfortunate. His position in the General Register House became uncomfortable, and was at length relinquished. Mr. Innes, in his Memoir of Mr. Thomas Thomson, indicates a belief that Jamieson was one of the *genus irritabile;* "that it was not in his nature to be content; that he fretted extremely at the moderate pay and subordinate station." The notice I have here been enabled to give of him is contradictory of such a view. He died in London about the end of 1844.

CHAPTER XIII.

The Earl of Buchan.

DAVID STEWART ERSKINE, Earl of Buchan, along with much that was conceited and absurd, had qualities of sterling excellence, both mental and moral. In friendship he was active and sincere; he appeared indeed *possessed* by a spirit of friendliness, or perhaps I may call it friendly patronage, as it was more frequently manifested towards individuals than to society or the world at large. He had great confidence in the virtue and influence of his own opinion when expressed in favour of an individual or object, even where no reasons were adduced; he frequently gave recommendations like the following:—"Lord Buchan begs leave to recommend Mr. Henning to the attention of his friends,"—and has been known to congratulate a youthful artist, after one or two turns in Princes Street, with assurances of success, that had no firmer foundation than the fact that he had been seen in public with the modern Mecænas leaning on his arm.

Lord Buchan's intercourse with my father seems to have begun in 1799, and continued without interruption till 1827. His Lordship was no great collector of books, but had much general interest in literary matters; he contributed occasional papers of varying excellence, or rather worth, to the periodicals of the latter end of the

last and the early part of the present century; but though acute enough to discern good from bad in the writings of other men, the faculty of discriminating nonsense from sense appeared to desert him when the former flowed from his own pen. As an evidence of this, read the following lines by his Lordship, entitled The Earl of Buchan arriving in Scotland, to the Duchess of Gordon, printed in the Scots Magazine for 1802,[1] with an introduction by Leyden, the irony of which was recognised by all except the noble author:—

"Thou beauteous star whose silvery light
Enchanting came upon my youthful sight!
Ah! what a blaze has hid thy virgin rays,
Whilst I, in woods retired, have past my days!
Now, silvered o'er by time's eventful hand,
I greet the evening beam on Scotia's strand.
Clara! this image is to picture thee!
I saw thee rising from the Atlantic sea,
Thy tresses dropping the cerulean wave,
From whence thou didst the water lave;
The Graces and the loving Boy were there,
And whilst they braided thy ambrosian hair
I saw thee blushing, shrinking from my view,
And thy quick footsteps brushing o'er the dew.
Old Kaimes, like Vulcan, first proclaimed thy charms,
And blest Alexis took thee to his arms,
Clara! thy charms surpass the Paphian Queen,
Now Pallas' casque upon thy head is seen!
'Tis not our hearts suffice to grace thy car,
The Muses come at last to close the war.

[1] Fearing probably to offend his Lordship by declining his production, and yet jealous for their editorial reputation, the editors placed it alone amid the prose, stating that from respect for Lord Buchan they had "assigned it a conspicuous place in their Miscellany, distinct from the mass of vulgar poetry."

'Tis fixt; behold the wreath thou well hast won,
I bear it smiling with my setting sun!
I ask no praise, no sympathetic tear,
Heaven is my home, I am a stranger here."[1]

The Earl of Buchan was manifestly not a poet, but he

[1] The following "Irregular Ode to the Duchess of Gordon by the Earl of Buchan (*Second Edition*)," is also, I believe, from Leyden's pen, but has never before been printed :—

1. Thou beauteous star,
Seen from afar,
Than Phœbe's silvery beam more bright,—
As yet a boy,
And somewhat coy,
I first beheld thy dazzling light.

2. Ah! what a blaze,
In thy young days,
Thy matchless beauty first revealed!
Hid that full blaze,
Thy virgin rays,
In deepest darkness lay concealed.
Whilst I in woods,
Midst streams and floods,
Have lived retired since days of yore.
I mind myself,
I count my pelf,
And now my head is silvered o'er.

3. As insect tribes, so bright and gay,
Around the taper's quivering ray,
Are often burnt or singed;
So fluttering foplings, bards, and men
Of science, to your noble den
Allured, are quite unhinged.

4. Clara! this image is to picture thee,
Like Venus rising from the sea.
I saw thee bathing in the briny wave,
I saw thy hands the water lave;
Then Grace, thy maid,
Thy hair did braid,

seems to have possessed the gift of calling forth kindr verse from others. The following *Impromptu* was co posed by a Baronet of multitudinous sense and occ

---

Which her fingers most nimbly had weaved;
When quick o'er the dew,
You blushed as you flew,
But my optics perhaps were deceived.

5. For, wherefore, and why,
Should we blush and look shy,
Because truth quite naked is seen?
To be honest and civil,
And shame the old devil,
Not a rag should e'er cover her skin.

6. The village blacksmith first thy charms inspired,
When his strong frame at once was fired,
Not much unlike the red-hot iron he hammered,
While out 'midst sighs, some broken words he stammered.
So, to old Vulcan, Venus did her charms *forego*,
Jove's trusty blacksmith, many a year ago.

7. Clara! the Paphian Queen thy charms may dread.
Who, Madam, made the wig upon your head?
With noble ease and elegance it sits,
My taste in wigs—most critical, it hits.

8. La! what a waggon-load of hearts!
Six oxen, fed on turnips, stout and strong,
With force united, straining every nerve,
So huge a load could scarcely move along.

9. But now the Muses and the men of rhymes,
With modern song and tales of other times,
And odes, and elegies, and epigrams appear;
Loud squeaking voices pierce the ear;
While each in turn the verse recites,
The glowing verse the Muse indites,
I last, not least, shall close the war,
And celebrate thy glorious car.
I ask no praise, but let me have a dinner;
Far, far from home,—I am a strange old sinner.

EDINBURGH, *March* 16, 1802.

sional nonsense, and sent to my father a day after Lord Buchan had been seen in his company on the race-ground at Musselburgh :—

" To make up the rout
Lord Buchan 'came out'
To see the Musselburgh Races ;
But to keep 'himself in,'
And secure from all sin,
A 'Constable' watched all his paces.

" Oh why, my good Peer,
Should thus you appear,
With a male companion to chat,
When a sprightly young belle
Would suit you as well,
And would to your taste be more pat ?"

J. S.

As a proof that in 1816 his Lordship's admiration for his own productions had not diminished, the following, dated March 7th in that year, may here be quoted :—

" Lord Buchan returns Mr. Constable his hearty thanks for his obliging attention in sending him a copy of Anderson's Literary Miscellany, for the purpose of marking his anonymous and other tracts, which having done, he returns the volumes, which may some years hence attract regard in Mr. Constable's son's library, when a great mass of modern poetry and rascally politics shall have gone to their own place. At any rate, together with the copy of his learned and worthy ancestor Sir Thomas Brown of Norwich's Posthumous Tracts, which, with an extemporaneous effusion in the front of the book, written by Lord B., was presented to Mr. Constable many years ago, they will serve to mark the regard of the donor.

"Dr. Robert Anderson of Windmill Street, a native of Lord Buchan's mother's native district in the west of Scotland, is possessed of a large mass of his correspondence, from whence perhaps hereafter it may be thought not uninteresting to the literary world to make a selection for publication, especially if it should be interspersed with Biographical Notes."

Lord Buchan's correspondence with distinguished persons was intimate and extensive, and the maxims contained in the following address to Americans resident in Edinburgh, on the 22d of February (1817), being "the anniversary of the birth of the virtuous and truly illustrious Washington," may be read and laid to heart with advantage at the present day by our cousins across the Atlantic:—

"GENTLEMEN,—My venerable ancestor, Henry Lord Cardross, having in times too similar to the present in Europe, formed an asylum for his distressed people in Carolina, from whence they were unfortunately driven by the Spaniards, I have felt a more than ordinary sympathy with everything relating to your country and nation, and did take accordingly, in conjunction with my excellent friend the first Earl of Chatham, a warm interest in behalf of the injured Americans then subject to mine, and although half a century has now elapsed since that memorable era it hath not ceased.

"I have therefore brought you together, Gentlemen, on this day, to commemorate the virtues of George Washington, the illustrious founder of your Republic, which I pray

the Almighty Creator of the Universe to bless and preserve. That illustrious founder, Gentlemen, the truly excellent Washington, in one of his honoured letters to me on the subject of his country, writes thus :—'To be little heard of in the great world of politics, in the words of your Lordship's letter, is expressive of my sentiments; and I believe it is the sincere wish of United America to have nothing to do with the political intrigues or the squabbles of European nations, but on the contrary to exchange commodities and live in peace and harmony with all the inhabitants of the earth.' This, Gentlemen, I hope will continue to be the wish of your countrymen, and that you will treasure up in your memory the farewell advices and maxims of the glorious and virtuous President. 'Observe,' said he, 'a good faith and justice towards all nations; cultivate peace and harmony with all. Religion and morality enjoin this conduct; and can it be that good policy does not equally enjoin it? It will be worthy of a free enlightened nation, of a great nation, to give to mankind the magnanimous and too rare example of a people guided by an exalted justice and benevolence.

"'Can it be that Providence has connected the permanent felicity of nations with their virtues?

"'Promote, as an object of primary importance, institutions for the general diffusion of knowledge, etc.

"'I hold the maxim no less applicable to public than to private affairs, that *Honesty is always the best policy.*

"'Let us not indulge the supposition that morality can be maintained without religion.

"'In vain would that man claim the tribute of patriotism who should labour to subvert the pillars of religion and morality, the firmest props of the duties of men and citizens. A volume could not trace all their connexions with private and public felicity!'

"I glory, Gentlemen, in having enjoyed the friendship and confidence of Washington; nor can I conclude this address, without quoting another maxim from his:—

"'The foundations of national policy must be laid in the pure and immutable principles of private morality; since there is no truth more thoroughly established, than that there exists in the economy and course of nature an indissoluble union between virtue and happiness, between duty and advantage, between the genuine maxims of an honest and magnanimous people, and the solid rewards of public prosperity and happiness, since we ought to be no less persuaded that the propitious smiles of Heaven can never be expected on a nation that disregards the eternal rules of order and right which Heaven itself has established.'

"Finally, Gentlemen, the learned and eminent President Jefferson has set forth the character of his illustrious predecessor to me in the following words:—

"'I feel,' writes he, 'a pride in the justice which your Lordship's sentiments render to the character of my illustrious countryman Washington. The moderation of his desires and the strength of his judgment enabled him to calculate correctly that the road to that Glory which never dies is to use power for the support of the laws and liberties of our country, not for their destruction; and his

glory will accordingly survive the wreck of everything upon earth.'"

In this year also, on the occasion of my eldest brother setting out upon a Continental tour, Lord Buchan wrote a recommendatory letter to Lord Erskine,[1] his distinguished brother, and sent besides a social and political passport, which he calls a "general letter of my approbation and good wishes. . . . I flatter myself that this expression of my esteem and regard for you will prove useful, and that the Ministers and Consuls for Trade of my country, and the men of letters who have been formerly of my correspondence, will prove favourable to your views."

It has elsewhere been recorded, to the honour of Lord Buchan, that in his earlier years, while his income was scarcely adequate to the support of his position, he studiously limited his expenditure that he might be enabled to afford all desirable educational advantages to his two illustrious brothers. He was well repaid, not alone by their success, but by the grateful regard entertained for him throughout their lives; and in estimating his character this evidence of his generosity ought not to be forgotten.

The following letter of Lord Erskine's, written from Hampstead Heath in 1789, gives a pleasing picture of the household of the future Chancellor at that period:—

"HAMPSTEAD HEATH.

"MY DEAR BROTHER,—Mrs. E. commissioned me a long

[1] In this letter he characterizes the Chaldee MS., which had just appeared, as "a malignantly ludicrous *jeu d'esprit*, wherein John Graham Dalyell of Binns, advocate, our kinsman, is likewise held out to a sneering and malevolent set of idlers in this place."

time ago to answer your kind inquiries about the young people; but I was only disengaged yesterday from the sittings, and had not till then an hour, or indeed a moment, to myself—my business being greater than ever, and beyond all instance or example since Rufus built the Hall of Westminster. I hope to clear this year £10,000 without office, and without taking a guinea which I do not actually earn by active employment.

"The present moment is a very favourable one for the account you desire, as I have just finished the construction of a large kite, which is to be flown to-morrow on the common, and all the eight have been attending the manufacture.

"Fanny is, as you know, a woman; short, but excessively well made, with a very fine expressive countenance; and as to her temper and manners, quite unexceptionable. She has read a good deal, and has, behind a great deal of proper female reserve, a great deal of sound sense. Poor Bessy, whose misfortune (from the madness of quack inoculating put upon us in former times, though with good intention) you know, is also grown up. She is taller by, above a head and shoulders than Fanny, is the best girl in the world, and has a most astonishing genius for drawing; she draws all sorts of characters,—from intuition, one would think, as many of them she can hardly have been familiar with, or even seen.

"David I have often stated to you. He is just come home, and improves daily. He will be about my height. His features have been thickened by the natural smallpox, but his countenance is remarkably animated and

intelligent. I have little or no doubt that he will make a man of sense and business; and with respect to his temper and disposition I could almost depend upon him now for everything a father or a friend could desire.

"Margaret, Lady Buchan's god-daughter, is fair like her mother, but her hair darkens to auburn, and her eyebrows grow of the same colour. She has a genius for music, and will, I think, be handsome, as her skin is very fine, her features high, and her eyes a fine blue.

"Mary is a sort of mixture between our aunt Calderwood and our sister Isabella—ridiculously like both. I am sure you could not see her without laughing; her hair remarkably dark, and her cheeks very red, her form thick, and the whole structure of her mind exactly our aunt's. She is as shrewd as Satan, and the greatest gipsy that can be stated; but, to do her justice, most affectionate and good-tempered.

"Henry David is also fair, like his mother. He is six in summer. His countenance is remarkably open, and his hair will grow to auburn like Margaret's. He is very quick and merry, and remarkably good-tempered.

"Tom is four; he is dark, and Peggy Durie says like what I was at his age,—round-faced and red-cheeked, and made like a man of forty.

"Esme Stewart, when he is in good humour, looks like a spirited, intelligent man, and when he is sulky, like Catiline. He is dark—small, bright blue eyes, with immensely large eyebrows, and eyelashes half an inch long. He is good-humoured, but irritable and passionate in the extreme. One thing they all agree in is in shutting

their eyes, putting their chins in their stomachs, and running backwards and forwards, rubbing their hands together till they almost strike fire.

"They are all here upon the very top of Hampstead Heath, near Lord Mansfield's, where I took a house two years ago. The air is remarkably fine, and we are within a forty minutes' drive or ride when we like to stay a day or sleep a night there.

"Having expended my paper on domestic occurrences, I must delay the younger part until another time.

"Mrs. E. desires me to thank you for the Scotch wool. Give our love to Lady Buchan, and believe me to be ever most affectionately yours, ERSKINE."

A letter from Benjamin West, *P.R.A.*, as being prophetic of the fame to be achieved by our Scottish school of Painting, may on that account be read with interest :—

"NEWMAN STREET, *Jan.* 22, 1819.

"MY LORD,—Pray accept my sincere acknowledgment for your very friendly letter of the 17th ult., which I received through Mr. W. Donaldson, and allow me to express the satisfaction I feel in addressing your Lordship as one of my earliest and oldest friends.

"I am concerned to hear of Mr. Watson's misfortune in the bankruptcy of his son-in-law, though from your acknowledged kindness in endeavouring to promote Mr. Watson's interest, I trust he will surmount any difficulty which may have occurred, as I think him a worthy man and an honour to his profession.

"The portrait which he painted of myself as President of the Royal Academy, I am highly gratified to find you intend placing in so honourable a station as your Lordship's collection, and adjoining to a picture from the pencil of Rafaelle, which circumstance, and in company too with the great Washington, I must ever consider as a most flattering testimony of your regard for the original. From your Lordship's attachment to the Fine Arts, and your liberality in promoting them, I am induced to mention the names of Wilkie, Allan, Geddes, and others, who have by their delineation of nature in the familiar occurrences of life, secured to themselves a lasting name in that country, so famed for its men of literature, science, and philosophy, and for its distinction in arms. These artists, combined with the talents of Raeburn and Watson in portrait-painting, and with those of Nasmyth for the truth and effect of his landscapes in portraying the romantic scenery of his country, will create a school for the Arts in Scotland, honourable in itself, and to the noblemen and gentlemen who have appreciated and encouraged the rising genius of that country. I beg, my Lord, you will accept of the assurance of my sincere regard, and believe me your Lordship's obliged and obedient servant,

"BENJAMIN WEST."

The regard entertained by Lord Buchan for my father was sincerely returned, and was shown by the gift of an admirable copy by Nicholson of Sir Joshua Reynolds's portrait of himself, and by giving him an antique ring, the device on which he himself so highly valued that

he caused it to be carved upon his tomb at Dryburgh.[1] The device is emblematic of immortality, containing the caterpillar, the chrysalis, and the butterfly, surmounted by the words *Οὐκ ἔτι Θνητός.*

The Earl of Buchan died at Dryburgh in 1829.

[1] In a letter to Mr. Coutts, the London banker, he writes as follows, on 30th Sept. 1819:—"I have been moving about in my neighbourhood at Dryburgh Abbey, according to your advice, and by that expedient have been able to avert the sad solitary effect of my late misfortune, which, however, time only can mitigate. I have inscribed the urn of my dear deceased, in the chapel of St. Modan at Dryburgh, thus:—'Sacred to the Memory of the Lady Margaret Fraser, the beloved spouse of David Stewart, Earl of Buchan, who died at Edinburgh on the 12th of May 1819.'

"The urn was sculptured by the worthy statuary John Jeans of Aberdeen, left unfinished by him when he died at Bailie Gentle's in the Canongate at Edinburgh, where he was found dead, with his apron and tools. The urn surmounts an obelisk, on which in bas-relief there is a representation of the Psyche, with the sublime words annexed below it—

IN SEDEM ET DOMUM MEAM PERVOLABO.

On the face of the altar I am about to place in bas-relief our medallion portraits. The whole of the pavement is to be of Dryburgh stone, only the cross-couplet of Marr to be in Carrara marble. The walls are to be coated with Roman cement, coloured in celestial blue, and studded with stars placed according to their real aspect in our astronomical position. On the right of my sarcophagus is the statue of Sir Isaac Newton, exactly sculptured from the original in Westminster Abbey by Gowan; behind which figure on this wall I intend to represent the Comet. On the cover of the sarcophagus is delineated in gold the Solar System, adjusted to the period of the great Comet's expected return."

APPENDIX.

EDINBURGH BOOKSELLERS OF THE PERIOD.—P. 33.

CLERMISTON, 1821.

THE most distinguished among the booksellers of Edinburgh at this period was Mr. Charles Elliot, who had, I believe, been in trade for nearly twenty years; he was a native of Fifeshire, received his education as a bookseller in Kirkcaldy, and was afterwards with Smeaton the bookbinder in Edinburgh. He was a very excellent man, and by blood not distantly connected with some of the family of Elliot in the south, by whom he was patronized and brought forward. He succeeded to the business and stock of Mr. William Sands, who had been a bookseller of considerable respectability, and, as a printer, one of the firm of Sands, Murray, and Cochrane. Mr. Sands married the sister of Dr. Matthew Stewart, Professor of Mathematics. He had several sons, one of whom went to India, returned to Scotland with a fortune, and was the father of Mr. Warren Hastings Sands, W.S. Mr. Elliot married the daughter of the gentleman whom he succeeded in business, a most excellent person, by whom, I believe, he had several sons and daughters. He carried on business extensively and most successfully, and was the first bookseller who gave money for literary property in Scotland to any great amount. It was his fate, however, not to live long to enjoy the fruits of his industry and reputation, having died at rather an early period of life.

Mr. Elliot met with great opposition from the booksellers of London. These gentlemen had been accustomed to consider themselves as entitled to a monopoly of all that was produced by Scottish literature, and looked upon Mr. Elliot as an invader of the best branch of their trade. The works of Hume and Robertson had become the property of Andrew Millar, William Strahan, and Mr. Cadell. The first editions of Robertson, as well as of Hume, were, however, I believe, printed for Balfour in Edinburgh, though he either did not retain the right of printing these, or had disposed of his interest to his London partners. Mr. Elliot adopted a different plan, retaining for his own advantage and the credit of his country all the literary property he could acquire, and I

have heard that the booksellers of London were so illiberal as to enter into a combination not to receive into their shops any literary property published by him. It was this circumstance which led to Mr. Elliot's establishing a house in the Strand, which he did about the year 1784 or 1785, and there for ten years he published many of the most celebrated books that at this period were produced in Scotland. He gave great prices in the way of copyright, particularly for the works of Cullen, then the most distinguished physician of the age, and for a System of Surgery by Mr. Benjamin Bell, which last, I have been told, was his best and most fortunate speculation. Mr. Elliot's enterprise and mode of conducting business excited also much jealousy among his brethren of Edinburgh, and from them he received as little credit for the judgment with which he conducted his speculations, as he had experienced from the chief publishers in the London trade.

The encouragement which Mr. Elliot gave to literary men was the means of producing a new spirit among the printers of Scotland, and I remember that his death was the subject of universal and sincere regret. He had no partner in Edinburgh, nor any person to continue his trade; and an establishment which had cost him much anxiety, labour, and exertion, was consequently abandoned, and the stock sold off. The principal booksellers of London flocked to the sale, and with one or two of their friends in Scotland united in depreciating Mr. Elliot's property. I believe a party of them thus combined were well rewarded for their journey. They purchased the books at one price in the morning, and sold them again in the afternoon at another, dividing the profits among their own select party. The result, however, of the sale was extremely respectable for Mr. Elliot's family, though far short of what the property would have brought under different management. To the credit of Mr. Bell and Mr. Creech, they were not members of this combination, of which, I believe, they had no occasion to repent, each having purchased entirely according to his own judgment what was suitable for himself. I have often heard Mr. Creech speak of this with exultation, and boast that he had got some of the best things at a very low rate. I believe it was so.

Mr. Elliot enjoyed the good opinion and esteem of all the literary men of Scotland. He was tall in person, of a mild gentlemanly appearance, and was a well-bred, accommodating, and painstaking man of business. Mrs. Elliot and one son and daughter still survive. Mr. William Elliot of Hamburgh is perhaps one of the most accomplished and best-informed merchants to be met with. His sister married, in 1807, Mr. John Murray, now of Albemarle Street, the most distin-

guished publisher of the present day, to whom she has several children. Mr. Murray and I were for many years intimate and confidential correspondents, and bestowed sundry good offices on each other. I had the honour of standing godfather to his eldest son. Mr. Murray established the Quarterly Review, which, with many other undertakings of importance, has most deservedly met great success, and placed him as a publisher in the first rank. Mr. Elliot was buried not far from Hume's Monument on the Calton Hill.

Next to Mr. Elliot as a publisher at this period, I must rank the late Mr. Creech, of whose life an account is published with his work entitled 'Edinburgh Fugitive Pieces, for which biographical memoir I afforded the author, Mr. Robert Fleming, some slight materials. But as this performance has greater reference to Mr. Creech's character as a literary man than as a bookseller, in which capacity it is here my province to speak of him, I shall state some particulars of his professional career.

Mr. Creech (or Craich) was the son of the minister of Newbattle, and intended originally for the Church, but by the interest of the Lothian family was introduced to Provost Kincaid, King's Printer, and a bookseller of importance in Edinburgh, to whose trade he ultimately succeeded. He was narrow-minded and contracted in his views, and availed himself of few of the advantages which his education and position afforded him in his relations with the literary men of Scotland. Mr. John Bell, of whom I shall have occasion to state some particulars, was, during Mr. Creech's early connexion with Mr. Kincaid, a partner in the business, and on establishing himself separately, much of the literary connexion and respectability of Mr. Kincaid's trade accompanied him.

Mr. Creech published several of Dr. Beattie's works and those of Lord Kames, the Edinburgh Medical Commentaries, and other medical works of Dr. Duncan. He had a small share in Blair's Sermons, which I believe, successful as the work was, he never made any attempt to increase, nor did he think it worth while to print and publish the work in Edinburgh, as he ought to have done, and which would have brought much money and credit to the profession here. So little, indeed, did Mr. Creech feel an interest in this, that I believe it was his fashion to write in his title-pages the names of the London booksellers before his own. His publications were neither very important nor voluminous. He was, however, in his intercourse with society an accomplished gentleman and most agreeable companion; he told a story remarkably well, and it was my fortune during the latter

twenty years of his life to enjoy a good deal of his agreeable society. I purchased his stock, giving shares of it to some of my brethren, and the sale, which was well attended, in 1815, I believe was the first occasion on which literary property had been exposed to the trade in Edinburgh, and brought money, to the no small astonishment of the parties present.

The bookselling trade in Edinburgh at this time, though not so extensively cultivated as has often been thought it might have been, was nevertheless in the hands of most respectable and worthy men. In this class I must rank the late Mr. John Bell, who, though he never carried on business to a great extent, may be ranked as the most thorough gentleman of the profession in Edinburgh at this period, and at his death he left no one in the trade worthy of a higher name in this particular than himself. Mr. Bell, I believe, had been educated for the Church, was a man of most excellent talents, kind and benevolent in his intercourse with his brethren, of rather a humorous and facetious turn of mind, particularly when associated of an evening with a few friends. His nephew and partner, my friend Mr. Bradfute, inherits all the esteem and respectability of his uncle, and is in possession of a handsome fortune, which, to my knowledge, he applies on suitable occasions to kind and benevolent purposes. Mr. Bradfute was regularly bred to the profession, and after spending some time in Paris, became the partner of his uncle, under the firm of Bell and Bradfute, in the year 1788 or 1789. It is perhaps saying little when I say that their house has always conducted its trade on the most exemplary principle of correctness and honour, while it may be added with equal truth that this cannot be said of all of the same profession throughout the island. The publications of the house have been chiefly confined to Law, in which it has had a most respectable connexion.

I have now enumerated the chief publishers of Edinburgh at the period of my first becoming acquainted with the trade. Mr. John Balfour had long enjoyed the most respectable retail business of Edinburgh. He was the son of Mr. Balfour of Pilrig, and by birth connected with several families of the first respectability; he was bred a bookseller with Mr. Hamilton, whose daughter he afterwards married, dealt largely in supplying the best books of the day, and used to have for that period an excellent collection. He was a good judge of the prices of books, used to publish a Sale Catalogue, had the most extensive class of customers,—was, in fact, a bookseller, and an excellent auctioneer. I have heard him sell books in a warehouse in Writers' Court in this way, and it may be a remarkable circumstance to record

of the manners of Edinburgh, that he used to place at his right hand a well-filled punch-bowl, with a large spoon and glasses, with which he occasionally regaled himself and his best customers. This I myself witnessed within a few months after my coming to Edinburgh, but the practice of giving punch was, to my deep regret, discontinued on Mr. Balfour's retiring from business, which happened shortly afterwards. Mr. Balfour was also a printer, and concerned in the publication of the immaculate editions of Virgil, Horace, Terence, etc., printed at the Edinburgh University Press about the middle of the last century. The history and beauty of these editions is well known, and need not be repeated by me.

The house of Hamilton and Balfour was also concerned in the publication of Hume's early Essays and History, and of many English works, such as those of Pope and other authors, which were brought out in a style superior to any other editions then in the market. They were the publishers of a selection of the British Poets in forty-four small volumes, edited by the late Dr. Hugh Blair. There is an edition of Shakespeare of a date about twenty years earlier, which goes by the name of Dr. Blair's edition, but with what truth I do not know.

Mr. Balfour was also a papermaker, and his son, the present Mr. John Balfour, continues this business. The bookselling trade was continued by Mr. Elphinstone Balfour, after Mr. Balfour's death, which happened about 1796, but has been for several years relinquished. Mr. John Balfour died at a very advanced age, was a man of very excellent talent and high respectability, and left several sons besides those of whom I have already spoken, who have all turned out well and creditably in life. He has many descendants.

Mr. James Donaldson was, at an earlier period than that of which I am writing, a bookseller and printer of almost the first importance in Edinburgh, but he had established the Edinburgh Advertiser, and had at this period almost retired from business; his brother, Alexander Donaldson, established a house in London for the sale of what were called spurious editions of English literary property. Mr. Donaldson, in a long process at law, defeated the London booksellers, and to the arguments of the judges and the decisions of the courts of law on the occasion, I refer those who wish for more information on this point. Mr. Alexander Donaldson had a great trade, but I believe his affairs terminated unfortunately. James Donaldson's shop was the place of resort of the wits of Edinburgh during the period of James Boswell, the Honourable Andrew Erskine, and others. He was the publisher of two volumes of poems by Scots Gentlemen, respecting

which some curious particulars will be found in Erskine's and Boswell's letters.

Mr. James Donaldson died about the year 1796, leaving an immense fortune, which it is said his son, the present Mr. Donaldson, has greatly improved. His newspaper, the Edinburgh Advertiser, turned out a most lucrative concern, and it gives me much pleasure now to know that it has become the property of my first apprentice, my friend Mr. Claud Muirhead.

I have now, I think, enumerated the principal publishers in Edinburgh in 1788. But I must not forget to mention Mr. James Dickson, printer to the Kirk of Scotland, to which he was originally bred. He carried on business in Edinburgh with great success. He was a great crony of Mr. Fairbairn's, and we used often to meet together. Mr. Dickson was often a member of the Town Council of Edinburgh, and died about twenty years ago. He left two sons. Charles, the younger, continued the business, but spent his fortune in dissipation, and did not long outlive his father. Mrs. Dickson was a most worthy woman, the sister of Admiral Greig, and, I believe, survived both her sons, the eldest of whom died in the East India Company's Service, after having acquired the rank of Captain. Mr. Dickson's shop was remarkable as a resort of the clergy, and perhaps more for this than for anything else.

Mr. Laing, Alexander Guthrie, James Simpson, and George Mudie, were also booksellers of importance. James Hunter, as I have formerly mentioned, had some connexion with the sale of the Encyclopædia Britannica. John Elder and John Guthrie carried on business to no great extent. The latter is still living, and is a person of much worth. Mrs. Gray (or Galloway) had succeeded her father as a publisher of religious books.

Though last, not least, I must now detail some particulars of my friend Peter Williamson. He had been kidnapped when a boy, at Aberdeen, and sent to America, where he was sold as a slave. His adventures while in this condition were printed and sold by himself on his return. He raised an action against the Magistrates of Aberdeen, and succeeded in obtaining damages, which, I believe, consisted in part of an annuity for life; in person, Peter was a remarkably stout and athletic man, as may be seen in Kay's print of him, where he is placed on the same plate with Bruce the Abyssinian traveller. For several years after Williamson's return to England, he used to exhibit himself in the dress of an American Indian, performing the war-whoop, etc., and by this, I believe, he obtained a very good livelihood. I have

seen a wooden figure of him with all his dress and paraphernalia, which, as I have been told, used to stand as the sign-post of his exhibition. It was preserved, till within the last twenty years, in a garden at Canonmills. These perhaps are trifling circumstances to notice, but Williamson, independent of the singularity attending his adventures in early life, had been useful in his day, and was the first person who attempted the publication of an Edinburgh Directory. I am not, however, certain at what period he first commenced this useful undertaking.

He established what, perhaps, was still more meritorious and useful,—a penny-post for the delivery of letters; and it is certainly a remarkable circumstance that he was permitted to continue this occupation, which ought to have belonged to the General Post-Office, for a series of years, when it was at last adopted in the proper quarter. Williamson established a printing press, chiefly, I believe, for his Directory, for hand-bills, and advertisements. He himself retailed the works of his own press, and was one of those permitted to keep a stall or booth in the Outer Parliament House. He had another place of business about the middle of the Luckenbooths, and had relinquished his stance in the Outer Parliament House before I knew Edinburgh, but his shop and printing-press in the Luckenbooths I remember well. On giving up the penny-post he received an annuity from the General Post-Office, but he had been accustomed to a life of activity, and his last occupation was keeping a tavern at the bottom of Gavinloch's Land in the Lawnmarket, where he died about the year 1798. He was a great wag, of very jocular manners, and was accustomed to say droll and amusing things to those persons with whom he was in habits of intercourse. The first occasion on which he attracted my notice was at an auction of stockings, made by an impudent Englishman not far from Peter's residence in the Luckenbooths. The goods, Williamson alleged, were not the best of the kind he had ever seen, and jocosely observed that there was a large hole in a stocking then exhibited, meaning the top of the stocking itself. "Very well," observed the auctioneer, "it may be all very true, friend Peter! but I am told there is a hole in the penny-post that it would take more trouble to repair."

William Martin was bred a shoemaker; his father had been a volunteer on the King's side at the battle of Falkirk, and he was carried there by his mother, which gave occasion to the joke that he was 'in arms' in the '45. He began trade by retailing books on a stall at the head of the West Bow about the year 1776. He had afterwards for many years a large apartment in the house which had belonged to President Lockhart, in the Old Bank Close in the Lawnmarket, where

he carried on the business of auctioneer of prints and books to a considerable extent, and with no small advantage to himself. He was very illiterate, but of a merry disposition, and popular with his customers. I possess a sketch of him by Geddes, extremely like; he was twice married, and died in 1821.

James Sibbald, nephew of the King's tailor in Edinburgh, brought up as a farmer, was for some time with Mr. Charles Elliot as a shopman, published Yair's Circulating Library, originally established by Allan Ramsay, and afterwards carried on that trade in the Parliament Close. He was a person of considerable knowledge and taste in the fine arts; considered a good antiquary; established the Edinburgh Magazine in 1785, which he carried on for a good many years with éclat. He published, many years afterwards, the Chronicle of Scottish Poetry, and other works, and died in 1803.

Such, to the best of my recollection, was the state of bookselling at the time I became acquainted with it. There were few original books published in Edinburgh, and intercourse with London was consequently neither extensive nor important.

END OF VOL. I.

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